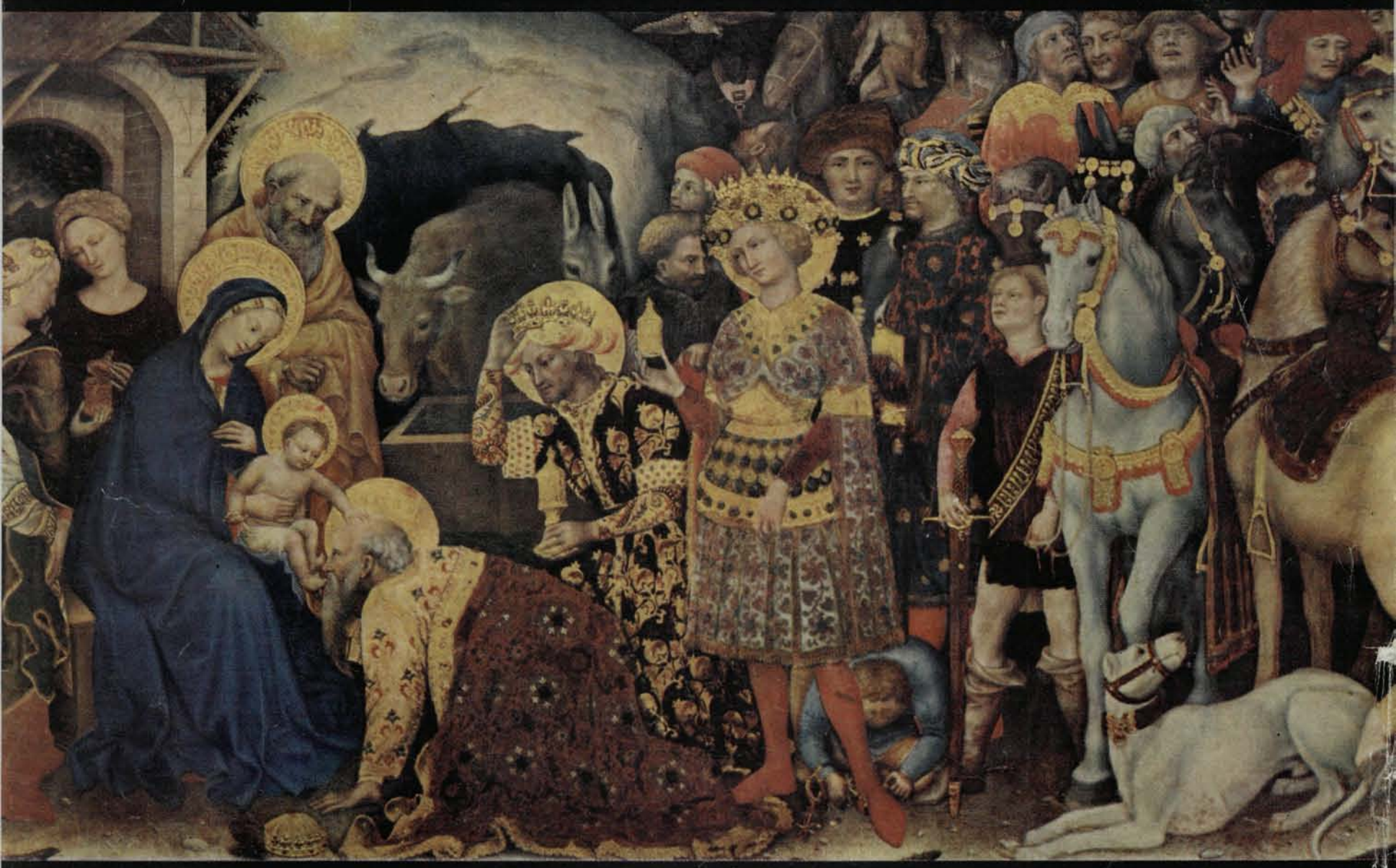
The Saturday Evening
POST
December 26, 1959 – 15¢

SIXTEEN PAGES IN COLOR

# THE LIFE OF CHRIST

## Painted by Italian Masters of the XI to XV Centuries and Told With Passages From the Holy Gospels



They Saw the Young Child With Mary His Mother and Fell Down and Worshipped Him

The Gospel According to Saint Matthew, Chapter

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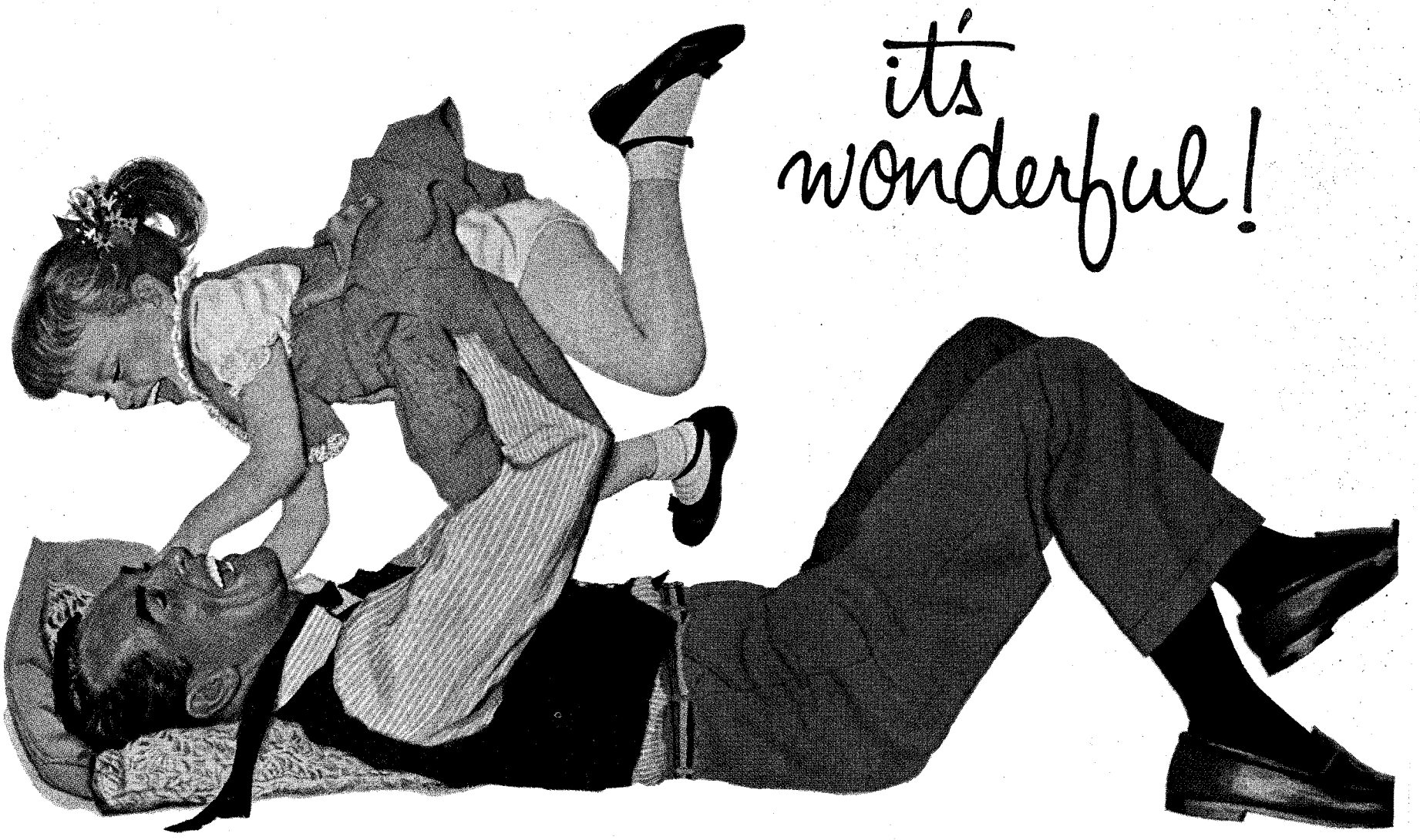
# LENNOX



it's wonderful!

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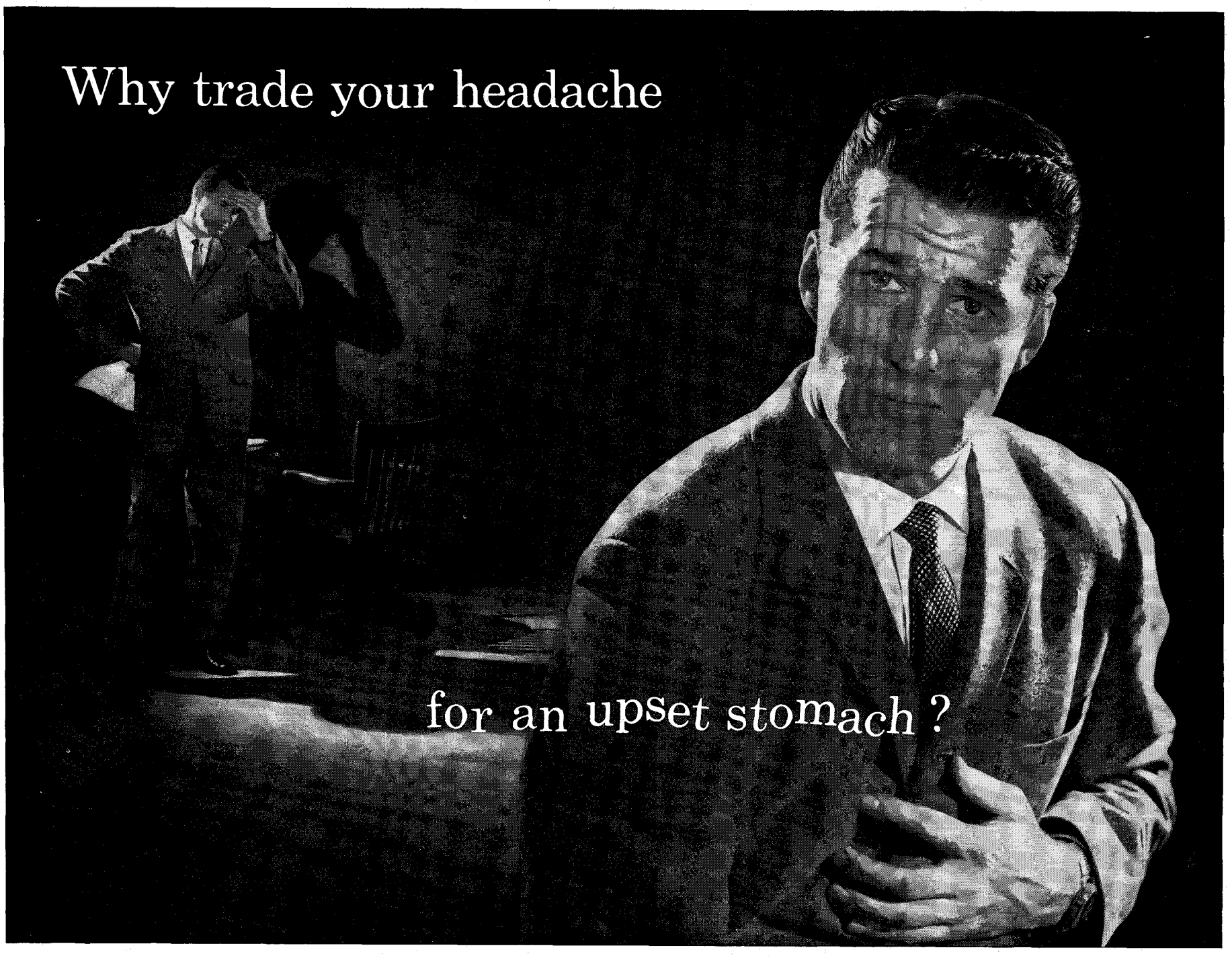
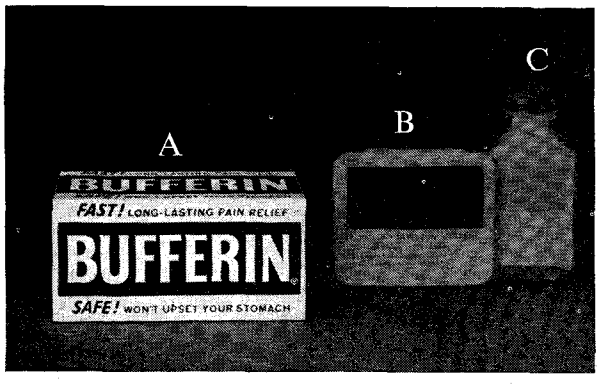
# Why trade your headache for an upset stomach?

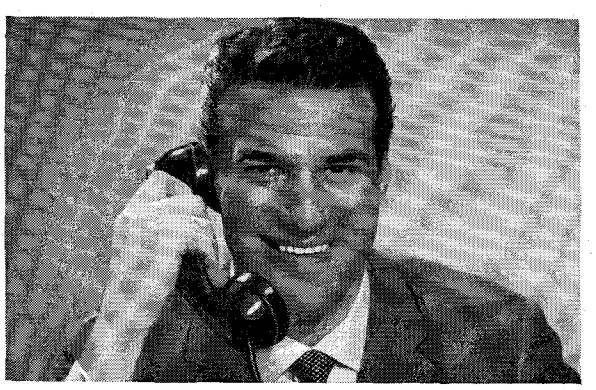


# Bufferin® gives twice-as-fast pain relief without upset stomach!




**1** **Aspirin can cause stomach upset!** All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin, A) Bufferin, B) the remedy advertised as a "combination of ingredients" and C) plain aspirin. But aspirin alone has one drawback. It's acid, *acetylsalicylic* acid. It can increase stomach acidity, and it can upset your stomach.

**2** **Bufferin protects against stomach upset!** *Only* Bufferin adds to its aspirin Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of special anti-acids that protects against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with the other two leading brands of pain relievers. And Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.



**3** **Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin** for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with *incredible speed*. For headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold miseries, take Bufferin.

Bristol-Myers' Registered Trade Mark for aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.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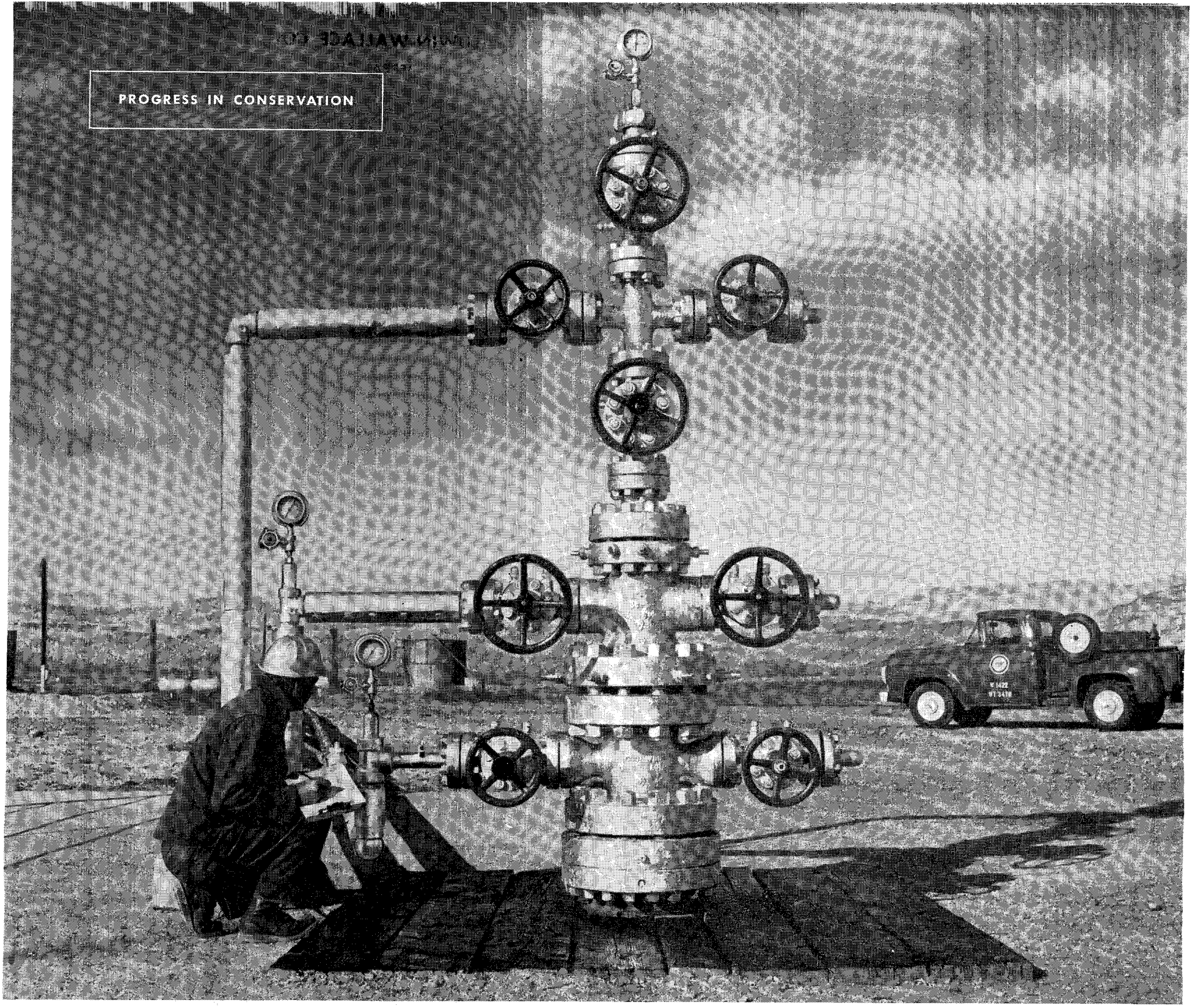


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Our mechanical Christmas trees may not be as pretty as the Christmas tree in your home, but they mean a *lot to us and to you. They're helping put more sure* in PURE—and in the products you can buy at nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers' in 24 states.

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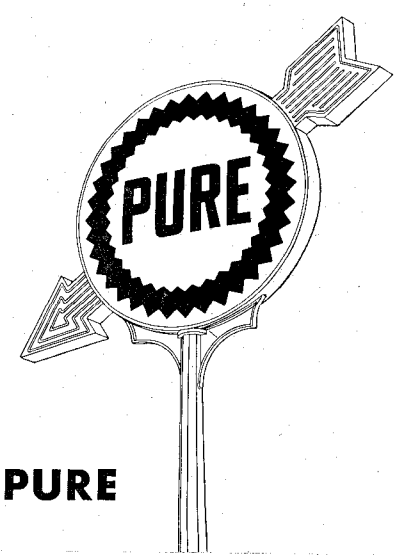


**BE SURE WITH PURE**

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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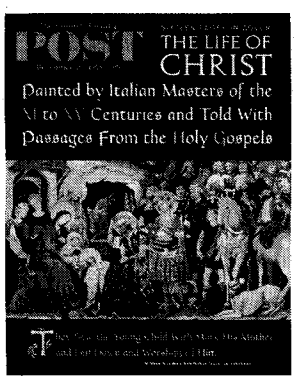


## THE COVER

You know Saint Matthew's hallowed words about the wise men who came to Bethlehem, "... lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood where the young child was.... And ... they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him." This immortal moment is re-created in Gentile da Fabriano's *Adoration of the Magi*, now in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. Gentile di Niccolò di Giovanni Massi was born in Fabriano, Italy, circa 1370, and much of his painting has been lost; but the flowering time of his art came not long before his death in 1427, and the *Adoration* was his masterwork. This week, from the snowlands of the North to the summerlands of the South, hosts of people are spiritually reliving the adoration.


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# Letters

## In Need of Ferapy

Dear Sirs:

I have just completed reading a very interesting short story appearing in the Nov. 14 issue. . . THE SECOND-STRING BABY SITTER [by Will Stanton]. . . .

Mr. Stanton should be apprised of one innocent error he committed. He continually indicated that the character Duncan used an "f" as a substitute for the sound "th" [as in "bafroom"]. Then in his description of Duncan he states that the child didn't have any front teeth.

This is contrary to all speech texts. The general instructions that are given for the production of the "f" sound, are as follows: "Place the lower lip against the upper teeth and blow lightly." Therefore, it would be impossible for Duncan to produce this sound. He really is in need of speech correction.

JEROME LIEBMAN
*Spring Valley, N.Y.*

## Wicked Hollywood

Dear Sirs:

For, lo, these many years, every medium of communication in the country . . . has been agog with the fascinating fun, frolic and wickedness of Hollywood. The Hollywood personalities, envied for their wild rides with the Devil as coachman (culminating, of course, in Happy Endings) were aped by other peasants and imitated by the wealthy and socially acceptable.

Now . . . along comes THE JERRY GIESLER STORY [as told to Pete Martin, Nov. 14–Jan. 2], irony of ironies, to smear Hollywood with Innocence! Alas, how dead the fond illusions of yesterday.

THEODORE JEROME
*Santa Barbara, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

In Michigan Mr. Giesler would be soundly disciplined by the Michigan State Bar for such blatant advertising.

These articles are trash of the cheapest kind.

CARL D. MOSIER, *Circuit Judge*
*Dowagiac, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

To our young sons and daughters, your message is:

There is no reason to atone for misbehavior if you can afford a glib mouthpiece.

Are you proud?

J. F. SAUNDERS
*Cleveland, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

So far the series is excellent, and I am looking forward to the next installment.

My colleagues here, however, wish it could have been told objectively. Some of us remember the time Jerry burped loudly during a trial and then politely apologized to the court. It was, of course, strangely coincidental that the burp came when the key witness for the state was giving his most damaging testimony.

CHARLEY WATHEY
*The Mirror*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

Always have liked the make-up of *The Post*. Sorry you didn't relegate the picture of [stripteuse] Lili St. Cyr to a position other than as a "backer" to the inspiring color study of Pope John XXIII in the Nov. 21 issue.

LEO C. DONAHUE
*Central Falls, R.I.*

Dear Sirs:

My compliments go to you. . . . I wasn't even aware of turning the pages while reading.

A. N. WEAVER
*Wolcott, Conn.*

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago [Aug. 1 LETTERS], in my one-man campaign against redundancies—or tautologies, if you prefer—I called your attention to two of them in an article in *The Post*.

It is now my painful duty (or privilege) to point out one more. In THE JERRY GIESLER STORY, PART II: THE CHAPLIN CASE: "She was booked on a vagrancy charge and was released on probation after a stipulation that she go back East from whence she'd come."

Webster defines "whence" as "from what place." So why the extra "from"?

FREDERIC BABCOCK
*Chicago Tribune*
*Chicago, Ill.*

● *The whole phrase "from whence she'd come" is redundant; "back East" says it all.* —*ED.*

## Figuring the Odds

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the article on gambling by Prof. Philip G. Fox as told to Stanley Frank [A PRIMER FOR CHUMPS, Nov. 21].

Except for a few errors that are probably due to faulty proofreading, it is excellent indeed, and it is quite a coincidence that much of it follows closely on my book, *How to Figure the Odds*.

OSWALD JACOBY
*Dallas, Texas*

● *Any resemblance is, indeed, coincidental, Professor Fox maintains. After noting bridge expert Jacoby's faint praise, Fox examined the book in question. "It seems to be a very good book with only a few errors," he reports.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Professor Fox states correctly that odds of 3 *for* 1 are really odds of 2 *to* 1. Yet he also states that the odds against the holding of that miserable bridge hand known as a "Yarborough" (nothing above a 9-spot) are 1828 *to* 1. He should have written 1828 *for* 1, or else 1827 *to* 1.

ALFRED F. PARKER
*Portland, Ore.*

● *The professor knows better; his "1828-for-1" was sabotaged somewhere between retyping and proofreading.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I wish to take issue with the following statement contained in Professor Fox's article: "It is impossible to win on the horses over an extended period, because the state and the track skim so much off the betting pool. Nearly every player thinks a 17 per cent take, which is common in most large states, is the only handicap he must overcome."

Let's look at the combined take in the states which contain a majority of the large racing plants: Maryland—12 per cent; New Jersey—13 per cent; Illinois—14 per cent; California—14 per cent; New York—15 per cent; Florida—15 per cent; Louisiana—15 per cent.

The over-all average of the above comes to 14 per cent.

ALEXANDER NEWTON
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

● *Yes, but "breakage," the additional take which results from rounding down payoffs to the nearest dime or nickel, can amount to 2 per cent or more.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

To lump betting on horses together with craps, roulette and slot machines as a form of gambling which involves no skill on the part of the bettor is really too thick. . . .

When one bets on a horse race, he pits his judgment against that of the other bettors, and by exercising skill he can find mathematically sound wagers. . . . In this year's Garden State Stakes, Judge Martin started at odds 35-to-1. As a maiden (non-winner), a colt of humble record tilting against glamour names in the world's richest race—and the subject of quite a few human-interest stories in the daily press—he received a great deal of sentimental backing. Mathematically, his odds should have been somewhere nearer 3500-to-1. All this sentimental money bet on Judge Martin (who did finish last) helped offset the pari-mutuel take-out, and realists in the crowd were able to obtain a fair shake on their odds.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, *Managing Editor*
*The Thoroughbred Record*
*Lexington, Ky.*

Dear Sirs:

I have made horse racing pay and hope to continue doing so. Professor Fox says he has never made a bet of any kind. I don't think anyone in that position should presume to instruct others.

W. D. SMITH
*Vancouver, British Columbia*

## "I Speak for Thousands. . ."

Dear Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your articles MY FATHER F.D.R., by James Roosevelt [as told to Sidney Shalett, Oct. 10–Nov. 7] and I was appalled to see the letter by Mr. David McK. Ferguson [" . . . stop tormenting us with stuff about this tribe . . ."] in your issue of Nov. 14. The fact that he does not speak for thousands in this area, as he claims he does, was clearly shown in the last state election (1958) when Mr. Ferguson was defeated in his bid for re-election to the Ohio Senate. I am sure that many people were deceived by his indication that he is now a member of the Ohio Senate, and I hope they don't think that his blind political prejudice in criticizing an article which he hasn't even read ["I don't have to read it . . . and I didn't."] is indicative of the general thinking of the people in this area.

ANTHONY J. BALTZ
*Cambridge, Ohio*

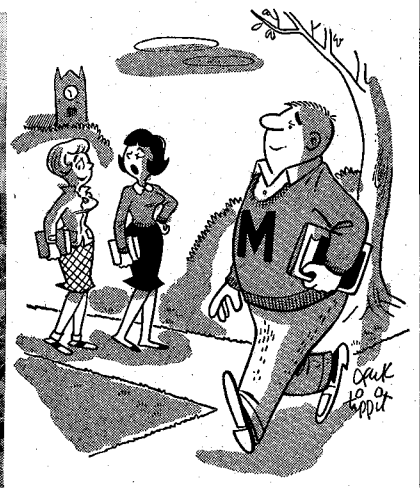
## "C" AS IN COINCIDENCE

Dear Sirs:

Regarding the Nov. 21 LETTERS and the picture [below, left] under the heading, "M" AS IN MYSTERY: Is it possible that the cartoon on page 110 [below, right] is pure coincidence?

GEORGE B. CARPENTER
*Cazenovia, N.Y.*

● *As a matter of fact, yes.*—*ED.*




"Actually, the M stands for 'Mother.'"

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

9–Gus Pasquarella. • 10–From the author; Gus Pasquarella; from the author; Dian Fossey. • 11–Gus Pasquarella. • 12, 13–Joe DeMers. • 14–From Sikorsky Aircraft; Bill Shrout. • 15–Two from Sikorsky Aircraft. • 16, 17–Jack Fields. • 18–Larry Kritcher. 19–William R. Whittaker. • 20–Irving Levine—Pix; Peter Schmid—Pix; Alfred Van Sprang—Black Star. • 21–Paris-Match from Pictorial Parade; European; Cornell Capa—Magnum. • 22, 23–R. G. Harris. • 24–United Press International; two from Jerry Giesler. • 25–Wide World; United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. • 26, 27–Robert McCall. • 30–Fred Otnes. • 58–Gus Pasquarella.

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# Yes, Dermott, there *is* a Santa Claus

1.

"I've never seen such booty—what a Christmas *this* will be!"
Cried Dermott "Mac" McCarthy, piling gifts beneath the tree.
"Appendicitis, college bills, a fire, a damage suit—
We had a year of crises, yet observe our offsprings' loot."

2.

His good wife Barbara noted, "Travelers' man deserves applause.
Without our Travelers plan we'd not be playing Santa Claus."
And Dermott said, "Our eldest daughter's college bills and fees!
Except for Travelers' Life endowment, I'd be on my knees."

3.

"The Travelers footed doctor bills," said Barbara with a smile,
"Paid off the damage suit, re-roofed our de-roofed domicile."
Expounded Dermott, "Travelers' man has done us noble service—
One all-inclusive, monthly-payment plan. I'm *never* nervous."

4.

See why McCarthy's kids all think St. Nick's a Travelers man?
American Family Independence—what a jolly plan!
Whatever might befall, *your* children need not be denied:
A Travelers Budget Plan insures a bounteous Christmastide.

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# Editorials

## Red Cultural Imports Should Be Greeted Cautiously

The renewal, with improvements, of the agreement between this country and the Soviet Union on exchange of cultural and scientific material may produce the results which its proponents hope for; or it may turn out to be what its critics fear—an opportunity for the Communists to flood this country with propaganda films and plays while our musical, artistic and dramatic offerings must eschew propaganda altogether. At any rate, Georgi Zhukov, who signed the new agreement for Russia, stipulated, as reported in *The New York Times*, that "the Soviet Union would always insist on the right not only to select the performers but also to screen the ideas contained in magazines or books that might be exchanged."

It is not indicated that the American representative made a similar reservation on the part of the United States.

However, there is a case for the supposition that even a case-hardened Communist can hardly be indifferent to the persuasive power of western culture. American symphony orchestras, concert pianists and the exhibits at the American Fair in Moscow undoubtedly made an impact on thousands of Soviet citizens. The most effective propaganda may be the least didactic. More and more Soviet visitors are coming to this country, in addition to those in Russia who are to see some of our cultural and scientific achievements. New trade delegations, scientists, ballet troupes, journalists and scholars arrive every day.

These visitors should, of course, be welcomed and given an opportunity to see as much as they can absorb of life in a free society. To make this easier for Russian visitors, the Freedom Fund, Inc., of New York, has prepared a guidebook of New York City and a United States fact book, both in the Russian language. The latter contains all sorts of information, from a summary of the Bill of Rights to the circulations of United States newspapers and magazines. Khrushchev received one when he was with us.

However, before assuming that a trip to the United States means that a Soviet citizen is necessarily a friend of "peace," it would be well to take note of a warning issued on this subject by the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security. Said this subcommittee, which has had before it a long procession of defectors: "It should be known to all Americans that before any Russian can come to this country, whether ballet dancer, scientist, agriculturalist, writer, musician or whatever else, the individual is thoroughly screened by Soviet intelligence (MVD) and by a special section of the central committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. . . . Individuals are asked to fill out a detailed questionnaire including biographical data regarding father and mother, whether they were former capitalists (bourgeois), landowners or priests. The local files of the Communist Party are combed for information regarding the individual's political reliability."

The prospective traveler is reminded, the subcommittee report declares, that he is "about to enter the enemy's camp" and that if he sees "store windows in these capitalist countries packed with quantities of attractive articles," he must remember that "these were produced with blood of the oppressed working class, which does not have the opportunity to enjoy them."

Well, perhaps we should not take this kind of indoctrination too hard. After all, even a politically reliable Communist has eyes and ears, and when he sees members of the oppressed working class wheeling handcarts of groceries out of the supermarket or reads that a labor leader has accused the President of the country of favoring the rich, it may occur to him that he has been had. A seed of doubt has been sown. At any rate, so we hope!

## We Need "Inperts" To Help Experts Solve Their Problems

By NEIL M. CLARK

Statistics indicate that we have just about all the experts we can use in this country. Look behind any tree. But there is a serious shortage of inperts.

An inpert, unlike an expert, hasn't been tamed and trained and taught how it must be done. Thomas Edison once hired an expert, a graduate of the best engineering courses. The first job Edison gave him was to determine the cubic contents of a light bulb. That was a tough one, but the expert felt equal to it. He measured the bulb wherever he thought it needed measuring, then sat down with his slide rule, his education and a batch of pencils. Hours later he came to Edison with his proud result.

The inventor looked at the figures and shook his head. "You're at least ten per cent off," he said. The expert insisted he was right. "Well," said Edison, "let's see."

He knocked a tiny hole in the end of the bulb, filled it with water, poured the water into a measuring cup and in two minutes had an exact measurement of the bulb's cubic contents. The expert was 10 per cent off.

John Dunlop, a Scottish veterinarian, was an inpert. His boy rode a bicycle from home to school and said the hard-rubber tires gave him an awful jolting. Dad said maybe he could fix that. He nailed some canvas on a wooden wheel to cover a flexible rubber tube, which he then inflated with a football pump—and had a pneumatic tire. It took experts years to see anything in it, although a pneumatic tire had been patented in England as early as 1845. They wrote lengthy articles in engineering journals explaining why the pneumatic tire wouldn't work. Then another inpert who didn't know any better put the things on his bicycle and beat the world's champion in a race.

One serious fact about inperts is the difficulty of turning them out in large quantities. It's easy to train an expert. But an inpert sort of grows. The great danger of our times is that while we're leaning hard on our experts, the Russians will discover a Marxian formula for turning out inperts by the thousands—by hydroponics or something—and then where will we be?

## When You Think Good Will Is Dead, Comes Christmas!

It is natural perhaps that many of us visualize Christmas as a picture, evoked by the Gospels, by artists, by Christmas stories and the world around us. We see it often as a wonderful Christmas card, big as the world and small as a Christmas seal. The picture is a montage of Christmas trees and church spires, snow on peaked roofs that jolly old Saint Nick will traverse to delight all children on the Child's birthday, gleaming lights and decorations, the angels and the shepherds on their hill and the Three Kings on their camels under the radiant Star.

Christmas is truly a glorious picture, profound and simple; but it is not a silent one. It wouldn't be the most joyous feast of the year without the traditional sounds of the season, ranging from the crackling of our own small yule log to the sound of a friend's voice—or a stranger's, either—heartily wishing us "Merry Christmas!"

Among all the Christmas sounds none rings out more familiar and hopeful than the old Christmas carols. Even if it has been sounded forth from the department stores for a month, *Silent Night* brings us a holy quiet; and when we hear *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen* and *O Come All Ye Faithful*, we know there is rest and joy even for the weary and heavy-laden. For a space the little town of Bethlehem becomes the place where we all live as neighbors in peace and good will.

We can be sure that every year the old carols will bless us, in spite of all the repetition on radio and television. When we hear the piping voices of a children's choir or a group of frost-nipped folks out on the sidewalk or maybe the crisp whistle of a passer-by hurrying home to the kids, or an organ putting all the sounds of Christmas together in one great chord, the spirit of Christmas comes into our hearts again, new and true and beautiful.

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# Whenever Headache or Upset Stomach *Strikes!*

take the **QUICK-ACTING**

# LIQUID PAIN RELIEVER

take

# Alka-Seltzer®

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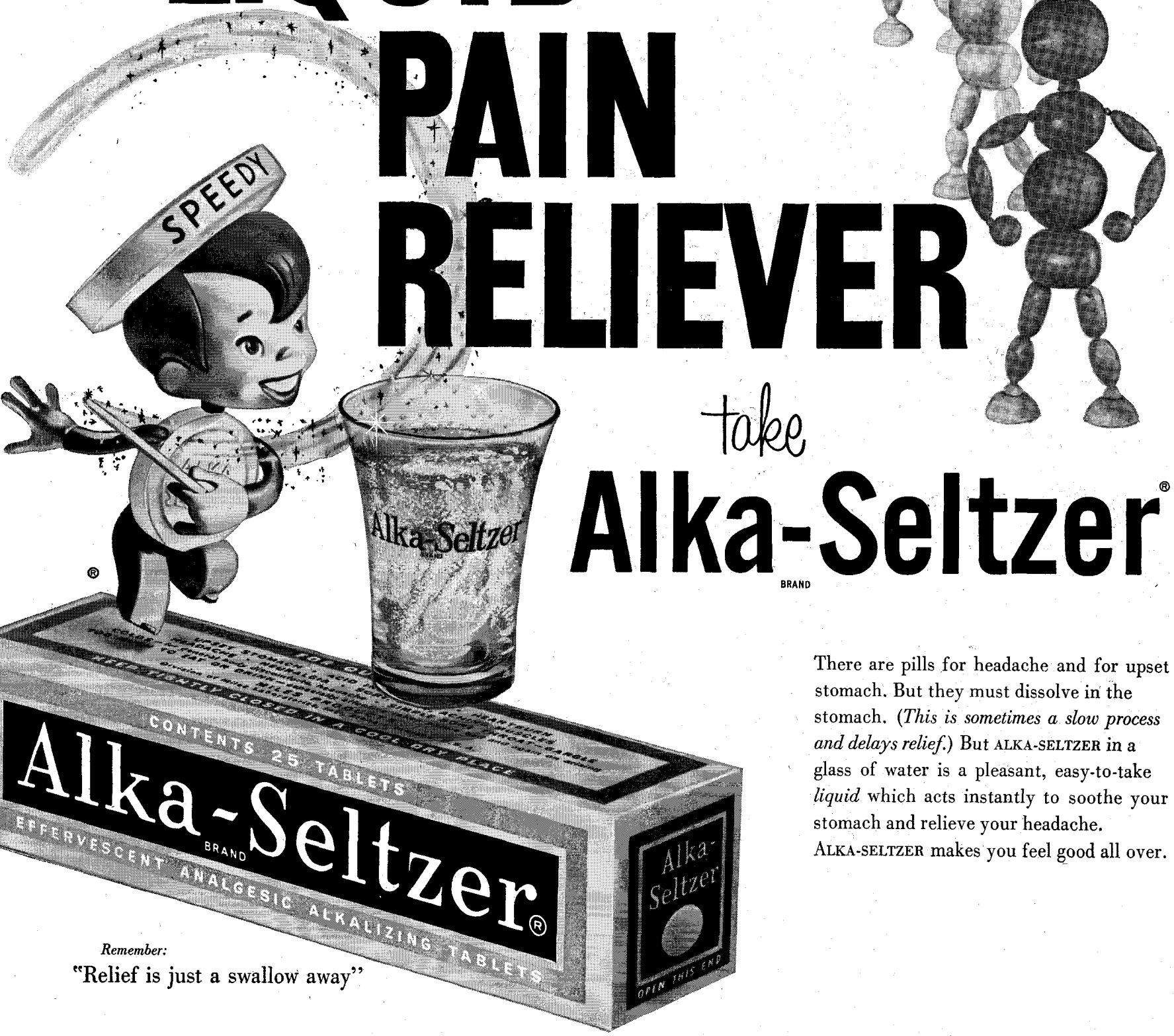


There are pills for headache and for upset stomach. But they must dissolve in the stomach. (*This is sometimes a slow process and delays relief.*) But ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water is a pleasant, easy-to-take *liquid* which acts instantly to soothe your stomach and relieve your headache. ALKA-SELTZER makes you feel good all over.

*Remember:*
"Relief is just a swallow away"

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# He's renewing a city's pride

Take a look at the city where you live, work or go for shopping and entertainment. Do you see overcrowded housing, run-down commercial areas, dreary factory lofts . . . filth, misery, danger?

If so, something can be done about it. And in many cases progress is being made. Today there are 385 cities with urban redevelopment programs underway or in the planning stage.

But it's slow going. By 1975 our population will increase to 235 million. Unless something is done, 30 million of these people will live in slums.

*Now* is the time to make your community a better place to live. There are men like the one in the picture. There are planners, architects, city officials and citizens groups with foresight and enthusiasm. There is a Federal Urban Redevelopment Program. And there are fleets of mighty Caterpillar machines to tackle the job.

But most of all . . . urban redevelopment starts with you . . . and your pride in your city. By rebuilding our cities today, you will avoid having to rehabilitate *people* tomorrow.

Preparing for our nation's future needs is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

Caterpillar Tractor Co., General Offices, Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

**CATERPILLAR**

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**Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders**
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FOR A GROWING AMERICA

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# Our Little Miss Hong Kong

## The author tells how his impulsive wife brought a crippled Chinese baby to America and gave her a chance for a nearly normal life.

By LEONARD L. LEFKOW

My wife got me into it. I had nothing to do with it. I was half a world away when the deal involving Fan Yuk-wah, now an almond-eyed beauty of four years, was cooked up at No. 14 Shan Kwong Road in Hong Kong's teeming Happy Valley. There my wife Barbara, a rosy-cheeked and corn-fed Minnesota lass, was a guest among a dozen Chinese.

My wife and her friends sat around a circular table eating fish lips, shark's-fin soup, pigeon eggs, duck's feet, and other delicacies necessary to a Chinese feast. This was a very expensive party for the host, a tall refugee from North China, to be throwing. But the food was plentiful, and the rice wine flowed freely because the Fan family was saying farewell to my wife, about to join me in the United States.

"To Mrs. Lefkow," said dignified Mr. Fan, lifting his thimble-sized wine cup. "We are forever in her favor for her loving efforts with my fifth daughter. May they both live ten thousand years."

My wife, who picked up Cantonese surprisingly fast during our Hong Kong sojourn, couldn't understand her Mandarin-speaking host. Her attention wandered toward the little girl sprawled uncomfortably on her mother's lap. The child could neither sit nor walk. Polio had paralyzed her from the waist down, though oddly she could wiggle her toes.

"I'd like to take Fan Yuk-wah with me to America," my wife said suddenly—the idea was born at that moment. "I think we may find help. Someone translated her words into Mandarin for the Fan family. Mr. Fan straightway said, "*Hao. Hao.*" (Yes. Yes.) And the child began chanting, "*Mei-kuo, Mei-kuo.*" (America, America.)

Five days later, with Fan Yuk-wah in her arms, my wife was on her way to the United States. Her blithe faith hurdled barriers that might have stopped others. And now, sixteen months later, this little Chinese girl has been transformed from a withdrawn invalid into a charming youngster on the threshold of physical independence.

Barbara and Leonard Lefkow with Fanny (Fan Yuk-wah), their temporarily adopted Chinese daughter, in front of their Louisville, Kentucky, apartment.

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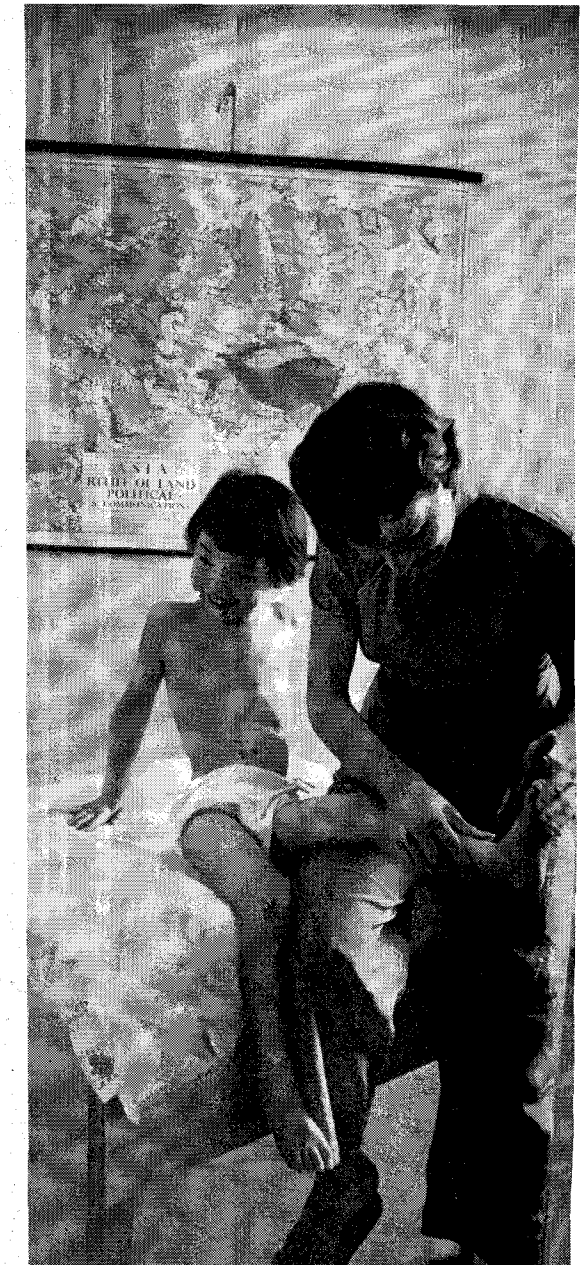
Sandy Bay Convalescent Home, Hong Kong. Barbara, serving as a physical therapist, met Fanny here. Wearing glasses is Dr. A. R. Hodgson, the surgeon in charge.

The author's wife and Fanny as they deplaned at Las Vegas at the end of their long flight from Hong Kong. Lefkow had returned to the states earlier.

Physical therapy in the Lefkows' kitchen. One day Fanny, who is a polio victim, asked Barbara, "My legs can't walk, can they?"



In the process Fanny—as all her American friends call her—has forgotten how to manipulate chopsticks and prefers hot dogs "with catchup, thank you" to a bowl of steaming rice. I don't know how she'll accomplish the transition back to Hong Kong, but I think she'll wow them there, just as she did from Seattle to Las Vegas to Louisville to Warm Springs, Georgia.

My first meeting with Fan Yuk-wah came when my wife passed her into my reluctant arms on the landing strip of the Las Vegas airport. It was slightly preposterous, this meeting of East and West in a town noted primarily for its devotion to Lady Luck. But it was appropriate in one way too. Luck was surely what I needed plenty of, I reflected as we strolled into the airport lobby with Fanny exclaiming to all within earshot about how much she enjoyed the ride in the big bird from Hong Kong. I tried to shush her, but all I got in return was a torrent of protest in Cantonese. I turned Fanny back to "mother"—after all, it was her reckless idea in the first place. I suppose I was an accessory before the fact, though. Here's the way it happened.

I had been a correspondent for the Associated Press for four years, following my graduation from the University of Washington, when a switch in assignments ran me headlong into Barbara. I was transferred from my San Francisco base to Reno, to replace an ailing colleague. I visited him in Reno's Washoe Medical Center, where I discovered Barbara, a physical therapist, in the act of twisting his leg into a pretzel. I saved my fellow newsman from further shock therapy by marrying Barbara.

Eight months later, because of another switch in assignments, Barbara and I arrived in the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong at the edge of Communist China, in February, 1956. Shortly after our arrival Barbara went into action, as is her custom. Appalled by the critical need for skilled therapists, she volunteered her services to the British Medical Department. I thought it was a fine idea. But the government turned down her application because regulations prevented an American from practicing without a degree from a British Commonwealth school. Barb got hers at the University of Colorado.

"It's a matter of qualifications, you know," a civil servant told her with an inflection that spelled finality. Two days later Barbara was practicing physical therapy without a license. Not a peep was heard from the government.

Barb had heard about a charity hospital just opened in a remote cove at the south edge of Hong Kong Island, on a site that had been a leper colony. Disappointed that the lepers had been evicted, she went to the door anyway and

Below: Fanny at Kosair Crippled Children Hospital, Louisville, where she underwent thigh-muscle surgery.

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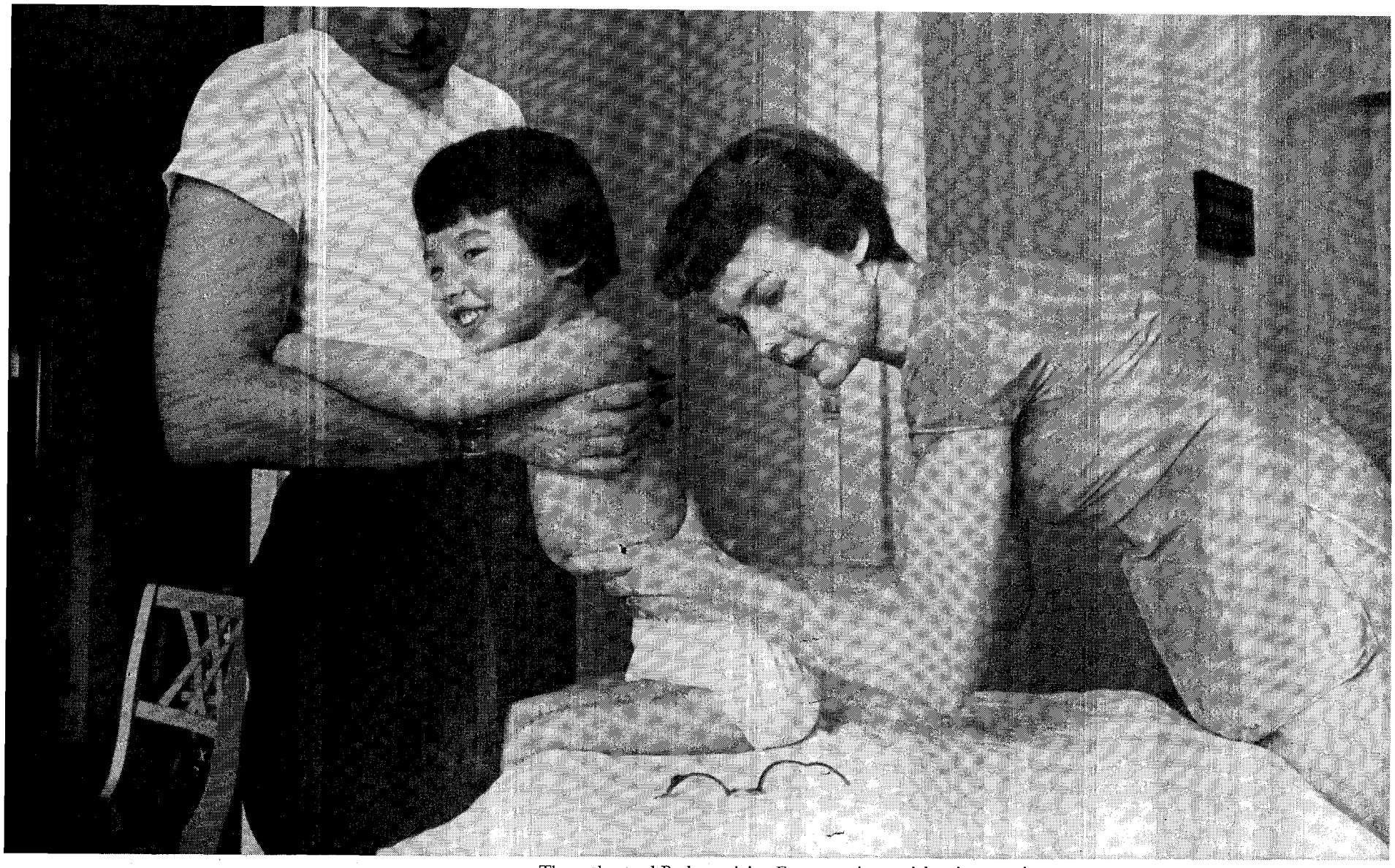

The author and Barbara giving Fanny a spine-straightening exercise. When told that her real family lived in Hong Kong, Fanny promptly replied, "You and Lefty are my mommy and daddy."

introduced herself to Dr. A. R. Hodgson, the British surgeon in charge.

"I think you'll need a physical therapist here," Barbara informed him.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the usually imperturbable Hodgson. "We had almost given up on getting one. But an American. . . ."

His arm swept full circle. "In this?" he added dramatically, pointing to a nearby "coffin house" containing the remains of thousands of Chinese and to a nearby green barracks housing dozens of incurable tuberculars awaiting death. On a hillside above the hospital was an ancient Chinese cemetery, the sickly sweet smell of incense wafting from its tombstones.

"You really want to work here?" Hodgson asked incredulously. "You're hired. The pay is the equivalent of sixty-five United States dollars a month." Two years later, when Hodgson was addressing a farewell banquet for Barb, he told the guests, "I reckoned Mrs. Lefkow would quit in thirty minutes."

The work schedule which Barbara set herself was long. She spent eight to ten hours daily with her charges—fifty-four crippled Chinese children. Most of the tiny patients at Sandy Bay Children's Convalescent Home had tuberculosis of the bone, a disease rare in the United States. (Continued on Page 58)

Reading aloud at bedtime: Leonard Lefkow insisted that Fanny become acquainted with American children's favorites, *Mother Goose* and *The Three Bears*. But Barbara discovered that Fanny preferred her nightly readings from Confucius, Mencius and Lao-tzu.

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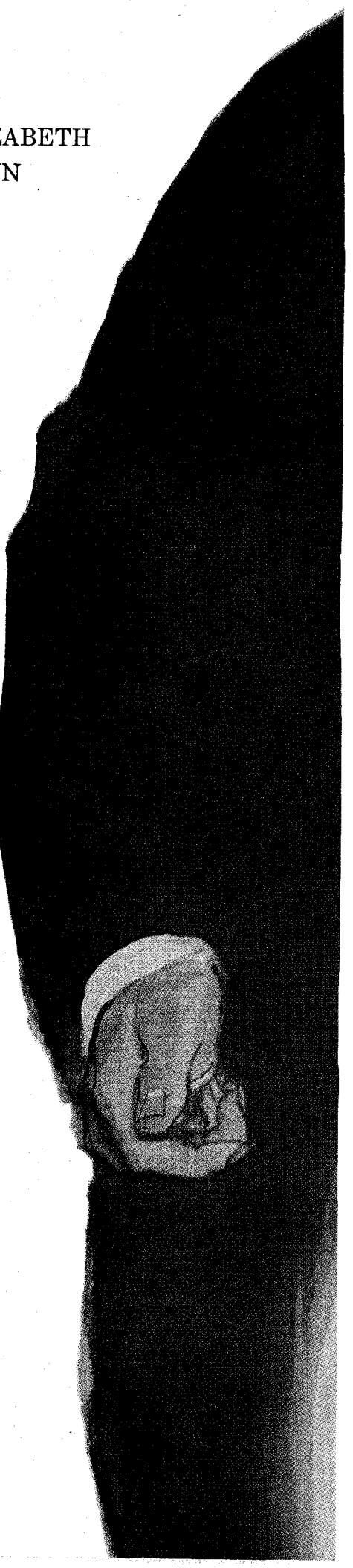
Sometimes a dance can be the turning point of a girl's life.

# The Christmas Cotillion

By ELIZABETH DUNN



In Cumberland all the girls make their debuts together at the Christmas Cotillion—ten or twelve of them every year. The year when Brooke Rayburn came out I was only seventeen and a half, and really too young to be invited; but Brooke was my own cousin, and Aunt Cassie persuaded the committee—as only she could have done—to make an exception for her sister's child. So my brother Lewis and I flew down to Cumberland the week before Christmas.

We were standing at the edge of the ballroom, Lewis and I, when Brooke skimmed past in her wide-skirted ivory taffeta dress, like a boat in a breeze. She was a tall, slender, serene girl with luminous white skin, and the Rayburn eyes—very big and so dark they seemed to have no pupils at all. Lewis looked after her.

"I wonder if she knows she's beautiful?" he asked thoughtfully.

"How could she help it? Doesn't her mother tell her?" I asked—for information, because Lewis and I were orphans with a long background of boarding schools. We spent most of our vacations in Cumberland, because my mother's family had helped to settle it.

"Of course Aunt Cassie tells her," Lewis said. "But no normal girl believes her mother. Especially not about a thing like that."

I looked after Brooke, too, and a disturbing pity flawed my breathless admiration for her. She was the most popular girl in Cumberland—and the only debutante without a relative in the receiving line. Brooke's mother, my Aunt Cassie, had been a sort of semi-invalid ever since Uncle Ben died, and before. She never went anyplace; people came to her. Of course, Brooke's godmother, old Mrs. Brattle, was patroness of the cotillion as usual, but she was perfectly horrible and wore seventeen layers of yellowish lace.

Allison Greenough's red curls whirled past us, and Lewis wheeled round like a pin to a magnet. Somebody touched my arm, and I looked up—six feet up—into round blue eyes and a round, rosy face, like a baby's head on a pike. I burst out laughing. "Why, George Saxon!" Everybody laughed at George; nobody meant it unkindly. "How are you?"

"In rude health," George said amiably. "Brooke told me you'd be here. Shall we dance?"

And off we went. George Saxon was one of those maddening people who graduate from college with the highest honors at nineteen or twenty and come out into the world as dreamy as an early Christian among the practical lions. Brooke had endured his devotion ever since he had named his first boat after her, when he was twelve and she was eight. And that was George for you, because who wants to have a flat-bottomed dory named after her? But that was Brooke too—always being kind to feeble people, letting them use her strength.

I wondered, as we danced, what George would have done if his father had not owned the First National Bank. Probably taught English literature to little boys amid a rain of spitballs.

"What kind of a lawyer is Lewis going to be?" George asked matter-of-factly. "The city bumpkin or the country slicker?"

I stared up at him, poised for resentment. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, Lewis always gets a clearer picture of himself—well, against the grain, don't you agree? So I just wondered which ——"

I was torn between outrage and perplexity. "Honestly, you make Lewis sound like a—a phony!"

George looked genuinely shocked. "Why, Lisa, that's the last

(Continued on Page 63)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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"Come on, Brooke," George said.
"Pick up your feet, darling.
I love you."

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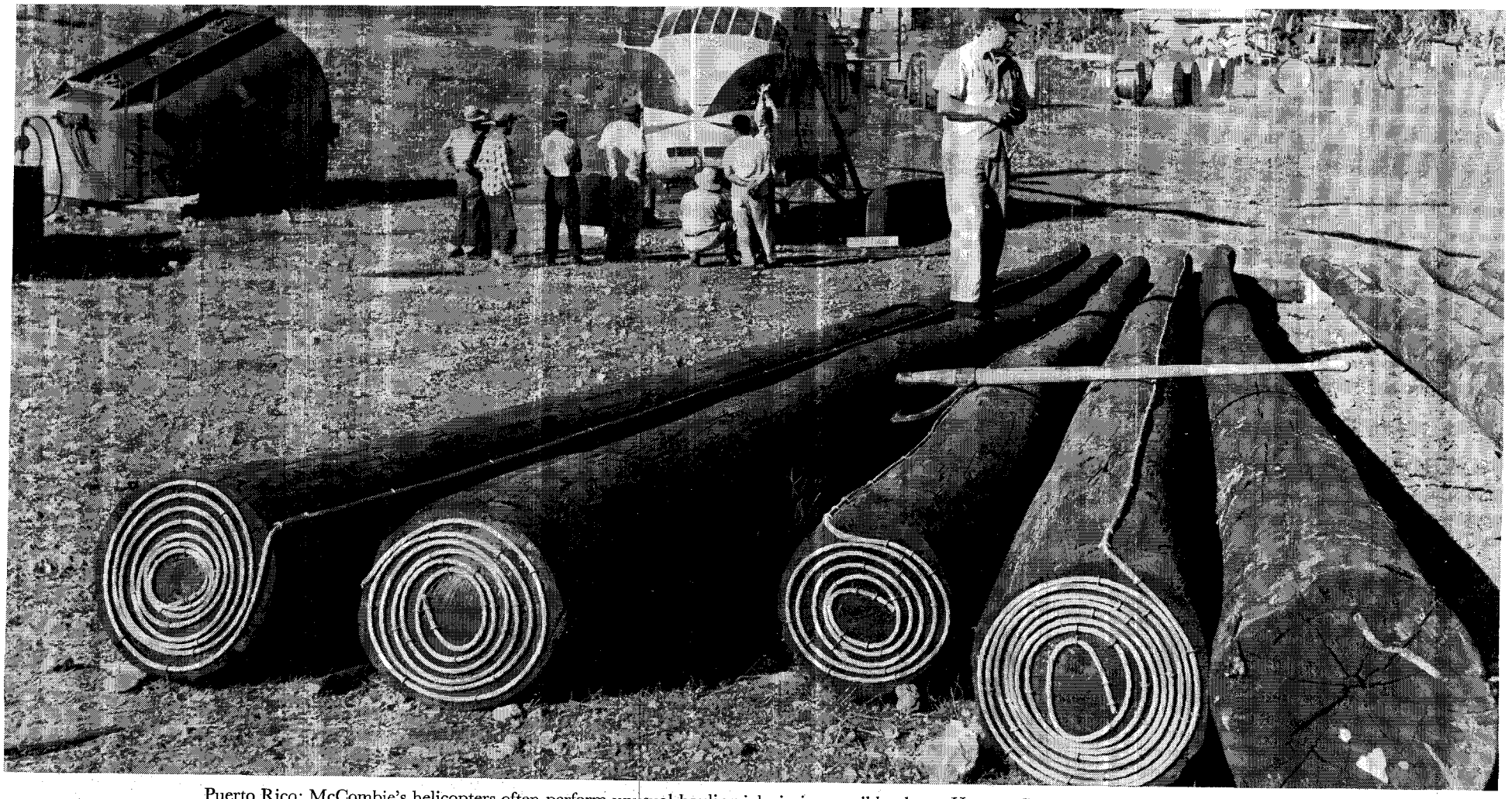

Puerto Rico: McCombie's helicopters often perform unusual hauling jobs in inaccessible places. Here an S-58 prepares to ferry two-ton power-line poles.

# ADVENTURER With a HELICOPTER

As a pilot and chief of the nation's largest charter helicopter fleet, Leonard L. McCombie finds some unusual forms of excitement and a lot of real danger.

Leonard McCombie. He has logged 11,000 flying hours, 5000 of them in whirlybirds.

By BOOTON HERNDON

It was a lovely morning in the Rio Grande Valley. The sun's rays made bright rainbows in the yellow spray over the dark green orange trees, and the redheaded helicopter pilot spraying the grove whistled as he came down the row. He ducked under the high-tension lines that ran the length of the orchard, branches brushing the cockpit on both sides. At the end of the row, where a wall of high cottonwood trees rose abruptly, he gave his rotor blades a little more lift, swung the cockpit over the orange trees like a man lifting his leg over a barbed-wire fence, then came on back under the high-tension lines, still whistling. This was his first job, and he hoped they'd all be as much fun.

Spraying done, he hopped over the cottonwoods and landed in the front yard to pick up the check. The owner met him with a big

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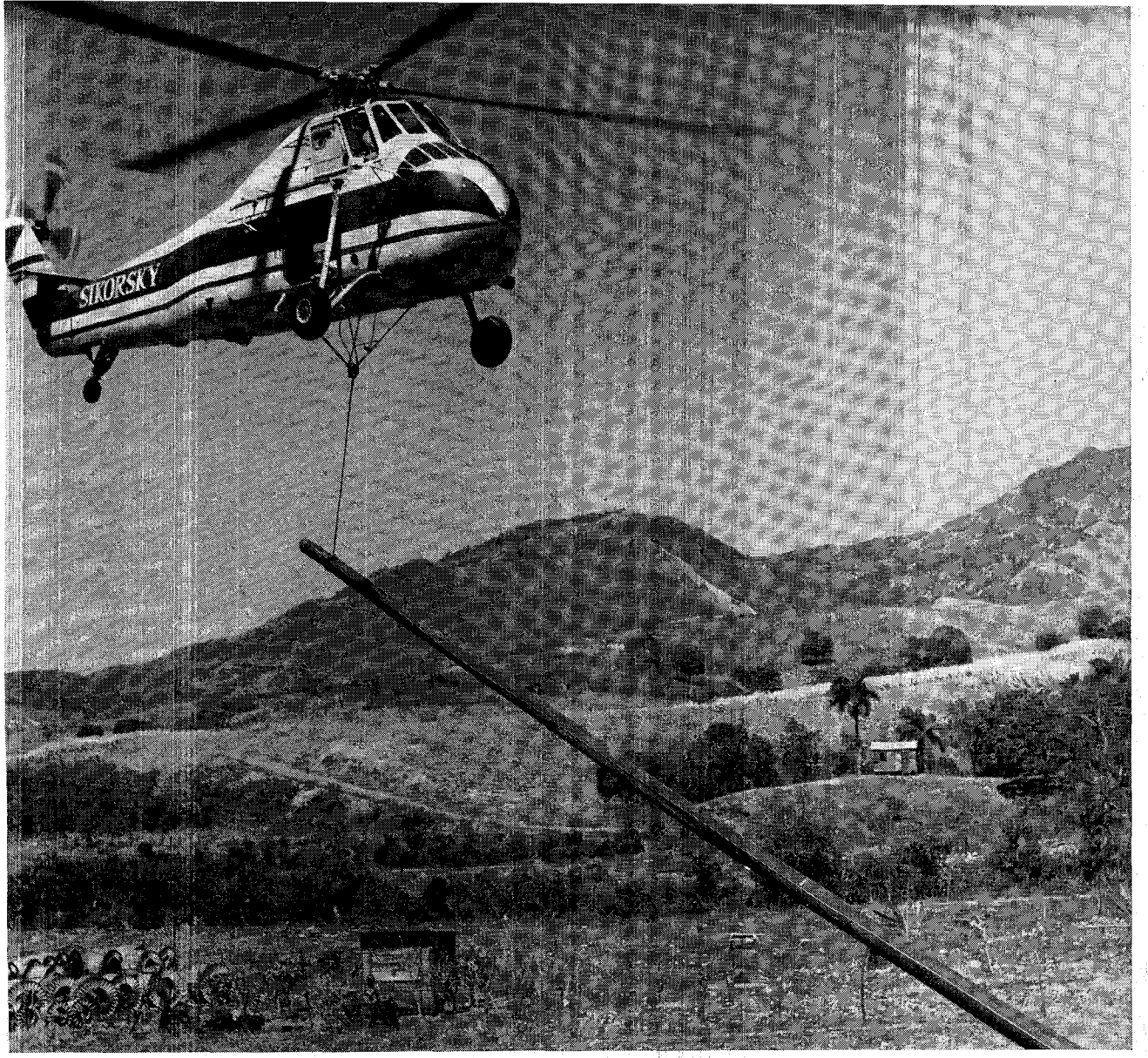
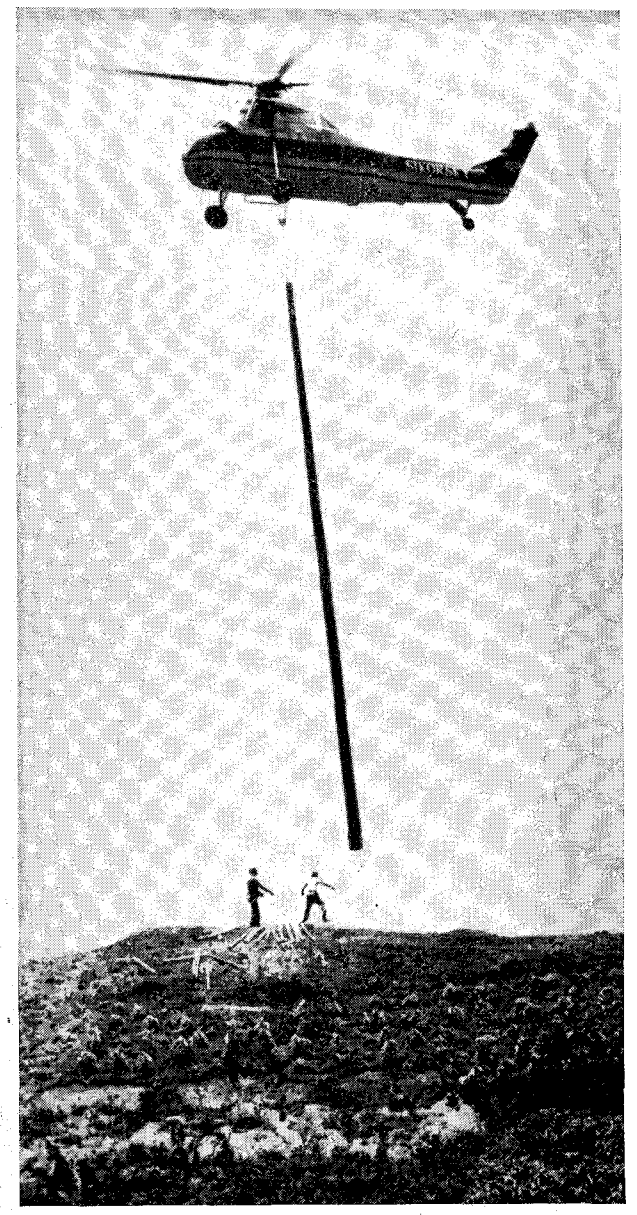



Using a special sling, the helicopter lifts the 65-foot pole and begins its five-mile flight.



Hovering over a hole at the destination, the pilot then lowers the pole into place.

smile. "By gum, you did it!" he said. "I thought I'd never get my trees sprayed, especially since the last feller that tried it got kilt!"

The redheaded pilot, Leonard L. McCombie, has come a long way since then. At that time, eleven years ago, he was one of about two dozen employed helicopter pilots; his plane was No. N13H. Today, at forty-six, McCombie is chief of operations for Petroleum Helicopters, Inc., of Lafayette, Louisiana, biggest helicopter-operating company in the United States. He is responsible for some fifty-three ships—ranging from two-passenger Bells up to twelve-passenger, $260,000 Sikorskys—and the sixty-five pilots who fly them.

There are some twenty other companies in North America operating four or more helicopters on a charter basis. Although Petroleum Helicopters was founded primarily to serve the petroleum industry—and still does—it now has many customers outside the industry too. Projects range from north of the Arctic Circle to south of the equator. McCombie still flies them all, to keep his hand in, and he still whistles as he works.

"We gave up trying to keep Mac in a swivel chair long ago," Frank Lee, the company's general manager, says. "Wherever I go, from Baffin Bay to Bolivia, everybody asks what Mac is up to now. Even if he weren't the best operations man in the business, we'd still keep him around as a trade-mark."

Every helicopter job has its own particular hazards. A swarm of mosquitoes in Alaska can kill you just as dead as a band of Indians in Colombia, and in Mac's case both have tried. The mosquitoes were so thick that the rotor blades became coated with them and lost their lifting power. Mac came down with a bump.

The Indians had the same general idea. Mac was going down into a small jungle clearing far back in the interior of Colombia when he noticed strange, dark streaks going up. They were arrows. Mac continued his descent, and the Indians—primitive and naked savages—fled. Arrows, five feet long, were lying around all over the clearing. Mac thoughtfully brought some home, and they now hang in a neat arrangement on his living-room wall.

You can learn all kinds of things in a helicopter. Once Mac was chopping briskly along a mountainside in Alaska when he saw a pretty blue-and-white glacier just ahead. He went down low to look at it more closely. Suddenly, with a colossal lurch, the helicopter changed direction. Mac found himself flying smoothly down the glacier. That's how he learned that a mass of cold air flows down a glacier like a waterfall.

In the aftermath of Hurricane Audrey, which struck Southern Louisiana in June, 1957, Mac and his pilots proved in one day what great service helicopters can perform for mankind in distress. Men, women and children were perched on rooftops over a flooded area of several hundred square miles. The gravest danger came from the great numbers of poisonous snakes which also were seeking high places.

This was one time Mac did not fly. He took over the company's short-wave radio network and directed a fleet of some twenty-five helicopters in rescue operations. All equipped with flotation landing gear, they could land where military helicopters—on skids—could not. Nobody bothered to count how many people were flown to safety or transferred from first-aid points to hospitals—"The last thing we cared about was statistics"—but the number was certainly in the hundreds.

The chain of events that led to Mac's becoming a big man in this fascinating new industry began forty-two years ago in Brookville, Pennsylvania. His mother took her carrot-topped four-year-old to the county fair, and there he saw his first airplane. McCombie has been in love with flying machines ever since.

Mac took flying lessons as soon as he could afford them. He taught flying in the Army Air Forces during the war, and afterward at an aviation school in Buffalo.

Bell Aircraft Corporation was just getting started then, in nearby Niagara Falls. The company gave a helicopter flight-training course—thirty hours for fifty dollars an hour. Mac did not have the $1500, but the challenge of flying the strange machines was irresistible. He borrowed the money and signed up. He and a man named Martin Johnson went through together, completing the course on October 3, 1947. Johnson, now chief test pilot for Vertol Aircraft Corporation, was graduate No. 123, McCombie No. 124.

"We weren't only helicopter pilots, we were unemployed (Continued on Page 75)



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The Face of AMERICA

# Training Session

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Obviously it won't be long until these oversized ladies will be bathing recalcitrant babies instead of those co-operative dolls. Here, in a Mother and Baby Care class at Sacramento, California, fourteen almost-parents are being briefed in everything from diapering baby to burping him. Nurse Wilma Zanze is the specially trained instructor. The course, in six two-hour sessions, is offered free by most of the 3700 chapters of the American Red Cross.

Time was when nothing much was expected of a new father after he had passed out the cigars. Today, however, modern maternity procedures allow many mothers to return home three days after baby comes. This means that papa may have to do a stint in the nursery until mother is back on her feet. In such practical classes as this, the men learn that even seventy-two-hour-old babies will not break. The near-fathers also master such techniques as the "football carry"—a masculine method of holding the infant on one arm and bracing him against the waist.

The course is open to expectant couples at any time, but most of them don't enroll until zero hour is imminent. Hence, just before this session, one husband phoned in that he and his wife couldn't make it. His reason: the missus was already on her way to the delivery room. ◎ Photograph by Jack Fields

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He turned the dial to the first numbers in the combination, then stopped.

# Decision in the Dark

When he's desperate enough, even an honest man can be driven to steal.

By WILLIAM HOLDER

The man from the Friendship Finance Company said, "It isn't that we want to repossess your car, Mr. Lowe. We don't do business that way. But ——"

Lowe said, "All right. You'll hear from me next week."

"It would be quite simple to put a garnishment on your salary, but we don't like to do that."

"Next week," Lowe said again. "I'll be in touch with you next week." There was no point in telling the man that there was already a garnishment on his salary. Nor did he think it would help to pass along the information that he no longer had a car because he had lent it to Harry Foyle two days ago, and Harry had skidded off the road and left the car wrapped around a tree—luckily without injury to himself. That probably would have meant some really fine complications.

"Well, it's been nice to see you. Next week, then? Not a broken promise like the last time?"

"Next week for sure." Lowe said and saw the man to the door. He went back to his desk and sat there for a moment immersed in hopelessness. The figures on the sheets before him were a meaningless blur, unlike those others tattooed somewhere on the back of his brain.

There was the other finance company; and the payments due on his insurance; the money he owed Tony Kay, who ran the small neighborhood market and was a merciful man; the three hundred he'd (Continued on Page 51)

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# Basketball's Moody Marvel

For the past two seasons Oscar Robertson of the University of Cincinnati has been named the country's No. 1 college player. But off the court he still encounters problems.

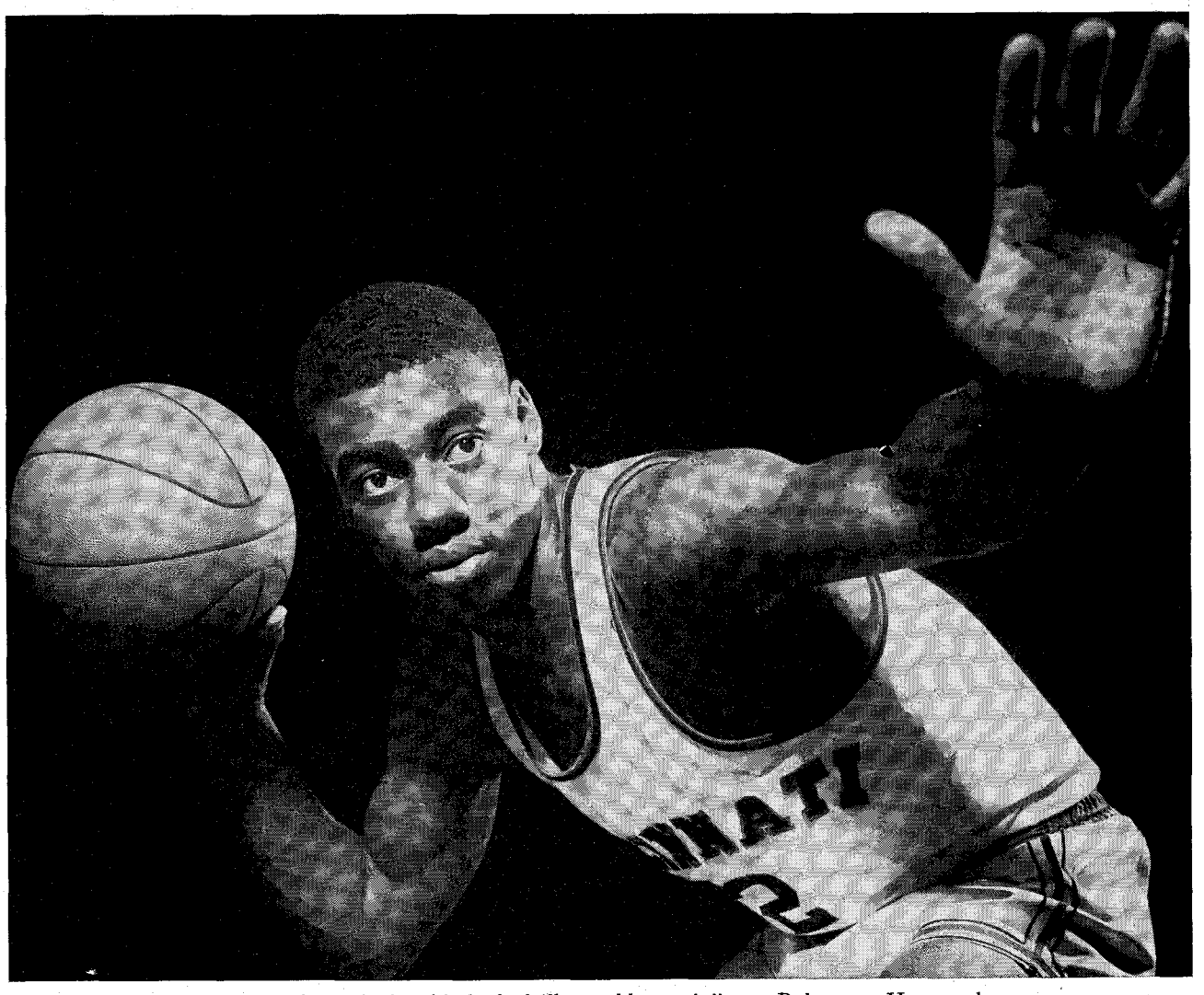
By Milton Gross

Shortly before the start of the basketball season two years ago George Smith, the University of Cincinnati coach, summoned his players to a special meeting. One man was not invited. This was Oscar Robertson, a phenomenal sophomore about to begin varsity competition.

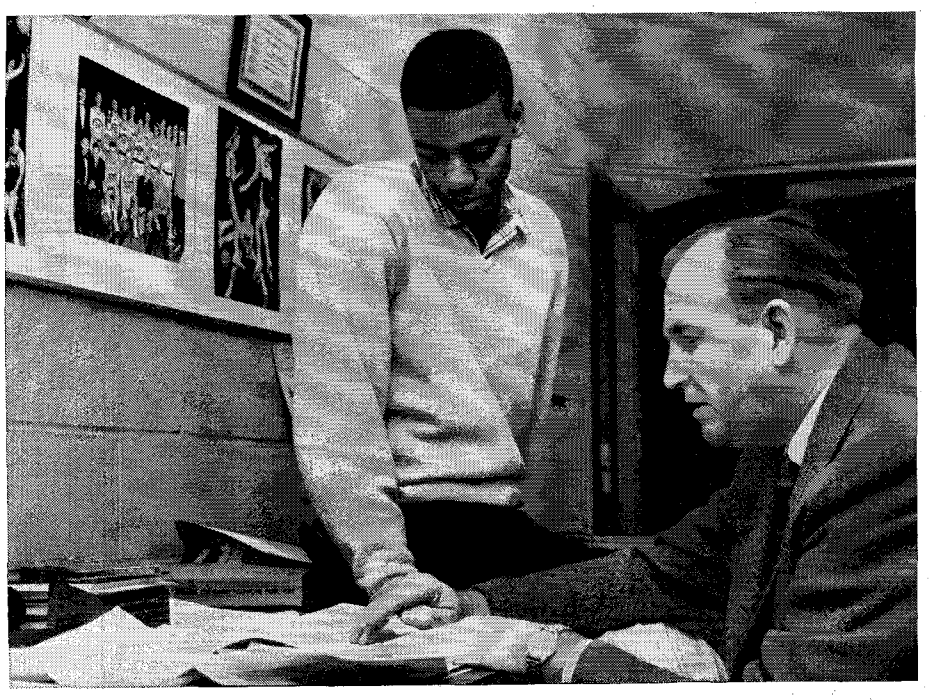
"I want you fellows to understand something and I don't want Oscar to hear what I have to say," Smith told the squad. "You were a good team before, but with Robertson you're going to be a better one, maybe a great one. He'll get all the headlines and all the publicity. You might as well make up your minds to that. But if you'll play with him, he'll take you farther than you've ever gone before."

If anything, Smith's forecast turned out to be conservative. Oscar Robertson quickly became the biggest name in college basketball. Both as a sophomore and as a junior he led the nation in scoring and virtually cornered the market on All-American and Player-of-the-Year awards. As for the Cincinnati Bearcats, they hit new highs in victories and attendance. Expectations were that "The Big O" and company would make out fully as well this year.

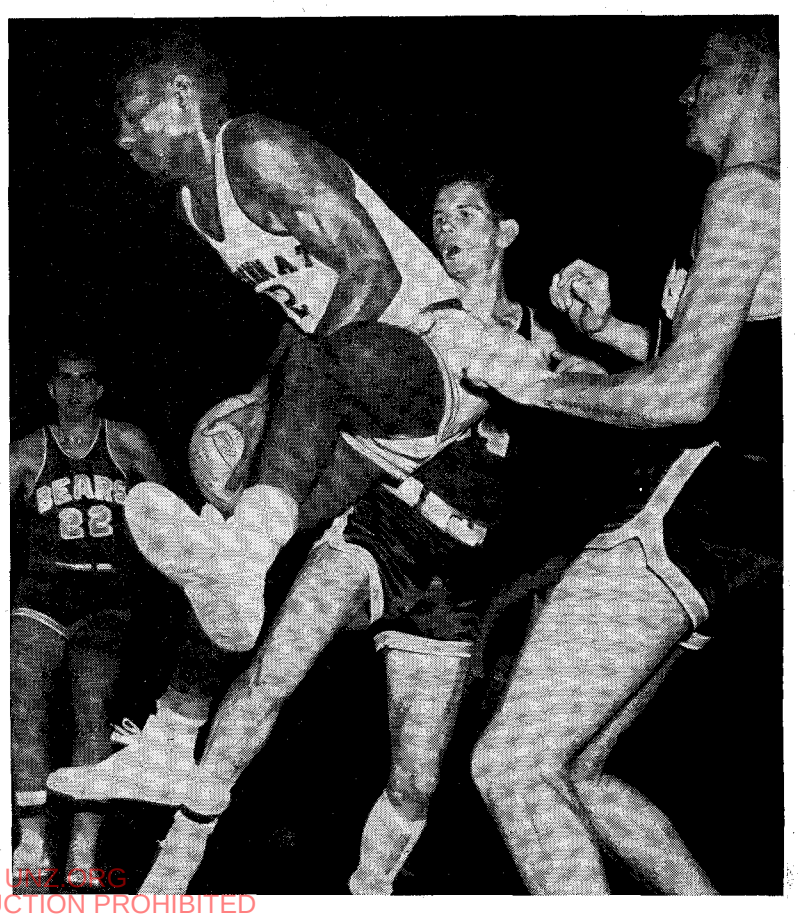
In the light of all these things it might be assumed that the Oscar Robertson era in Cincinnati basketball has been a happy one for everybody concerned. This is not the case. Oscar has frequently been discontented and at times disheartened. Once last season he quit school for (Continued on Page 60)



"I like to win at anything I play, whether it's basketball or table tennis," says Robertson. He may become the first player to win the national scoring title and to be named No. 1 college player three years in succession.



Cincinnati coach George Smith with his star. He wanted Oscar from the moment he first saw him play.



"The Big O" snaring a rebound against California in the semifinal round of the N.C.A.A. tournament last March at Louisville, Kentucky. Robertson was "limited" to 19 points, and Cincinnati lost, 64–58.

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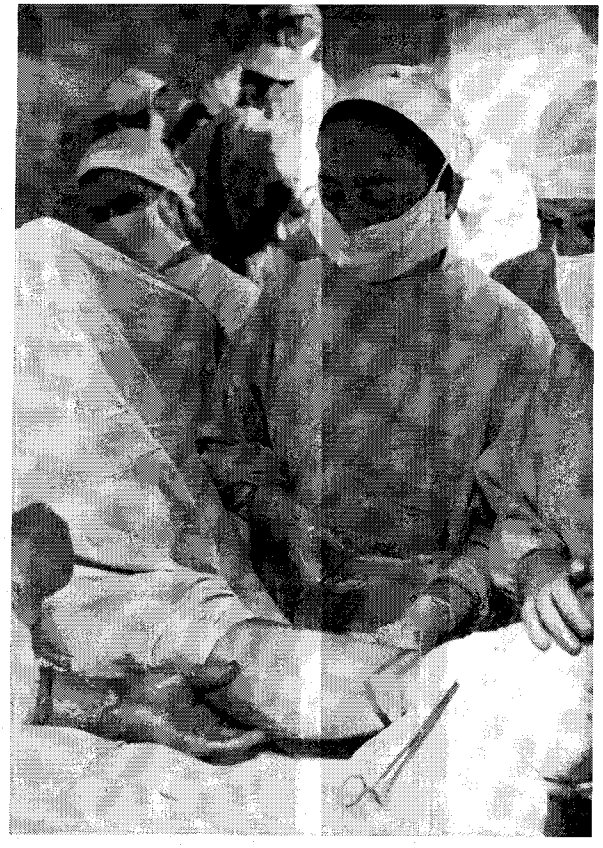
To make Russia's Seven-Year Plan a success, Soviet leaders count on women to perform much of the nation's heavy labor, including the backbreaking job shown here. Those who refuse to work get inferior housing.



Above: Lady surgeon Mukadam Ashrapova (center) performing an amputation at University Hospital, Tashkent. About 70 per cent of Soviet doctors are women.

A manicurist's shop in Moscow. Beauty services in Russia, says the author, are scarce and primitive.

# The Sorry Life of Soviet Women

An American reports from Moscow on the illusions and dreams of Russia's women, who, despite their never-ending labors for the state, harbor an urgent desire to be feminine.

By TONI HOWARD

Moscow.

If you look for her in Soviet cities, you will find her walking home from work, stopping from time to time to gaze at sleazy merchandise she can't afford to buy and eating an ice-cream cone. She will be wearing a flowered cotton house dress in which, because she is stockily built and has no girdle or brassière, she looks lumpy. Her hair will be the color nature made it, probably brown, but so badly cut and badly permanented that it hangs on her neck like a tangle of frizzled wool. She will be wearing no jewelry or stockings or hat, and her purse and shoes will be of thin imitation leather.

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If you look for her in Soviet factories and collective farms and on the roads, she will lean for a moment on her ax or pitchfork and turn and stare at you as expressionless as a cow. Here she will be wearing dusty black bloomers or overalls, with a pair of stout boots on her feet and a kerchief tied over her head to hold back the straggling hair. Or she might still be in that flowered house dress with an apron over her stomach and a hand-me-down men's suit coat over it, her legs bare, her hands and face leathery and red. After a direct curious look, she will pick up her implements of toil and go back to work.

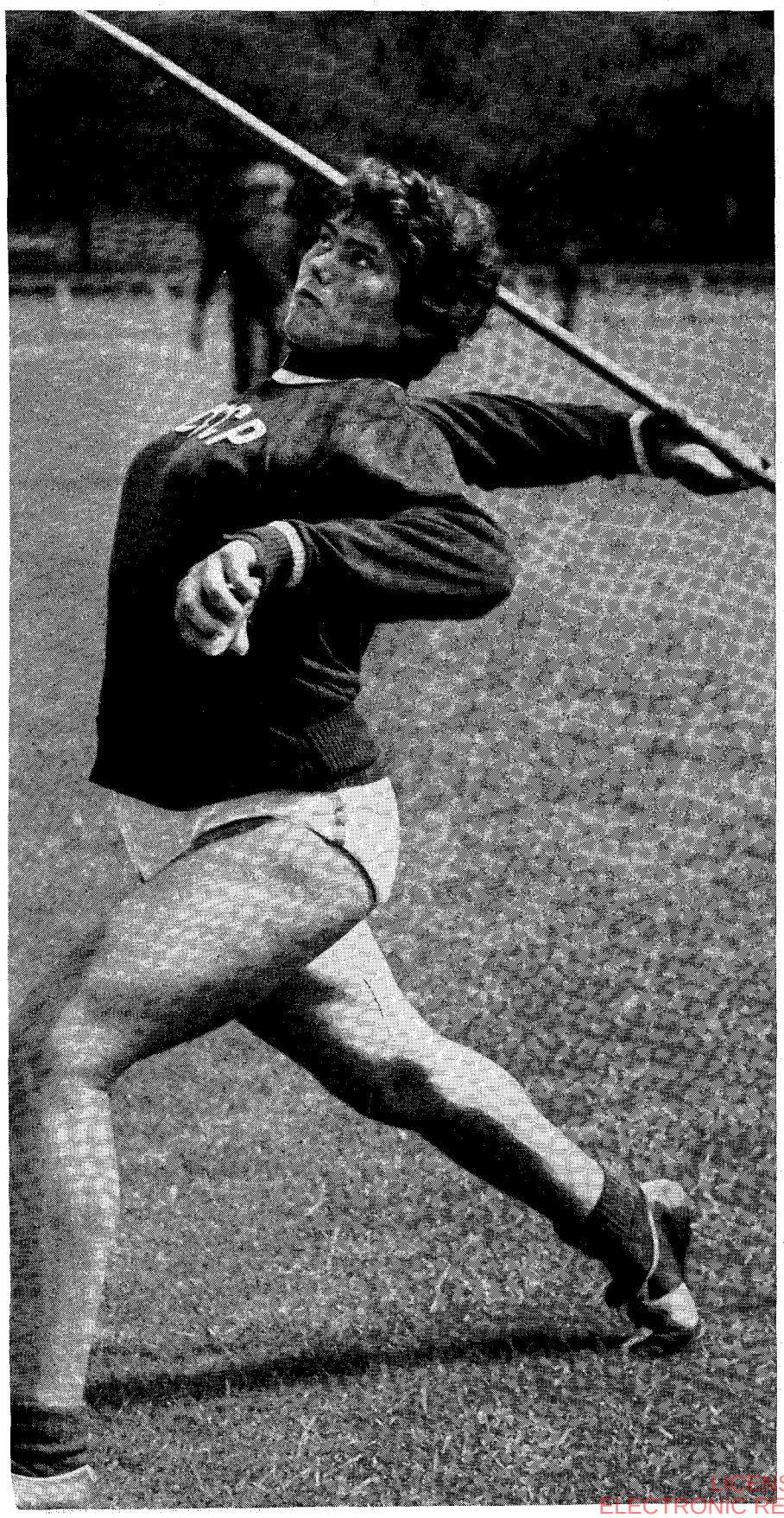
If you look for her in Soviet laboratories and hospitals and government offices, she will be efficient and impersonal in a smock or a mannish suit and with her hair severely done in schoolmarmish braids. She will rattle off statistics about the socialist state without a second's coquetry or hesitation. Then she, too, will pick up her tools—a test tube or bedpan or sheaf of correspondence—and go back to her work.

Blend these three images and you have a composite picture of most Soviet women today. It is a picture that 15,000 or so American tourists to Russia this year have brought home to prove to their wives and daughters what the phrase "emancipation of women" means in a nondemocratic, noncapitalist state.

For the Soviet woman *is* emancipated, whether she likes it or not. She is emancipated from her husband, (Continued on Page 76)

A French model (at right, above), in Moscow with a fashion show last June, getting stares of envy and awe.

Subsidized athletic careers provide brawny maidens, such as javelin thrower Virve Roolaid, with still another strenuous way to serve the state.



Among the few women allowed their femininity are the ballerinas of Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet School. Some actresses also get special treatment.

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By JAN COX SPEAS

# Forbidden Stranger

**What was there about this nameless man that made him irresistible?**

It all happened a long time ago, but they still talk about it in our town. My mother, who told me the story, admits ruefully that it could not have happened today; our tastes and our sins are more jaded now, and the forbidden passions that once seemed so shocking have become the merest commonplace.

She was not my mother then, of course. Her name was Laurie Taylor, and she was one day short of being nineteen when her father explicitly forbade her to speak to the man camped down by the creek.

"He only wants to protect you," her cousin Cissy said. "He doesn't think you're very sensible about people."

Laurie looked rebellious. "We've been too protected. When we're married we'll be expected to do good works, and how can we unless we've seen the seamier side of life?"

They sat in the porch swing that afternoon, pushing idly back and forth in the warm sun of early autumn, both dressed in white dimity sashed with taffeta.

"You'll never be married," Cissy said reasonably, "if you don't soon make up your mind between Howard Grant and John Barton."

"I will not marry a dry-goods store," Laurie said, "and John has a mouth like a wet fish."

"That's no reason."

"Reason enough," said Laurie, "for me."

Cissy Taylor looked at her cousin and sighed. Cissy was small and pink and plump, with a sensible outlook on life.

But Laurie was different. She was not beautiful, in the truest sense of the word, but her eyes, large and oddly slanted, were the same drenched blue of certain violets, and her hair and skin glowed with a warm golden sheen. She laughed often, her mouth slanting like her eyes and had any of her family or kin been asked to describe her, they would have said affectionately that Laurie was young, gay, pretty and not very sensible.

"He's camped down by the creek," she said now, "and he's got a yellow wagon with windows and a door cut in it. Do you suppose, Cissy," she said thoughtfully, "that tramps are at all like gypsies?"

"You read too many novels," Cissy said. "Tramps are dirty and shifty and have things in their hair."

"You sound just like Aunt Bessie."

In the end, as always, Cissy admitted defeat. So they crossed the yard, arms entwined, and strolled along the road leading down the hill, where it crossed the creek on a narrow bridge, went up another hill past Cissy's house and disappeared in woodland on its way to town.

"Don't you dare speak to him," Cissy warned. "We'll pretend we don't know he's there."

"Coward," said Laurie, who had already seen the horse, cropping lazily by the creek, and the man who was stretched out in the sun with a hat over his face. "It's safe," she whispered. "He's asleep."

They had almost reached the bridge when the man brushed the hat from his face, stretched, and came to his feet in one fluid movement. His dark eyes went from Laurie to Cissy, then back again. He put his hands on his hips, smiled and said, "Good afternoon."

"How do you do?" Laurie said politely. "I am Laurie Taylor, and this is my cousin Cissy."

He bowed gravely. His hair was damp, suggesting that he had recently enjoyed a bath in the cold creek water. He wore old trousers and a white shirt, both very clean, and he was surprisingly young and lean and hard.

In the face of his silence Laurie could think of nothing else to say, and Cissy seemed to have been struck dumb where she stood, but the man finally took pity on them. "Forgive my bad manners," he said. "I didn't expect afternoon callers."

Cissy stirred suddenly. "I would like to see the inside of your cart," she said.

"No, Cissy," Laurie said gently, as she would to a sleepwalker. (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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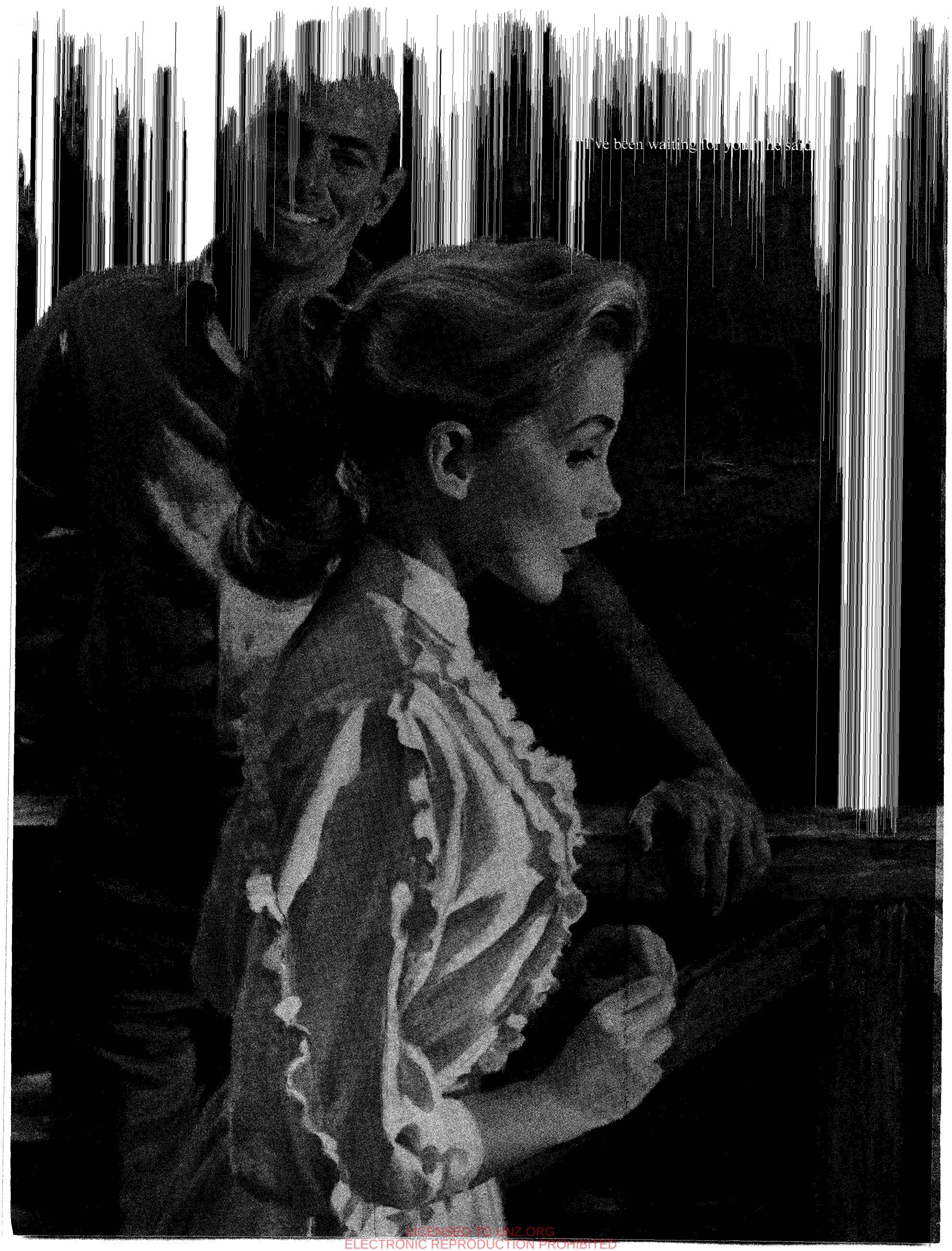


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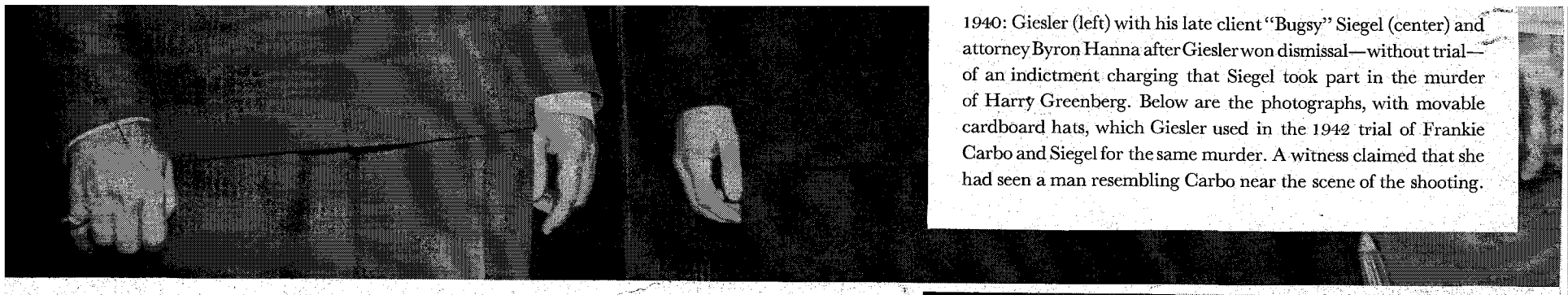

1940: Giesler (left) with his late client "Bugsy" Siegel (center) and attorney Byron Hanna after Giesler won dismissal—without trial—of an indictment charging that Siegel took part in the murder of Harry Greenberg. Below are the photographs, with movable cardboard hats, which Giesler used in the 1942 trial of Frankie Carbo and Siegel for the same murder. A witness claimed that she had seen a man resembling Carbo near the scene of the shooting.

THE JERRY GIESLER STORY

PART SEVEN

# I Defend a Mobster

## Hollywood's celebrated lawyer discloses how he sprang gangster Bugsy Siegel from a murder charge only to have him lose his life anyway.

By JERRY GIESLER as told to Pete Martin

Frankie Carbo



Whitey Krakower

I never called him Bugsy Siegel. For one thing, he hated his nickname so frantically that if anyone used it, it sent him off into one of the fits of psychopathic rage from which the name was derived. For the moment he went "bugs." As a result I still find myself thinking of him as Mr. Siegel or, more informally, as Benny—employing the diminutive form of his name, Benjamin Siegel.

At the time I was asked to defend Siegel, the New York authorities had named him one of the "six most dangerous gangsters in the United States." It was up to me to "free" him from a



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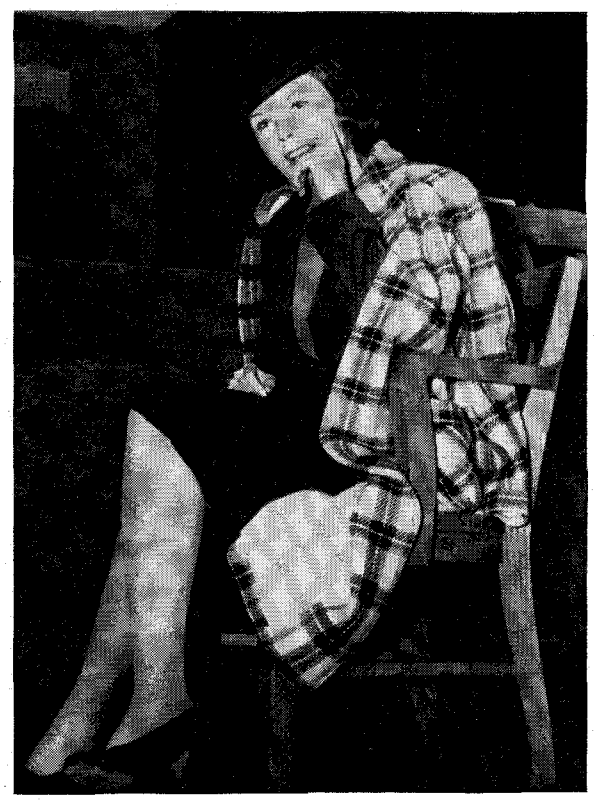
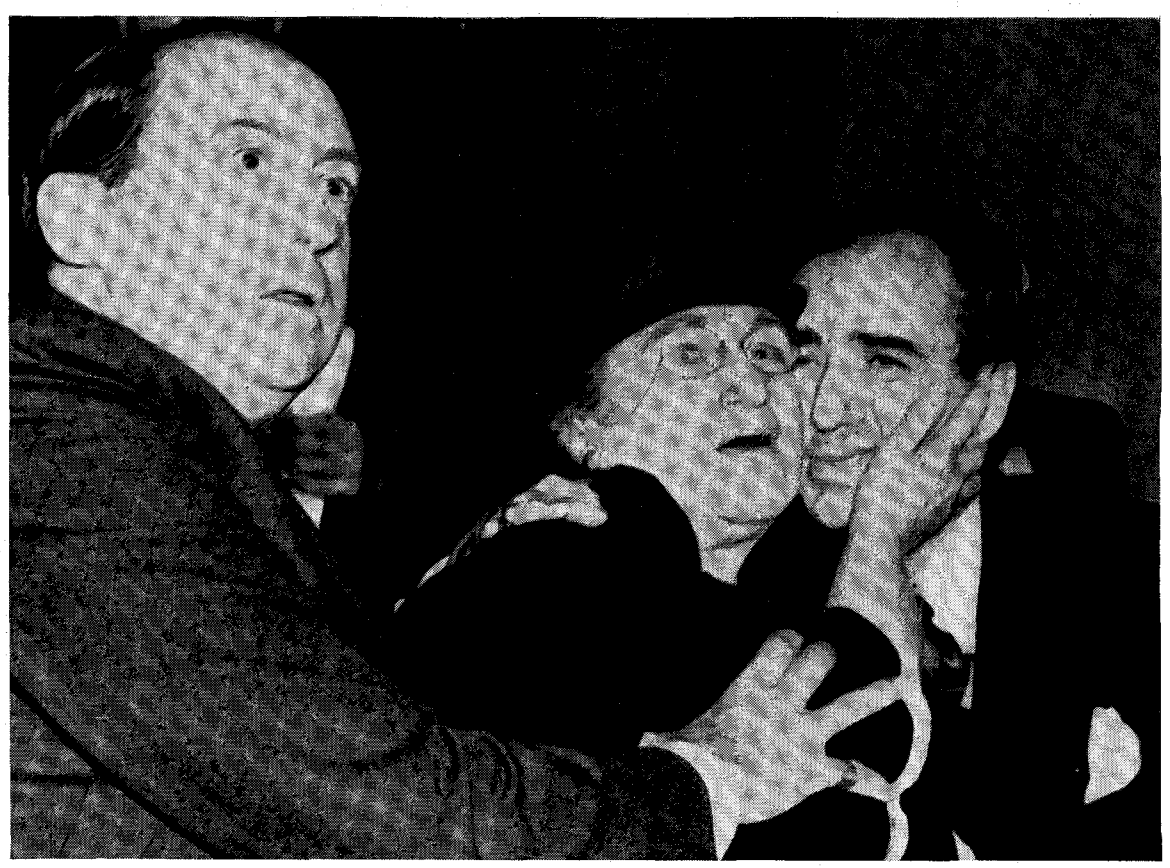


The late Ted Healy (seated) and his Three Stooges. When Healy's wife, Betty (right) got tired of her husband's stooges' being underfoot, she sued him for divorce. Healy hired Giesler, who helped work out a settlement freeing her of the stooges. The couple was later reconciled.

After actress Shelley Winters' marriage to Vittorio Gassman broke up, they battled each other in the press. Giesler won her suit for separate maintenance and also ended their public squabbling.



Giesler describes his defense of motion-picture executive Busby Berkeley (shown at right with his mother) as "unmitigated hell." After three bitterly fought trials, he finally got Berkeley acquitted of second-degree murder in the deaths of three persons whose car was struck by Berkeley's auto.

charge of complicity in the fatal gunning of a New York mobster, Harry (Big Greenie) Greenberg. Greenberg, whose alias was George H. Schachter, was a former member of Murder, Inc. At the time he was killed, in November of 1939, he had been trying to sink out of sight in California.

A murder charge was also brought against the New York and Seattle fight manager, Frankie Carbo, who was said to be equally culpable with Siegel. The prosecution contended that they had both been outside Greenberg's home the night he was shot. The motive for the murder was supposed to be the fear that Greenberg, harking back to his gaudy past, might "sing" to the law about the nefarious activities of himself and others—including the chairman of the board of Murder, Inc., Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. If he did, it might land a number of nervous gentlemen in jail. If he had any such intentions, he would have had trouble hiding in Alaska, much less in the neighborhood of Hollywood and Vine streets in Los Angeles. In exchange for "not singing," Greenberg was believed to have demanded money from "the organization."

Greenberg tried to hide from his onetime associates by living unobtrusively in rented rooms, but as if following out a gangster movie-script pattern, "the mob fingered him" without his knowing it. As a result, at a moment when he least expected it, three bullets found their target—Greenberg's head. He was shot and killed as he got out of his car.

For a while the Los Angeles County authorities made investigative motions, then called it a day. Greenberg would have been rubbed out mentally as well as physically if, nine months later, (Continued on Page 54)



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By NANCY RUTLEDGE

# TROPIC HOLIDAY

## Now her captors were fighting over their prize.

Illustrated by Robert McCall

Unknown to his ward, Karen Corey, breakfast-food tycoon Hosmer Smith had used part of her inheritance to finance a business venture. He meant to pay it back, but Will Roth, his gangster acquaintance had other plans. Threatening to expose Hosmer, Roth and his half brother Mick forced Hosmer to take part in a plan to kidnap her. The ransom money would come from Karen's inheritance, and Hosmer could pay it back as his business grew. Will Roth promised not to harm Karen if Hosmer co-operated.

On the flight to the Virgin Islands, where the kidnaping was scheduled to take place, Karen and Hosmer met Lily Lewis-Patterson, an old friend of the cereal tycoon.

After their arrival Karen, Hosmer and Lily went to a native festival, where Karen unexpectedly encountered Doug Burke, her marine sweetheart. He had flown from California to ask her to marry him. When Karen hesitated, he told her to meet him at the airport in the morning if she loved him.

Suddenly a sack was thrown over Karen's head. And the next thing she knew she was in a car, staring at the muzzle of Will Roth's gun.

II

Lying on the jolting floor of the jeep, Karen fought nausea as she bounced helplessly from side to side. She bruised her hips, her arms, her cheekbone. She skinned an elbow and a knee. She stared at the tall white-haired man above her with a fear that was close to panic. He had leaned back now and was watching her with a thin smile, much as Karen had once seen a boy watch a fly through which he had stuck a pin.

She gasped, "You—might—at least—let me sit up!"

Will Roth shrugged a bony shoulder, elegant in his light gray silk shirt. He spoke in a soft southern voice. "We might pass someone on the road who would remember seeing you, my dear." He was as courteous as if this were any normal social conversation between any lady and any gentleman.

From the front seat came the thick voice which had sworn at Karen when she had struggled with her abductor in the darkness surrounding the festival lights.

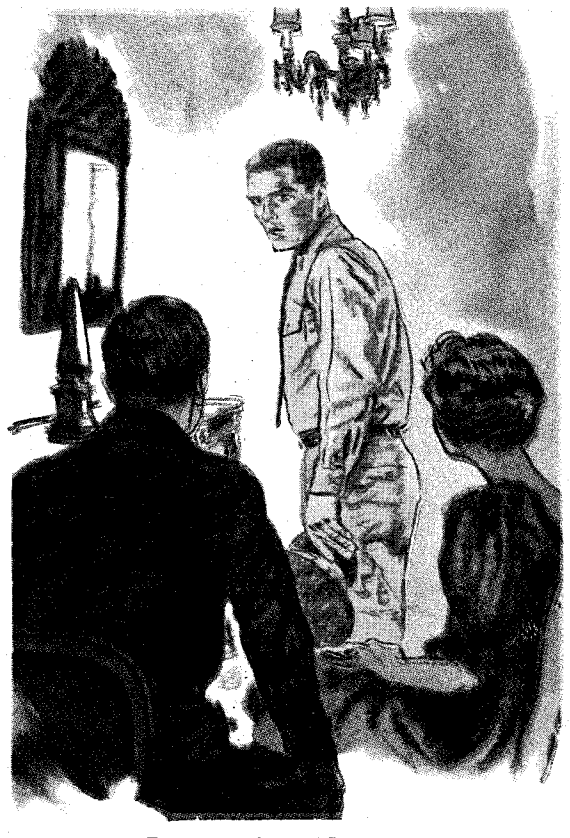
"She's a hellcat, Will. She bites. Kicks too. Leave her there. Do her good to get shook up a little."

Will Roth did not bother to answer.

Karen said, "Who are you? Where are you taking me?"

From the front, the Mick said, "Slug her, Will. I can't stand gabby dames."

Will Roth, looking bored, had removed his thoughts from them both, though he kept the Thirty-eight automatic efficiently in the thin, aesthetic fingers of his left hand.



Doug stood up. "I'm going to the police—now," he said.

The Mick hit a hard bump in the rough dirt road. Helplessly Karen bounced high. As she landed, she struck her head on a sharp piece of metal. She felt a momentary sickening pain. Then darkness closed in, and for a few minutes she heard nothing at all.

As she came to, she realized the jeep had stopped. The powerful hands which had grabbed her at the festival were now pulling at her ankles roughly.

"You socked her a beaut, Will," said the Mick admiringly. "I guess you can't stand gabby dames, either, huh?"

Karen was slung over the Mick's small, powerful shoulders like a sack of flour. She knew that this was her chance, while they thought she was still unconscious. Of course there was the gun, but she had to risk it. She drew a deep breath and screamed loudly.

"Ah," said Will, with a soft, sardonic chuckle. "She is intelligent. Too bad that the nearest neighbor is over three miles away. Let her walk, Mick, since she is conscious."

The Mick put her clumsily on her feet. He stared at her wonderingly in the tropical moonlight. "I never noticed. I was so busy grabbing her. She's a dish. A real pretty dish."

Will Roth was impatient. "With two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at stake, you can notice a girl?"

"I can always notice a dame. Why not?"

Karen felt a coldness not in keeping with the tropical night. The Mick put his short powerful arm around her. "Here. I'll help you."

Karen dared not push back the sticky fingers that tightened on her waist. She stood motionless, the Mick's breath hot on her cheek.

"Mick! Let her alone! Let her walk!"

"Aw, Will."

"You heard me."

Karen stumbled along, feeling dizziness and nausea, pain and terror. In the moonlight she had a glimpse of a row of young palm trees. She heard the ocean surf breaking nearby. Then she was in a cottage. It was a plain room with plastered white walls and high-raftered ceiling. The furniture was of the simple type—bamboo-and-canvas pieces that they might have used on a screened porch at home in Pawnee Falls. There were two couches which were merely mattresses and springs on aluminum frames, a small yellow kitchen table and two straight chairs. Beyond, an open kitchen with a small stove and refrigerator. The floor was cement and rugless. All the windows were boarded, except a large picture one facing the ocean.

Will Roth put a hand under her elbow and steered her to one of the couches. Karen fell upon it. She ached from the bruising ride, ached in her muscles and her bones and her flesh and her spirit. There was a small bump on her head where she had struck it. She wiped her face with her handkerchief, and the cloth came away covered with grease and dirt from the floor of the jeep.

She closed her eyes and lay very still. She was tired, so tired and frightened and hurt that now numbness was setting in. It was a dream, she thought, one of the nightmares she had had as a child. In a moment she would wake up, and her father's arms would be around her, as they had been then, shutting out the fear

(Continued on Page 69)

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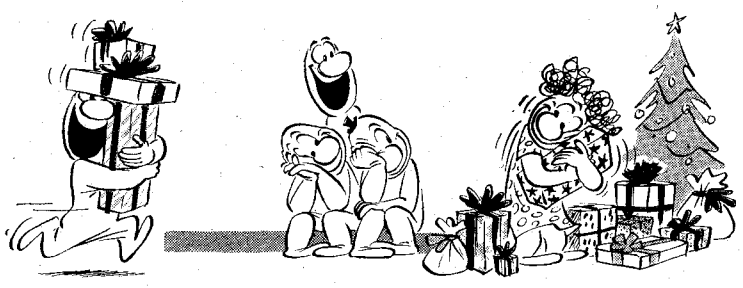
# Post Scripts



## He Took the Hint

**A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS**

### Act I

*Dec. 5. (The living room of the Brice family. Amy Brice has just come home from her bridge club.)*

AMY: . . . and Lucy had reduced five pounds and wouldn't let anyone forget it. And Doris was carrying one of those hideous oversized bags in the most *sickening* shade of magenta—and Judy had the most *divine* new car coat from Levine's. It had a little fur collar and the *darlingest* gold buckles to catch up the sleeves tight at the wrist. Everyone was just envying her.

### Act II

*Dec. 10. (The dining room of the Brice family. Amy and George Brice are having a leisurely breakfast.)*

AMY: Oh, here's a coat just like Judy's in Levine's ad today. I see they come in brown too. I think *I'd* like the brown even better than Judy's.

### Act III

*Dec. 14. (The vestibule of the Brice family. Amy's friend Judy has come to pick her up for a committee meeting.)*

AMY: Oh, Judy, I'm so glad you're wearing your new car coat. I've been telling George about it. . . . Isn't it *divine*, George? . . . Do you mind if I try it on? M'm-m. I'd need a size fourteen, though, and the brown *would* be better for me, with my coloring. But it's *so* comfy.

### Act IV

*Dec. 20. (Before the fireplace in the Brice living room.)*

AMY: I just happened to be passing by Levine's today, and they have a whole window full of those car coats like Judy's—looked so Christmasy.

### Act V

*Dec. 24. (Levine's Specialty Shop.)*

GEORGE: I usually have the very devil of a time thinking of a Christmas present for my wife that I'm sure will please her. Never know what color or size, even if I have the slightest hint of what to get her. But this year I distinctly remember her mentioning an oversized bag, in some shade of magenta, whatever color that is. . . . Will you gift wrap it, please?

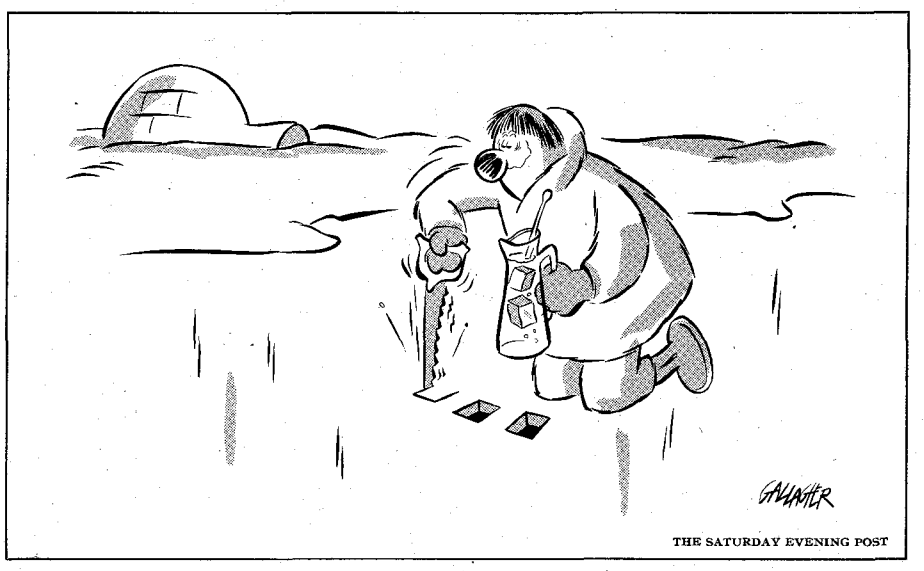
RUTH MUELLER

## Wisdom of the Aged

The eastern mind considers years
  Synonymous with truth;
Our western culture perseveres
  In venerating youth.

Let's learn to laud those past their prime,
  And scorn the youth-cult monger—
And let us do it quickly; I'm
  Not getting any younger.

PHILENE HAMMER




## In Both Ears

I don't want you to think I'm one of these bugs about stereo—far from it. All I want is a good machine I can play my records on. Music's what I like.

No, don't sit there. That chair gets too much treble. This is the best spot. Let's see now. How about a little of Blatzky's *Third?* I go for these moderns. They really capture the spirit of the times.

Hear that? . . . No, no. Before the music even starts. Here, I'll begin it over. Hear it? That's the first piccolo opening his lunch. What do you mean, how do I know? It says it right here on the record jacket.

Now, listen. A fire engine going past the recording studio. Isn't that great? Charley Neff, across the street, says it sounds like someone snoring in the cello section, but Charley has a tin ear.

This is pretty dull here. Let me skip back a ways. . . . Now get this. . . . Hear it? Hear it? Guy blowing his nose. According to *Crescendo Magazine*, it's a vice president of the record company who happened to be watching the session. I have that review right here in the desk somewhere.

An appointment? That's a shame. Between the first and second movements the conductor changes into squeaky shoes.

Well, if you must go, I'll show you out. No, not that door. It leads into my woofer.

AL WRIGHT

## Brief Account

From time to time I get together
  A little nest egg that I prize;
But pretty soon I hit a snag—
  Some unexpected bills arise;
And by the time that I'm unhooked,
My little egg is always cooked.

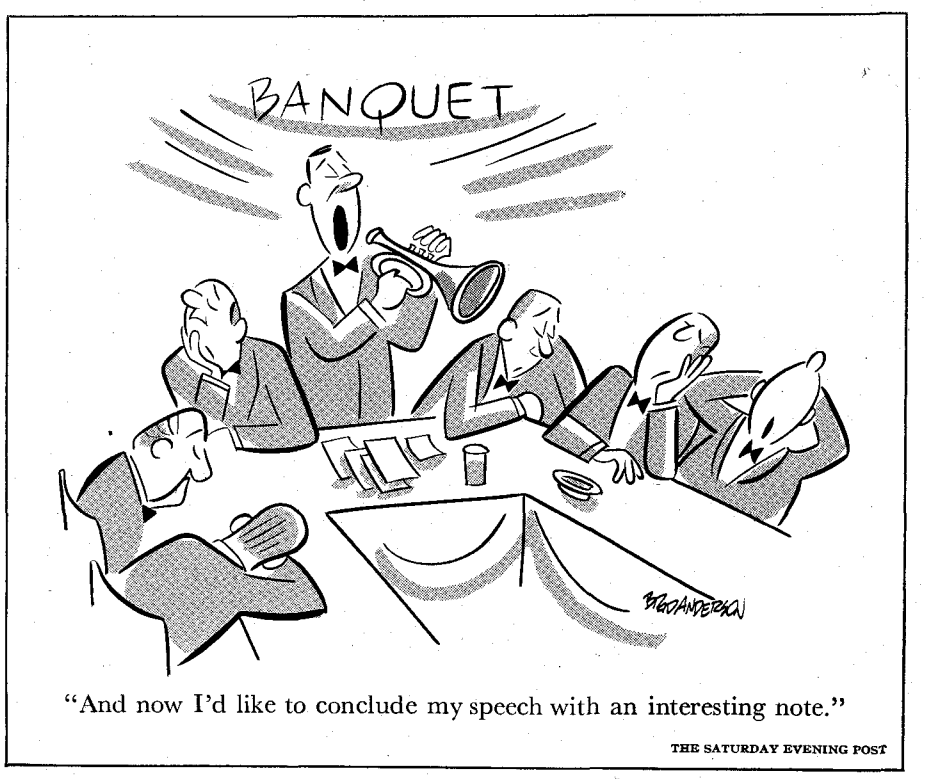
RICHARD WHEELER

## Enfeebled English

**Ladies' Ready-to-Wear**

Nye help you?
Om loogin fra drezzy swear.
Whuhzize?
Thirddy dew.
Here—slibbizzon.
Sit lil tight?
Fidz you perfeck. Thads how there wearnum thishear.
Wadda bowed colors?
Yewkin have this swear in the ornge yewvahn, and vylet, tavvy tan or ping.
Wadza prize?
Thiz moll's bin margged down from ayd aydee ayd to sem dars.
Fine. I'll taig this ornge one.
Taykid widyew or senate?
Senate. Annis a charge. Zmi charge card.
Zyne ear. Thengue and cease uhgen.

HERB GOCHROS




"And now I'd like to conclude my speech with an interesting note."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Good things begin to happen

## when teen-agers have their good hot soup

**There isn't an age group** that needs good nutrition more than boys and girls in their teens. Boys and girls growing, developing – on the threshold of demanding years.

**That's where good hot soup** is handy. Soup and a sandwich for lunch. Soup and crackers after school. Soup as a snack at bedtime. Easy to fix. Easy to eat. And brimful of goodness.

**Good nutrition**—soup's vitamins, proteins and minerals come from wholesome foods it's good for them to have every day. Good feeling—soup's soothing broths help start good digestion. Good dispositions—soup fills up the nooks and crannies, makes you feel good all over.

**Yes, good things** happen with Campbell's Tomato Soup —brimming with the goodness of those red-ripe Campbell tomatoes. Or with Vegetable Soup. Or Minestrone. Or any of the 21 kinds of Campbell's that make it easy to adopt the healthy habit – good soup every day.

*Have you had your soup today?*

**Once a day...every day...enjoy** *Campbell's Soup*

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# Violence on the Plains

## It was her life they were after now.

By CHARLES O. LOCKE

Trouble was brewing fast now on the Texas range, and the sides were drawn.

On the one hand stood Amelia Rankin, head of a vast cattle ranch left her by her husband, Henry. On the other were Hurd Patchem, the Bannermans and other nearby cattlemen, who hated Amelia for fencing off part of her land for farming. Fences, they asserted, destroyed cattle. As allies they had Johnny Blaine and the farmers he controlled. They resented Amelia's refusal to let them lynch Red Johnson, the Rankin employee who killed Blaine's father. But Amelia's ranch hands, led by foreman Bill Snow and old Jess Albright, stood behind her, while lawyer Tom Turner defended her interests in town. Even Hurd Patchem's sons, Lester and Willy, were on her side.

Lester, in fact, licked Johnny Blaine in a fight over Amelia's daughter, Mary. The fight alarmed Amelia. Johnny would strike back, she knew, and events proved her right. In the darkness outside the ranch house she heard the menacing sound of hoofbeats where horses had no right to be.

### VI

Amelia's strong sense of property made her anger rise a little, not being able to explain so simple a thing as horses and horsemen where fences said they shouldn't be.

She went back, put on her sheep-lined jacket and got a shaded candle with long life in it. The loose floor boards of the south bedroom were treacherous and she stepped carefully, starting to the shaded window. Then she put the candle down and made sure the path to the window was safe, with no obstacles to trip her. She took the candle then and moved to the side of the sill and opened the heavy green shade a crack. The night had never seemed so dark. The giant meadow was nearly invisible. There were no hoofbeats now. But as she closed the shade again and stood and listened, there was a rending sound in the night, as if someone with a pry had torn the top rail loose from a fence, a wood fence.

The wood fence at the foot of the garden! It was beyond the graveled path straight down the center, through an arch of trees and alders, to the end piece which they had always planned to put wholly under flower cultivation and had never quite got to.

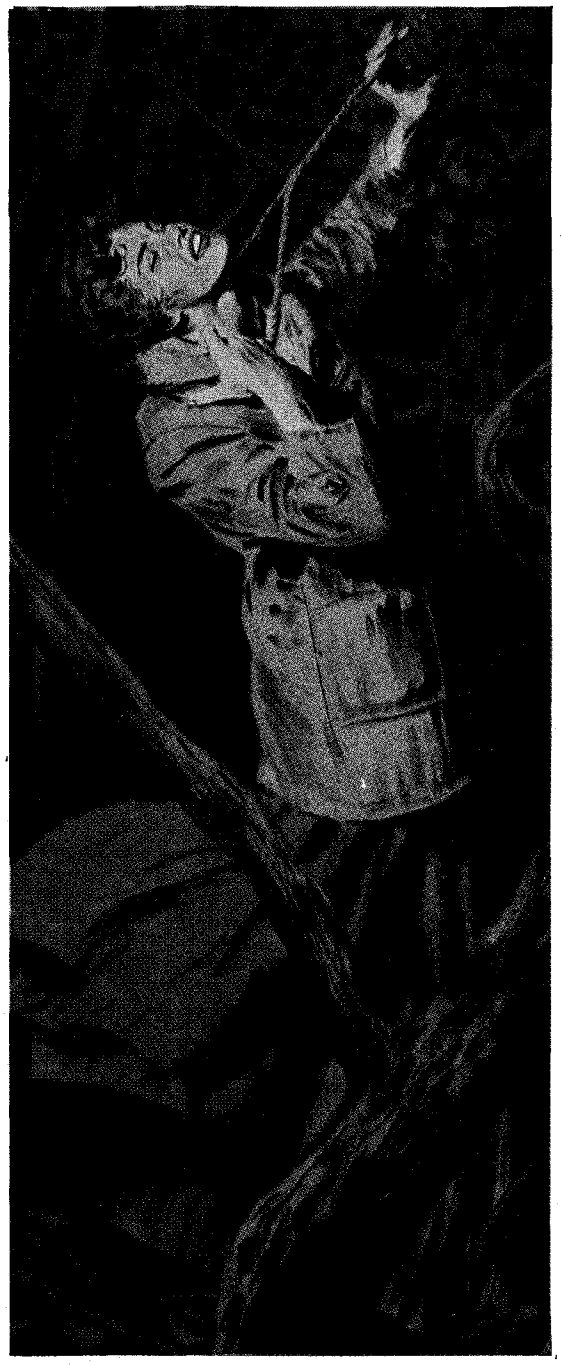
She blew out the candle and raised the shade and looked out boldly. Again she felt anger rising in her, for someone with a lantern was in the meadow, the light moving fast as if a man on a horse had perched the light on the cantle or the horn. *Strange doings*, she thought.

She went downstairs and lifted the key and chain from the hook behind the bookcase in the seldom used parlor, where the newspaper-covered chairs and gimcrack tables stood around like substantial ghosts. The heavy padlock on the gunroom, Henry's pride and joy, was difficult for her to manage, the lock was so heavy, the spring so stiff. She turned the lamp up high and she went in.

The prized shotguns and the imported rifles were still in their wall cases, gleaming but dusty. The room hadn't been opened for at least six months. The gleaming upright barrels made her shudder. She opened a drawer. From the enclosed rack, felt-padded, she took a bright-steel, beautifully conditioned Colt, with the oil on it still strong, even a little moist to her finger as she ran it over the trigger guard. The cylinder, she saw, had a full load of cartridges. It was the one in the rack always kept loaded.

Back in her bedroom she dressed quickly and once more put on the sheeplined jacket. She found a lantern of her own and, after lighting it, spent some time turning the wick down as low as it would go. She was afraid to muffle the light. Henry had nearly started a fire in the house with that business one night shortly after they had moved in. She softly opened the yard door and moved like a shadow around and back to the garden side. At the top of the gravel path she stopped.

She crouched, certain she heard whispers and low voices from somewhere at the foot of the path, where the crown of trees blotted out vision. She had long planned to have that growth thinned out.



Amelia crouched and fought the closing coils of the rope.

The sound above her head in the thick stillness was like the shriek of a banshee. It was a rope. Now she knew. She was within, or almost within, its grasp but fighting the coils, wildly moving her arms upward and outward. Instinct and what she had learned in years on the plains told her what to do; but in the dark it was elusive, this thing she was fighting.

She crouched and fought the closing coils, and lifted the loop from her shoulder with one hysterical movement of her arm. A snarl of rope was somehow mixed with her feet and she kicked out of that as it rasped her bare ankles.

She was like a drowning woman fighting a wave she could not see. She tried desperately to move back; the noose already was being pulled swiftly by the expert movement of the mysterious thrower on the bight end. She fell with a cry, free now, and the rope was whipped back from the path with a lightning movement through the stems.

She sat on the path and a dry sob came up in her throat. The gravel was cool, moist and sweet to her hand. It was once again her own to touch freely. She let her hand rest there, her fingers feeling,

(Continued on Page 32)

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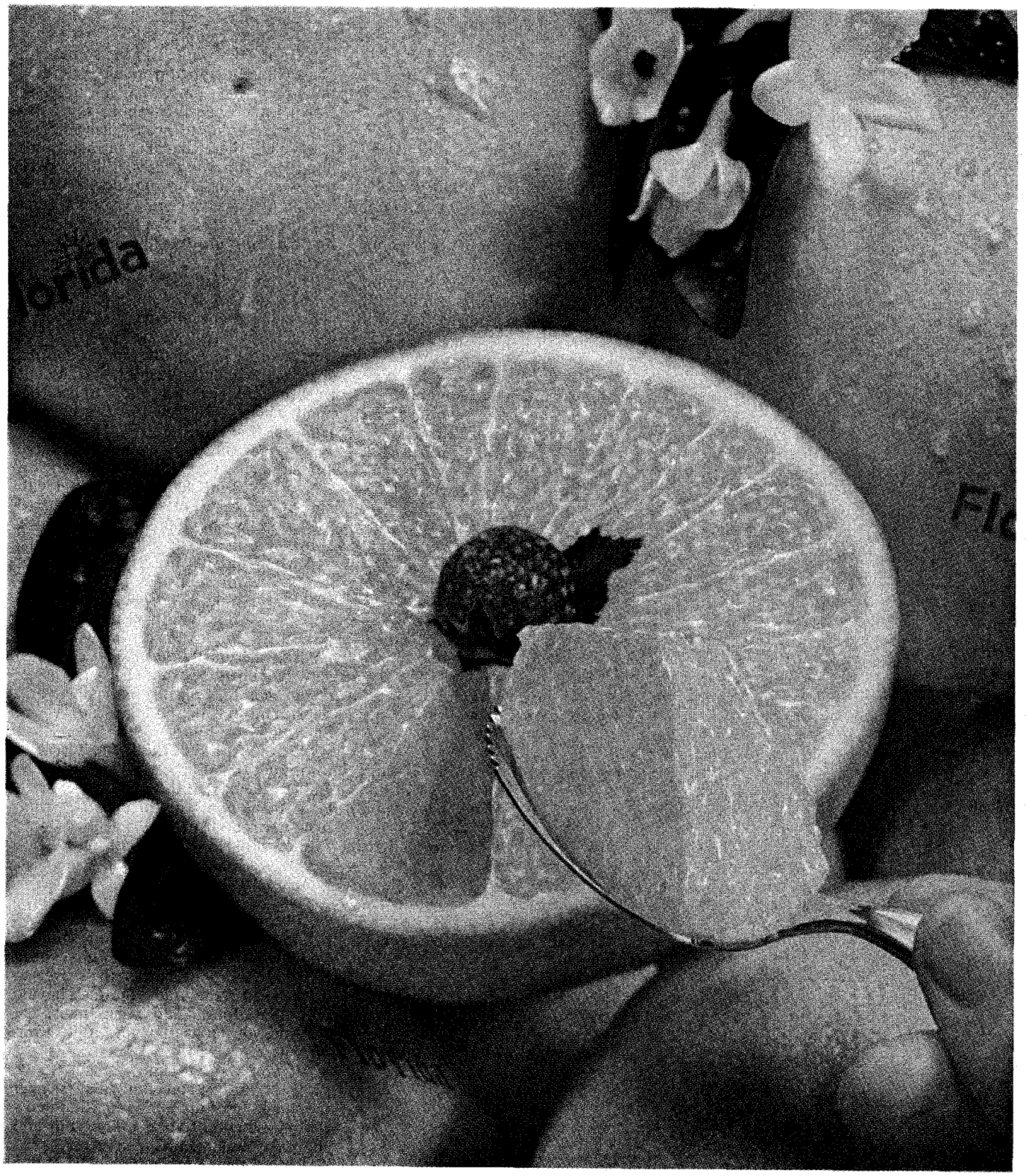

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(*Continued from Page 30*) digging, grubbing in the moisture, holding onto it for dear life, wondering if she was safe, hoping she was, fearing the madman might make another cast. She drew herself farther up the path in the prayer that she might move out of range for another throw from wherever he was. But none came.

She bowed her head and waited to ease her laboring breath. The pains she felt in her legs she now knew meant nothing. But she rubbed her hand carefully over the right side of her neck, feeling the rope burn, which flamed to the touch like fire.

She decided to crawl. She had lost fear of any further attempt on her, because of the shock of what had happened—the incredible thing that had come to her after the long months of her scornful, supercilious waiting. She supposed some men among the trees were now cursing their luck, leading their mounts hoof-muffled through the alders, probably talking in whispers. Anger stabbed her mind and she turned once to wave the pistol feebly; but her good sense told her to keep moving and that her first concern was to gain the shelter of the house.

She began walking upright at the corner of the little-used porch that looked on the garden. She rounded the corner and moved to the yard door. Both door and screen were wide ajar.

The screen-door spring slammed the door like a pistol shot in the stillness. The stairs seemed long and the wash stand, with the night-cooled water in the pitcher, seemed very far away, but she made it. She knew she was suffering from shock.

She could now see the rope burn plainly, and she bathed this and her face and wrists gently with the water that had a pleasant cold shock in it. She was beginning, in the quiet and safety of the house, to understand what she had just gone through, but its meaning came to her slowly. Hot resentment passed through her body like a flash, and cold determination remained.

She looked at the time and was surprised how near daylight it was. She took pencil and paper to write the letter that had long been in her mind, and then tore up her start and put the letter out of her thoughts for the present. Her cold rage told her where her clear course lay. She said to herself: *It might not be the right course, but it is mine by choice, and I will stand or fall with it. Tom said I was a softie. He's right.*

She again put on her coat and went to the new bunkhouse. She knew the window behind which Jess slept. Somehow this was for Jess, not for Snow or any of the rest. They could enter the scene later, at her discretion.

She tapped at the quarter-open window, and Jess, sleeping the light sleep of the old, was up instantly and staring at her through the pane in astonishment.

"Jess, don't wake the others—come to the house."

He was too bewildered to utter a sound, but she was certain she had brought him fully awake.

She went back to the kitchen, heated the coffee and within minutes saw Jess move with the speed of a young man from the bunkhouse and across the yard in the ribbed and muffled shadows of the false dawn.

He showed surprise when he came in. She knew that he saw her bitter anger, and it confused him. They sat speechless, looking at each other above the coffee cups, and Jess kept nervously lifting the ends of his mustache. Amelia was aware of something forming inside her—a steel structure of decision gathering strength from surface anger.

"What's that?" said Jess, suddenly leaning forward, his arthritic, right forefinger pointing.

"That," said Amelia with relish, "is a rope burn."

Jess kept opening and closing his mouth and seemed to be trying to gulp down coffee which had stuck in his throat.

"Yes, Mr. Albright," said Amelia, "I've just escaped being roped. What do you suppose the gentlemen of the association planned to do—kidnap me or rough me up on a horse line, drag me in front of my own hands?"

She thought Jess was about to have a stroke. He cursed Joyce Bannerman.

"Wait, Jess." She reached her hand to his as it lay beside his coffee cup. "Bill's sleeping?"

"Yes."

"Let him sleep. When he wakes up you can tell him and no one else. This is personal—not the ranch."

Jess nodded.

"The association is having its annual meeting over by the Bitter Bend school near the Blaines'. I'm going over there. On my way back or over I may stop at one of the farms. So have the team ready just as soon as you can because I want to get an early start before the hands are up. If you want some of the boys to ride point on me, that's all right, but for a number of reasons I'd prefer they keep out of sight."

Jess nodded gloomily.

She hesitated and then said as she stood up, "I guess I've had my holiday, Jess. It's taken you and Tom and Snow a long time to show me how tough I ought to be. Well, I've put one of your ideas into operation, and it holds. Now I'll try the other. Maybe I don't know how to be tough and I'd better start practicing. Except when I stop to see Elizabeth Blaine—if I have time. There I'll try to be friendly just once more."

Jess went to the door. "To think this'd happen to you with twenty-six men sleepin' in the bunkhouse." He shook his head. "You take care of yourself, Mrs. Rankin."

"You might give the carbine in the buckboard a look-at."

"I will," he said and went out.

She sat for a little, gathering her thoughts, and this time wrote the note successfully and sealed it. Then she packed a lunch, changed clothes and was waiting when Jess brought the team. She was out of the yard and over the rise before the morning work call.

Snow had been in the saddle all the previous day and had ridden in from Tuckerman's in the small hours, so he was sleeping in that morning. Albright roused him after work call had emptied all the bunks but Snow's. It took plenty of hauling to bring him to.

Albright had a tin cup of blistering coffee ready. Snow, when he could see it clearly, grabbed for it and reached with the other hand for the makings. By habit Albright backed into the unpleasant news.

"You know Tom Turner's been over to Tuckerman's the last few days."

"I talked to him there yesterday. You get me out of bed to tell me that?"

"If he's goin' to be there today still, maybe you better ride over and see him."

Snow looked at Albright sharply. "Now what's happened to Mrs. Rankin?"

Albright told him.

"I ain't up yet. Let me have that again."

Jess repeated with slowness and care.

"Where'd this take place?"

"In the big pasture."

"And now she's gone to the meeting?

"Yep."

"Who's ridin' point on her?"

"Spider and the new feller."

"You think I should ought to see Turner?"

"Do you?"

Snow drank some coffee. "Yes. Dislike somewhat to go behind her back. You know Turner and the lady boss had a falling out?"

"But this has nothing to do with romances and busted hearts and such."

"No. Let me think. Let me soak up the rest of this coffee."

Albright waited.

"Turner's still the ranch's lawyer as far as I know."

Albright nodded.

"Turner'll still be there today and maybe tomorrow. They're having a set-to about that spring which both Tuckerman and the Catlins claim."

"Over near the branch?"

"Yeah. Tom wanted to get some kind of a written statement from me yesterday, but I hadn't the time. That could be my reason to go back. In about four, five days we're going to need Turner here a damn sight more than Tuckerman needs him. Tell you what, Jess. I'll get over there, say around two o'clock. But if anything happens here or yonder send word to me fast so I can haul back, even if you have to use everything in the home *remuda*."

"I'll deal it out," said Jess.

Snow dressed and got a late breakfast and, being preoccupied, asked Wooster for the cook's two-week-old copy of the Fort Worth *Star*. Snow was on a tilted chair at the bunkhouse door, spelling out the tougher words of the text to ease his mind when he looked up to see Willy Patchem ride into the yard.

Willy got off his horse near the forge and stopped where Troop was taking an early siesta in the shade of the corral with his hat over his eyes. Troop had started the day by washing his socks. They hung above him on a fence rail, and his boots, which had once been Willy's, were ranged neatly, one on each side of him.

Without waking Troop, Willy picked up first one boot and then the other and poked his fingers successively through holes in the uppers that had been cut to ease the boots. He examined larger holes, one in each sole, put the boots down and jingled up through the dust to where Snow sat.

"Damn if I didn't think I had big feet for my age, but Troop's got bigger and he ain't but a boy, Bill. See how he ventilated them boots of mine to save him from corns and such?"

Snow nodded with a slight smile. "Biggest I ever see on a youngun."

"Tom Turner around?"

"No."

"I hear ——"

Snow looked at Willy and said, "I know what you hear. But to give you a civil answer about Turner, he's over to Tuckerman in that fracas the doc's having with the Catlins. That's where he is."

"And you look afoot and miles from anywhere."

"If you want to know," said Snow, "I'm about to do something that may get me slung out of my job. If so, I'll borrow that goose gun of yours and go out and shoot Joyce Bannerman."

"Good idea. Man's got to get some satisfaction out of life."

An hour later Snow came back from the north ridge, where he had gone to pick up a staked-out mount of his string. Conklin, who was rinsing a Sunday silk shirt under the horse-trough pump, braced him on the way in.

"I was up talking to Etta, and she says Willy Patchem went to town with Troop to buy him some boots."

"That's right."

"Also, she said that Willy told her he was aiming to play pool on that new table of Art Handless's."

Snow, who had turned his horse, wheeled back. "How's that again?"

Conklin repeated the statement.

"Handless's place is at Elk Basin."

"Sure is."

"I thought they were going to Bradford."

Snow looked hard at Conklin, started to make a cigarette, thought better of it and put the sack away. "I believe there is a conspiracy on this ranch today, Shep," he said with great firmness. "People are sorted in draws making plans to drive me crazy. Get you a horse that can vamoose, Shep, and start right away to see if you can head 'em off. On your way over the ridge (*Continued on Page 49*)

"This year Everett and I are giving each other tax-free municipals."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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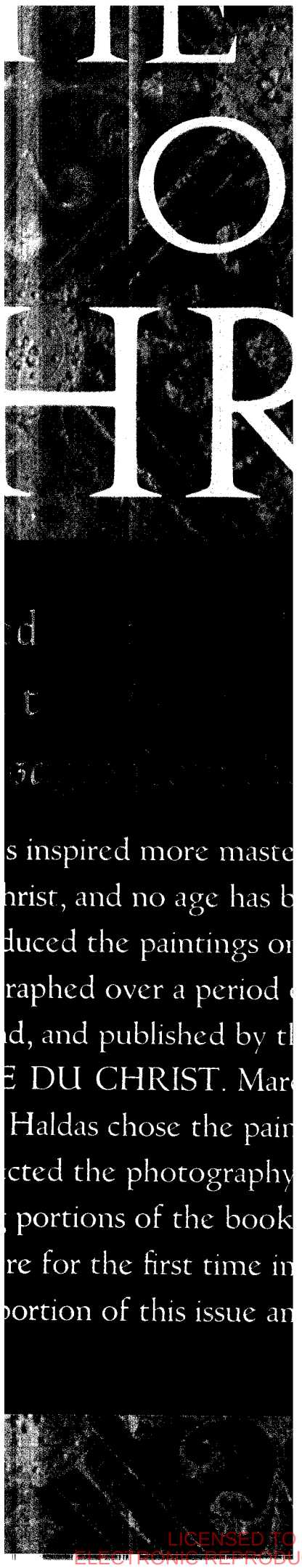


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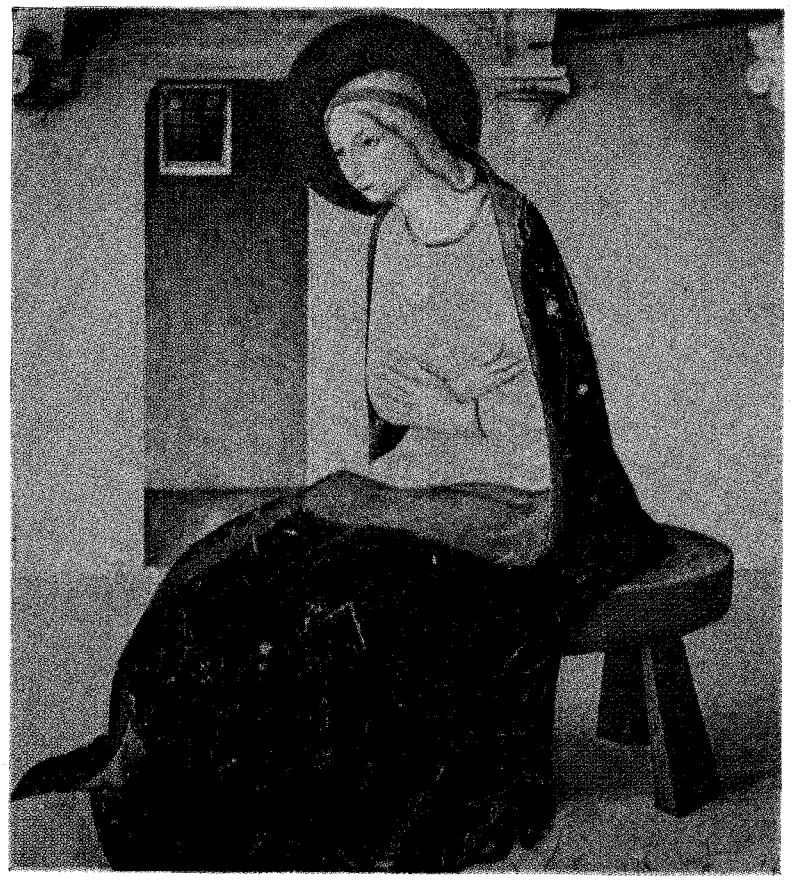

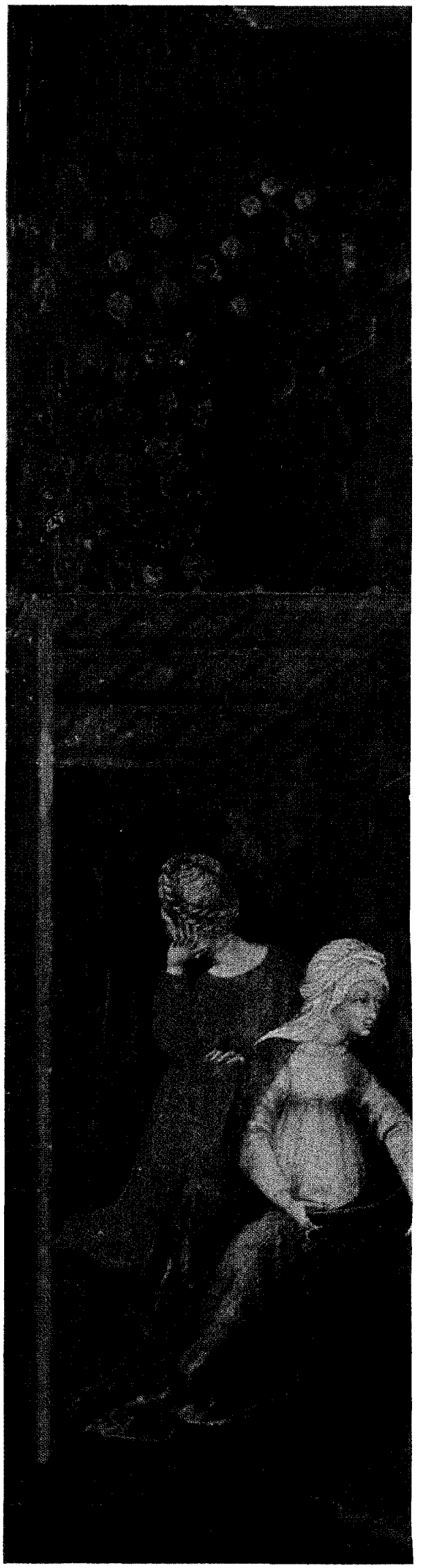

And, behold, thou shalt . . . bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. LUKE 1:31

Saint Luke tells the story of the angel Gabriel's visit to Mary, the maid of Nazareth: "Hail, thou that are highly favoured, the Lord is with thee . . . that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Fra Angelico's fresco in the Museum of San Marco in Florence shows the Virgin awe-struck at the announcement. Her reply: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

"And she brought forth her firstborn son," says Saint Luke, "and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." Barna da Siena's fresco of the Nativity reposes in the old Collegiata Cathedral in San Gimignano. He added to it figures supplied by pious tradition: the midwives, Zelemi and Salome; the adoring ox and ass. In the distance may be seen the shepherds as they heard the voice from heaven: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

# FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN . . .

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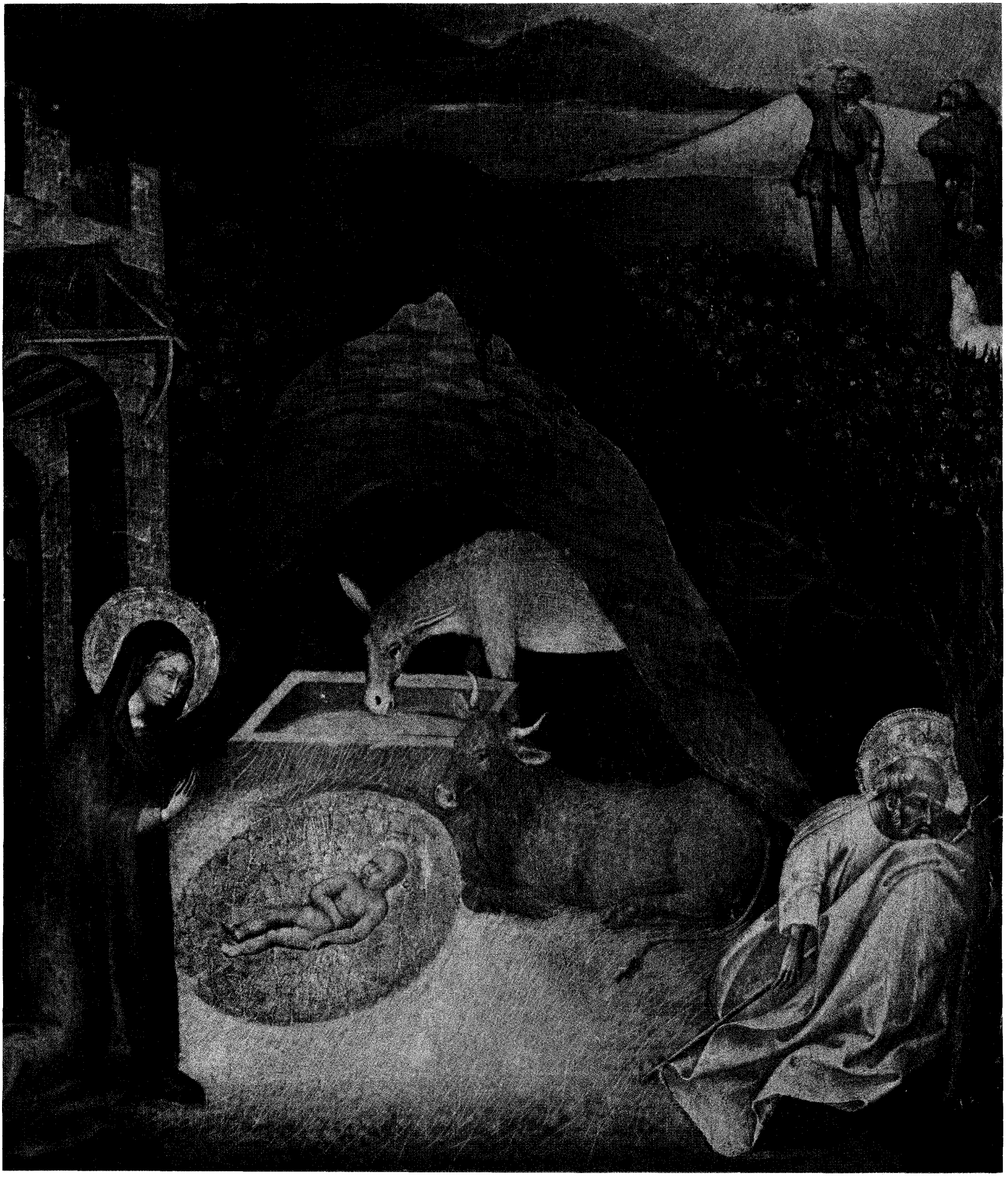

A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD. LUKE 2:11

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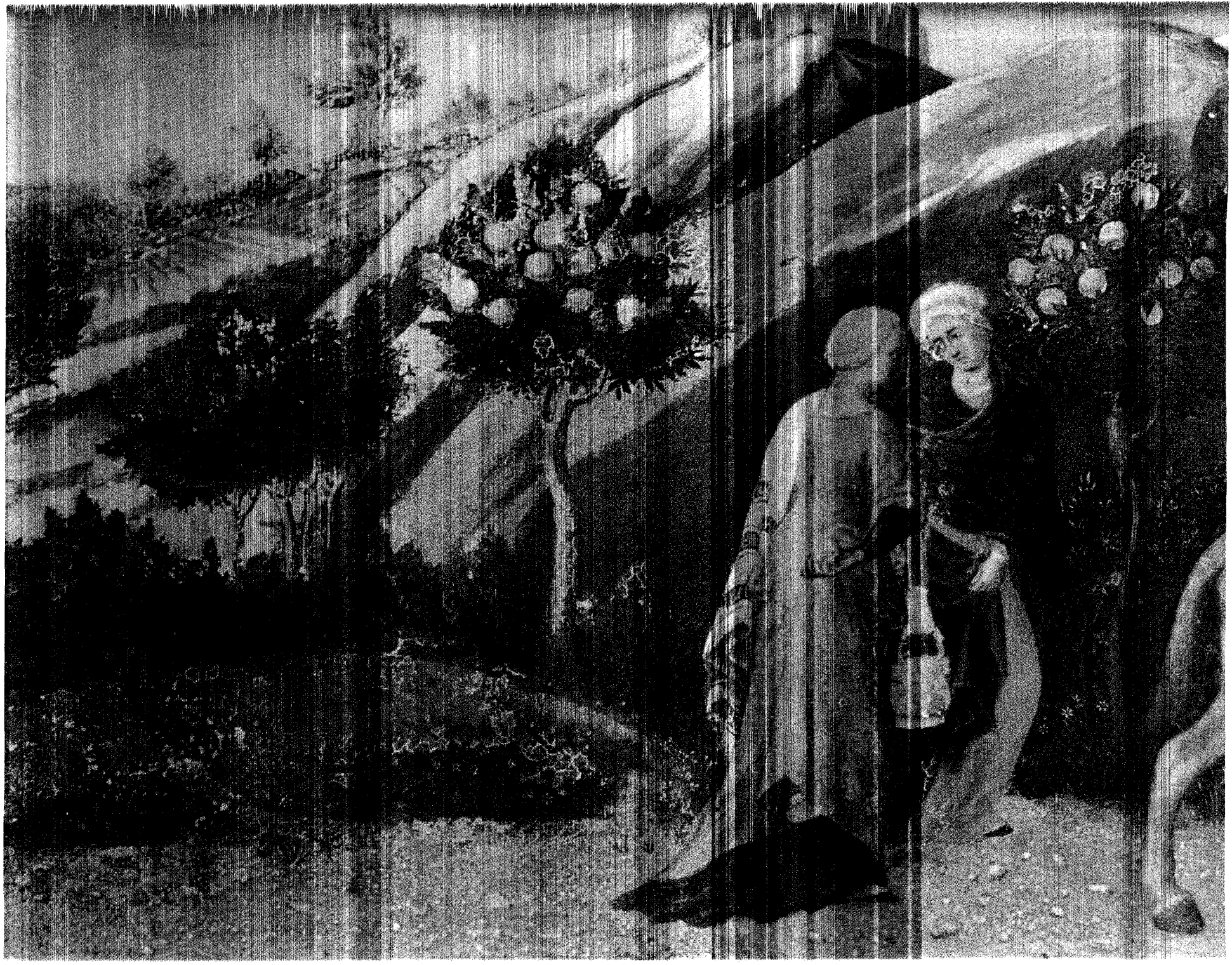

Joseph . . . took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt. MATTHEW 2:14

Saint Matthew describes the Holy Family's flight to escape the fury of King Herod. Gentile da Fabriano depicted the journey for an altarpiece now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Herod . . . slew all the children that were in Bethlehem . . . from two years old and under. .

MATTHEW 2:16

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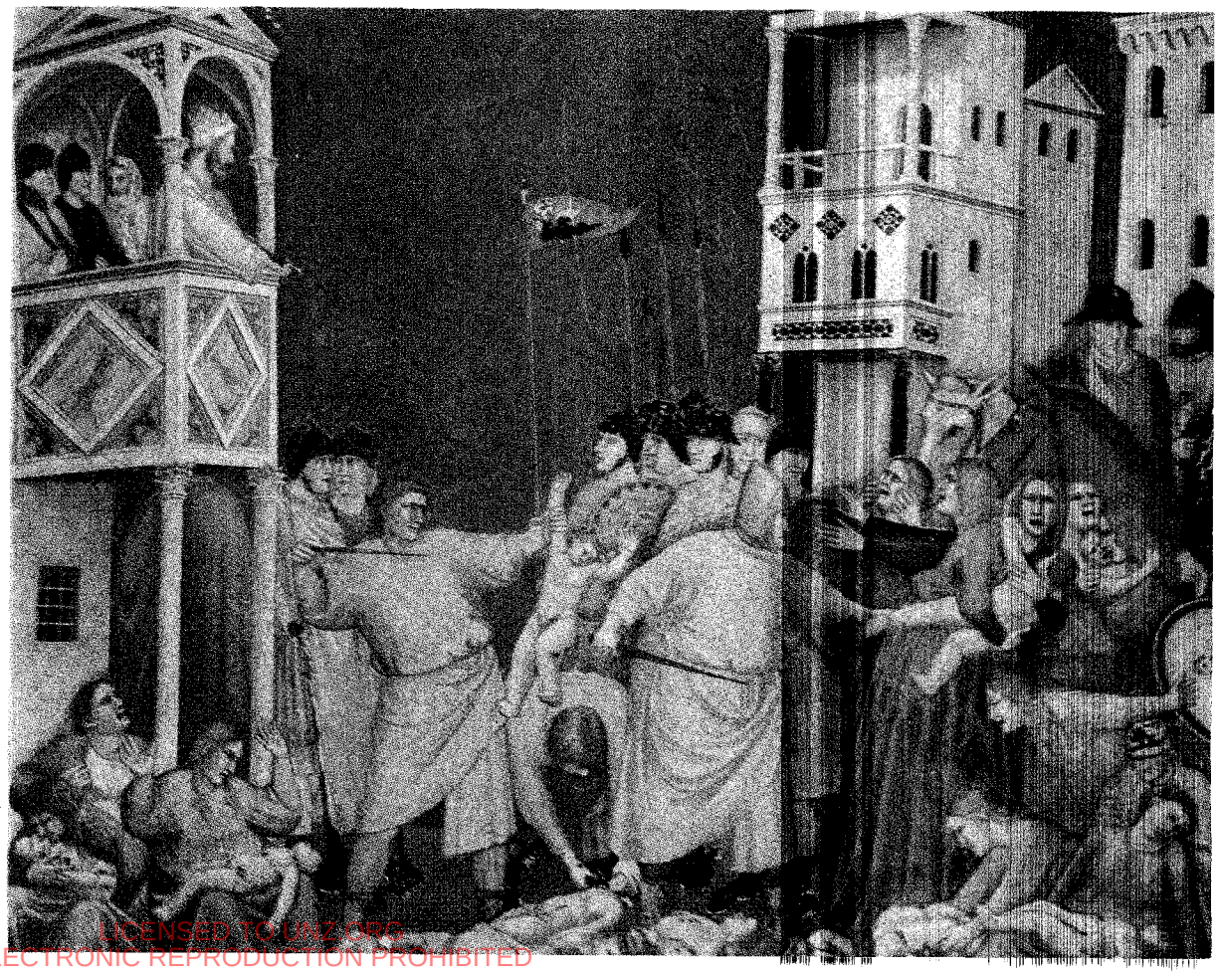

Saint Matthew also tells how Herod's men murdered the infants of Bethlehem in hopes of destroying the Messiah visited by the wise men. An unknown artist of the school of Giotto—or possibly Giotto himself—painted this massacre of the innocents for a fresco in the lower church of San Francesco at Assisi.

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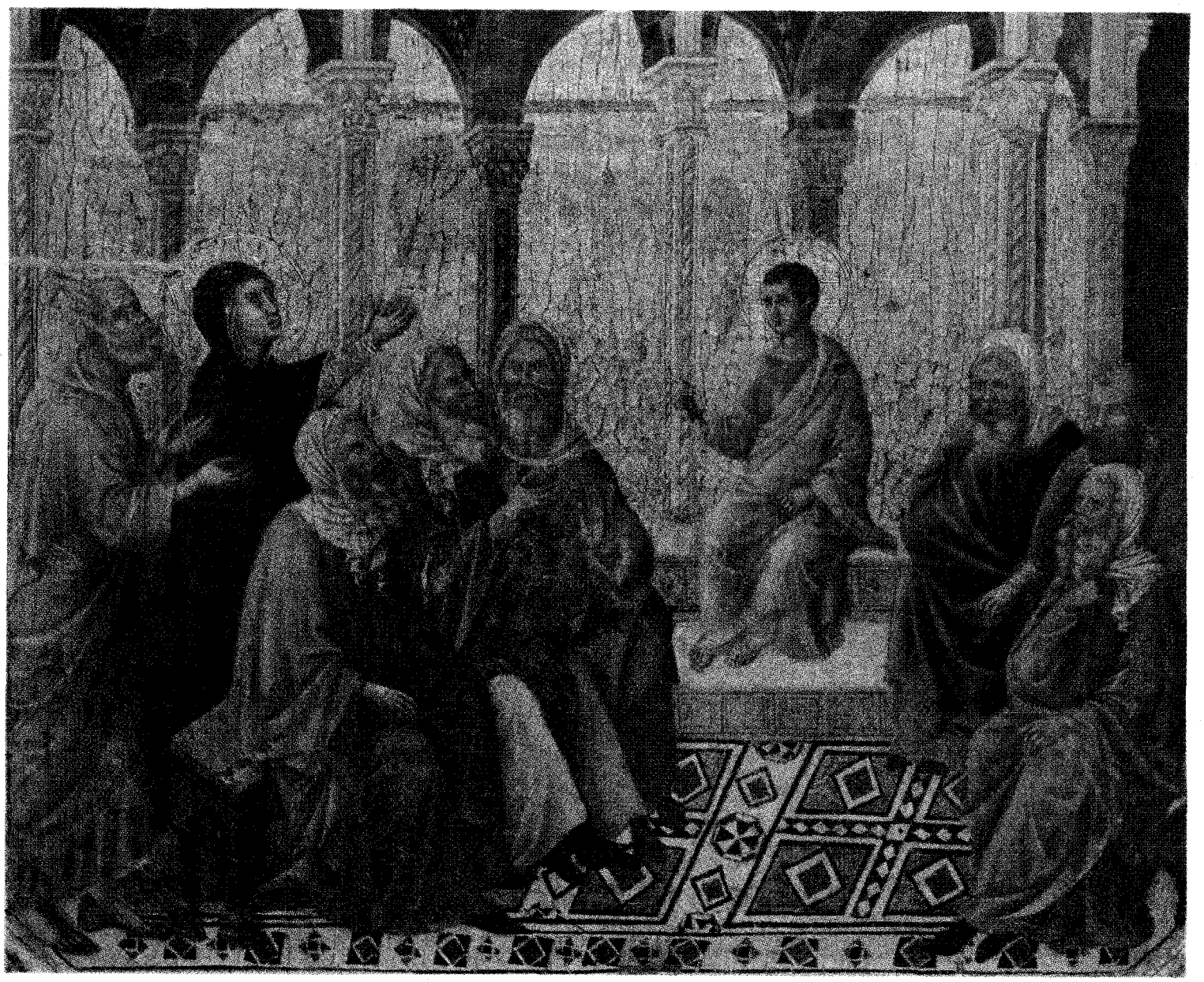
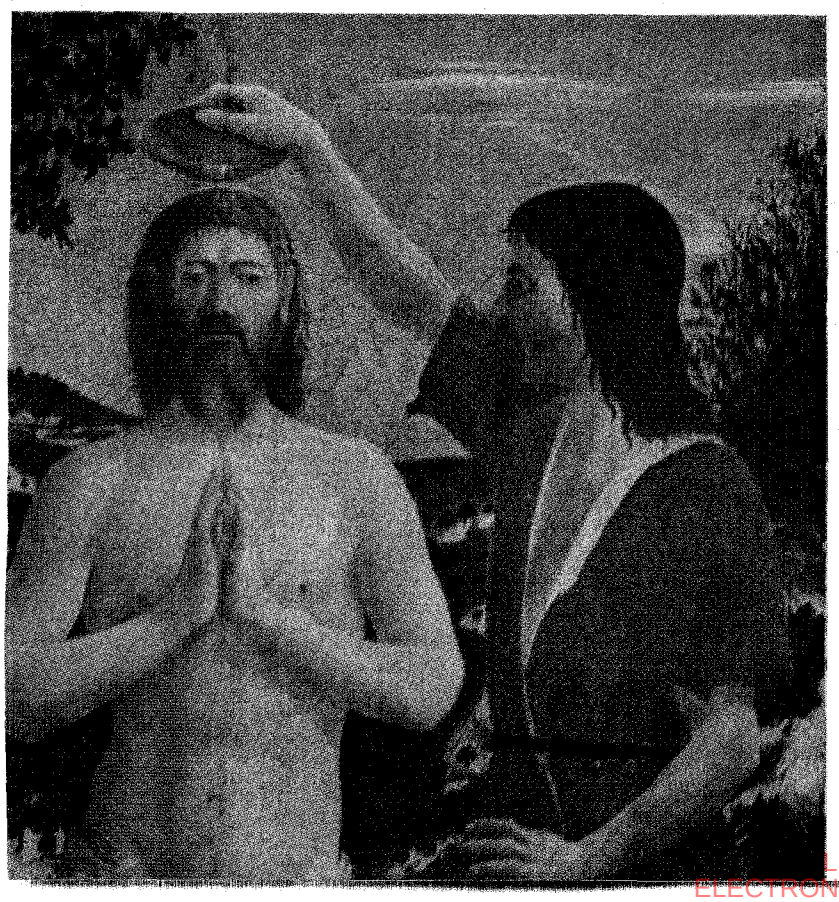


All that heard him were astonished at his understanding. . . .
LUKE 2:47

When Jesus was twelve, he was taken to Jerusalem for the Passover. On the return trip his parents learned he was not with the travelers. Mary and Joseph hastened back to Jerusalem. "They found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." Duccio depicted the incident in an altarpiece panel, intended for the Siena Cathedral, now held in the Museum of the Opera del Duomo in Siena.



There came a voice from heaven, saying, thou art my beloved son. . . . MARK 1:11

All four evangelists record the moment of Jesus' baptism by Saint John who, seeing Jesus coming to him, said: "Behold the Lamb of God." Piero della Francesca's painting hangs in the National Gallery, London

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Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

MATTHEW 4:19

The first two disciples were Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother, Galilean fishermen. When called, "they straightway left their nets and followed him," according to Saint Matthew. Barna da Siena recorded the scene in a fresco at the Collegiata in San Gimignano.

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# He went up into a mountain . . . and he opened his mouth and taught them. . . . MATTHEW 5:1,2

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." The familiar verses of the Beatitudes are recorded by Saint Matthew and Saint Luke, and the Sermon on the Mount is here pictured according to Fra Angelico, in his fresco in the Church of San Marco, Florence.

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# He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone. JOHN 8:7

The adulterous woman, punishable by death under the law, was painted by the Master of Campania at Capua, in the Church of Sant' Angelo in Formis. Jesus asked her accusers the question recorded by Saint John; none answered.

When Jesus healed the blind man near the pool of Siloam, Pharisees said the miracle was sinful, being performed on the Sabbath: "We know that this man is a sinner." The one who had been blind replied, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know...

# Whereas I was blind, now I see. JOHN 9:25

Andrea Orcagna's altarpiece in the Florentine Church of Santa Maria Novella commemorates the moment when Peter walked on the water. "Beginning to sink, he cried . . . Lord, save me." Jesus stretched forth his hand:

# O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? MATTHEW 14:31

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# And he that was dead came forth . . . JOHN 11:44

The last and greatest of Jesus' miracles was the raising of Lazarus, who had been dead four days, according to Saint John. Giotto's fresco in the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua captures the dramatic moment as Lazarus left his tomb with the marks of death still upon him. "Loose him," Jesus said, "and let him go."

## The Last Supper

Christian worship is centered on the last supper of Christ with his disciples. Pietro Lorenzetti's fresco in the lower church of San Francesco at Assisi shows an incident of that momentous occasion as described by Saint John: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. . . . He it is, to whom I shall give a sop." Jesus gave the sop to Judas, the only disciple depicted without a halo.

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# Yet a little while I am with you.

JOHN 13:33

After the solemnities of the Last Supper, Jesus preached to his disciples, warning them of his death soon to come. "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also." Duccio's altarpiece, now in Siena's Museum of the Opera del Duomo, re-creates the pathos of that night.

# Not what I will, but what Thou wilt. MARK 14:36

The agony in the garden, as painted by Andrea Mantegna, now is held in the Museum of Fine Arts at Tours, France. Saint Luke says: "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

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Judas, betrayest thou
the son of man
with a kiss? LUKE 22:48

This scene from a fresco of the Roman school, at San Francesco's upper church in Assisi, pictures the final betrayal of Jesus on the Mount of Olives.

Woman, I know him not. LUKE 22:57

Duccio's altarpiece in the Museum of the Opera del Duomo at Siena shows in dramatic form how Peter's courage deserted him after the arrest of his Master. Saint Mark tells how Peter three times proclaimed he knew not "this man of whom ye speak."

Art thou the King
of the Jews? MARK 15:2

Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judaea who allowed Jesus to be condemned to death, was depicted by Pietro Lorenzetti in this painting which is now in Vatican City.

Weep not for me. . . . LUKE 23:28

This painting of the road to Calvary is also the work of Lorenzetti. Jesus is shown passing his mourning mother, who stands with other weeping women. "Daughters of Jerusalem," said Jesus, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

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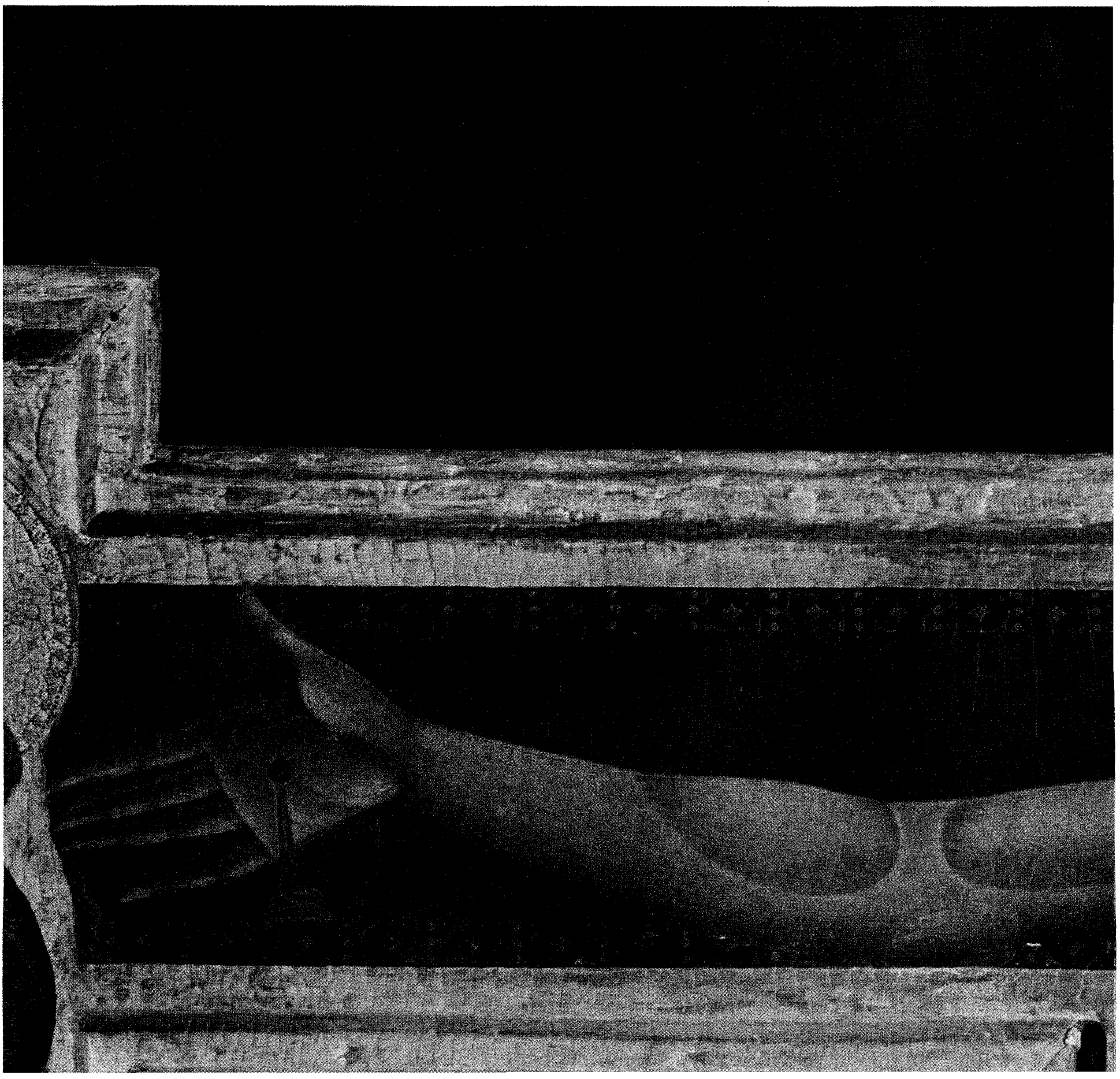
At mid-afternoon on Good Friday, after three hours of suffering, Jesus died upon the cross, crying with a loud voice the words recorded by Saint Luke: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Cimabue's Christ on the Cross hangs in the church of San Domenico at Arezzo.



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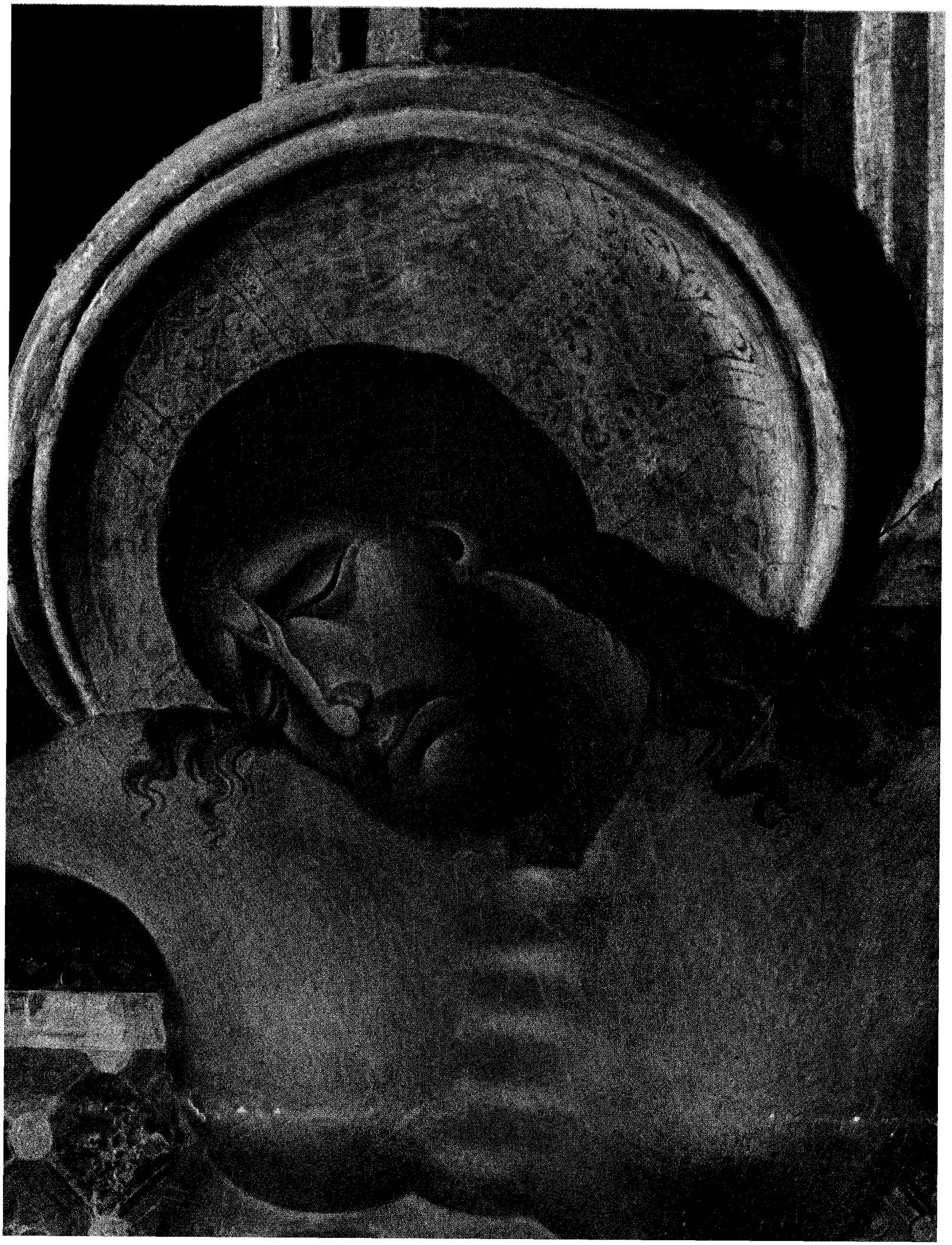
ID HE BOWED HIS HEAD, AND GAVE UP THE GHO

JOHN



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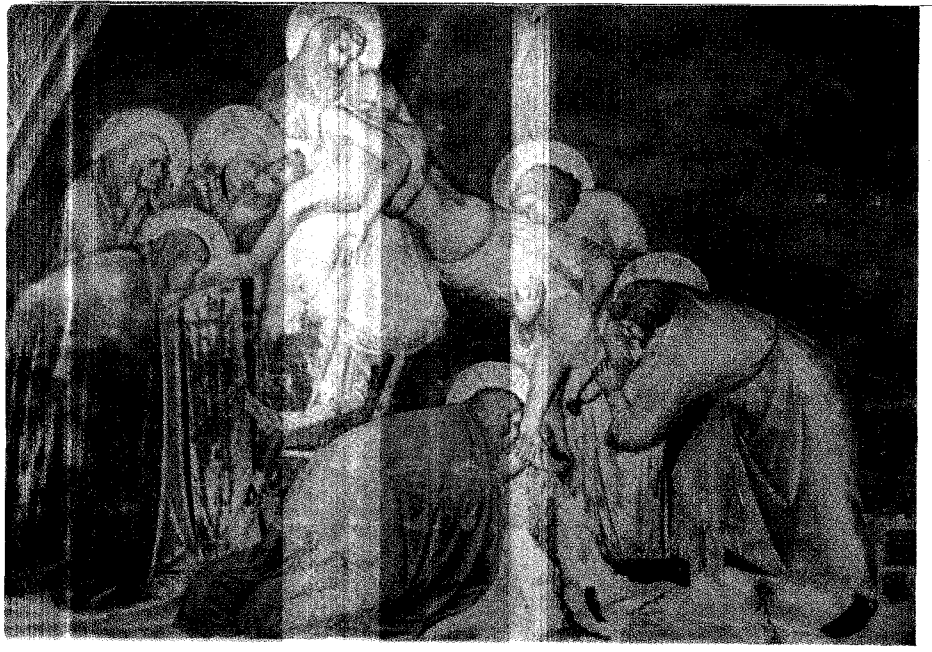

Joseph of Arimathaea, a good and just man, says Saint Luke, "went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus . . . and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone. . . ." The descent from the cross in Lorenzetti's fresco at Assisi shows the mourners: Mary the mother of Jesus, Joseph of Arimathaea, John the beloved disciple, Nicodemus, Mary Magdalene, and the women who had come with Jesus from Galilee.

## HE CAME THEREFORE AND TOOK THE BODY OF JESUS.

JOHN 19:38

Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day. LUKE 24:46

Piero della Francesca portrayed the risen Christ in his fresco at the Palazzo Comunale, San Sepolcro.

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(*Continued from Page 32*) grab on to McChesney up there where I just left him and take him along too. Now."

Shep tossed Snow the twist of the wrung-dry shirt and started for the horse barns on the run. As Snow dismounted and spread Conklin's shirt on an alder bush, he saw Conklin leave the yard corral and move his bay stud up the rocky back way to the ridge.

Amelia tied her horses among an assortment of saddle horses and two other rigs like her own beside the paintless schoolhouse. She was late, she saw, even with her early start.

She went inside and as she took her seat way in the back at the biggest scholar's desk she could find, the meeting stirred and looked back without a murmur, except for Hurd at the desk, who smiled with great sarcasm and said, "We'll watch the language now, gents, as there's a lady present. . . . We're honored, ma'am."

"If that's calculated to put me at my ease, I'm at my ease," said Amelia. She was prepared for hostility, but not for the extreme of bad manners.

Water was talked about. Hurd piously said that the good Lord had sent the plains water, that perhaps they'd better do the best with what the good Lord sent, and not shove themselves into bankruptcy with hifalutin nonsense about tanks and ditchwater that would sicken cattle if they drank it.

There was a pause. Hurd became soft-voiced. "May I remind the meeting there's a lady present who owns a lot of land and cattle and is very much interested in water rights and these modern improvements of the range. I'm sure Mrs. Rankin has some thoughts about this."

Amelia stood up. "I'll come up forward ——"

She started to move down the aisle. Joyce Bannerman, heavy-armed as usual, she saw, got to his feet. His head was held low as if he were about to pounce on somebody. She was sure his eyes flicked to the rope burn on her neck and she would have sworn that the sharp corner of his mouth lifted in a barely perceptible smile as he saw it. Then the sure thought rushed on her, and what Jess had said. Joyce was considered the most expert man with a loop in North Texas, or farther than that, possibly.

"I want no advice from Mrs. Rankin." He seemed to be biting off each word. "On water, or nothing else. Time for me to get out." Amelia stopped and they stared at each other across the heads of what she suddenly realized was the biggest meeting of the group she had ever attended.

"Take it easy, Joyce," said Hurd calmly from the chair.

"Easy, hell!" The sneer that he meant for her sloped off and he turned his head with contemptuous appraisal of Hurd.

Hurd said quickly, "Joyce's lost a lot of meat, Melly. A lot."

There was a shift in the crowd and a murmur. Hurd belched comfortably. "Tell Mrs. Rankin—tell the meeting, Joyce."

"Your fence strip is down again," said Joyce to Amelia, "I'll tell you that." Then he deliberately turned his back on her and spoke to the others. "She pushed a fence strip with them lousy hayseeds of hers up nearly against my property, but point is it took a free trail right out from under me. I'd a cut the wire, but you well-organized gents have been talking so much about fair play that I led the herd out the other way. We added fourteen miles to the trip and took them through Brush Crick about eight mile above where it feeds the Brazos fork. Dark coming on and rain. Drove 'em like a damn fool in the dry crick bed. No sooner there than we run into flash water—the crick was bad, but then that coulee opened up from the other side. Never saw anything like it. Critters climbing over each other, fighting—some stayed in and drowned, some got hung on the wire, such as was left of it, no time nor chance to bog 'em out. I might have a few strays starving in the upcountry." He turned to Amelia with supreme contempt. "This woman—calls herself a ranch woman—did it."

"How many'd you lose, Joyce?" Hurd asked.

"Two hundred and ninety-eight head."

"That's a sight of cattle." Hurd's words were almost a whisper.

"So listen to her"—Joyce, now hatted, was at the far door, laughing bitterly—"not me."

"Joyce, if you can prove to Snow and Albright that my fence made you lose cattle, like you say, I'll send you a check for every head," Amelia said.

"I wouldn't take your money," said Joyce, going out.

She said at length, "I understand the association wants me to answer some questions. So Tom Turner told me."

The men were utterly motionless, utterly expressionless, except that in some eyes she could see open hate. Even Purse Bannerman, usually tolerant in contrast to his brother, showed it. Her glance ran over the clothing and gear, and she saw more than several men armed, which was unusual.

Hurd cleared his throat. "Joyce isn't the only one of us has lost cattle. Mostly it's fence trouble, mostly it's farmers and some of those are your pets."

"I've lost cattle, too," she said, "and it wasn't fences. My steers were walked in and left to die, some hamstrung, mothers shot or spooked away from young, not to speak of ruination of water."

"If people lose property by selfishness ——"

"Selfishness!" She laughed.

"If people lose property by selfishness of others, they'll strike back. You still determined to hold Johnson?"

"I am."

"Then maybe you'll pay even bigger. You'll pay for people being sore." Hurd's voice grew soft with menace. "Also somebody's going to pay me for the steers I'm short of, and others of us here feel the same. Time comes to pay. It just comes. Human nature. Take it out of somebody's hide." He laughed.

"You mean, take it out of *my* hide?" She leaned forward.

"Well, you got one," Hurd said very lightly, and the faces still stared and the silence deepened. "How does Tom feel about it, Melly?" He smiled.

"Tom's in town." It was the wrong answer, and she let it slip and berated herself. There was a pause.

"Gone there for good?"

"He has a law practice."

"Some people thought he might lose it, he's been spending so much time on your place, keeping off the law side."

She dared not answer and defend Tom, or she would be caught and he would be hurt. She saw Hurd was not taken in. She knew the word had spread about her breakup with Tom.

She hesitated and then began talking very quietly. "I came here for a single purpose; but it's double now. How I feel about the land and cattle business is one thing I want to explain. I think you men are narrow-minded. After my husband died three years back, I became a little interested in farming. It was easy to go from alfalfa and sorghum to small-grain experimenting. But the word got out that I was growing not for feed. You'd have thought I'd committed a crime. Every cattleman in the region was down on me. Then some of my men saw no future in steer punching, rightly"—she stopped and let the word sink—"and asked me to let them farm and I did."

"Among them Howard Blaine?"

"Among them Howard Blaine. But also I was trying to look at facts. Why, there isn't one of you here can't recollect as well as I when hides went for two dollars and a beef carcass for forty cents. The terrible waste. Henry used to talk about it. Now each year the market goes down and down. We've got a glut and you know it. Do you suppose in this country there isn't a demand for things besides beef, fat and tanned leather? Are we going to let all the other states raise *all* the wheat, *all* the corn, *all* the cotton? You think I'm a softhearted woman trying to be nice to farmers. I've given some land to people who came here on a homestead swindle. If I had it to do over, I'd do it again."

She lowered her voice: "Maybe I am soft. Like Tom says, I'm soft for the land. I want to help the land. The ideas I've told you before about land and cattle are not just mine. They were Henry's too. If Henry stood here talking now, there's not a man of you'd have the nerve to stand up to him. But I'm his widow—I'm a woman, and you're not afraid to bully me. Henry tried for new water places to level the graze. You laugh at me for that. You're not the only ones who've leased land. But neither Henry nor I ever ruined wild fodder by crowding the range piece when the lease was about up."

Hurd was plaintive. "Melly, how you going to fertilize a hundred thousand acres and you've got near two ——"

"Yes, near two, and you talk against my fencing the land to save it and my measly little farm pieces. When I start really farming, you'll know it. I'll do it on a big scale, and if I do, it'll be because I get more scared that the cattle business is through."

"Through?" The word was repeated a dozen times, and two or three men got to their feet in anger.

"Don't you agree?"

The "no's" lifted the roof.

"Then you're stupid," she said quietly. "We'll always raise cattle in Texas, and many perhaps. But the boom is over. Honeymoon's finished. You're trying to hold on to something that's gone forever. You won't face facts." She laughed mirthlessly. "You won't even face prices, and Hurd's trying to blame them on me. All the blame for what happens goes on me."

She stopped and looked at them, and the faces had not changed much. She chose her next words to bring the old anger back and help her to say them forcefully.

"Last night on my ranch somebody tried to rope me." She watched the faces, but saw nothing but surprise on some. "It's all of a piece with you men and your methods. We've mostly suffered in silence on my place. We've turned the other cheek. But not after last night. I came to a new point of view. I've been threatened and insulted enough. Ride on my land from now on, any one of you, and if you see my men, haul down or get out fast. I took guns away from my men to keep the peace. It was foolish. The order's changed. Now they're going to be armed, and they'll shoot you down with pleasure because I'll tell them to. Take it out of my hide, will you? I'll bonus my men for any one of your hides they hang up to dry."

As she said the last words, she turned and laid the envelope on the teacher's desk

## The Perfect Squelch

Sagging under his burden of Christmas mail, the postman paused in answer to an excited call from a house he had just passed. In the doorway a woman was waving a handful of letters. "Here, you forgot to pick these up," she shouted.

Patiently retracing his steps, the postman took the letters and obligingly put them in his bag. Then he explained that, owing to the Christmas rush, he was not supposed to pick up letters as he delivered the mail.

"But that's ridiculous," the woman protested. "Why, this is the time I need my mail picked up most." She went on to criticize the postal service in detail, then added, "I simply can't understand why you people don't want to be helpful. After all, you're employed by the taxpayers. You are a civil servant, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," the postman said cheerfully. "But sometimes it's difficult."

**William Childress**

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where Hurd sat. "My resignation. You've been talking about it for weeks—I've been thinking about it."

She gathered up her light coat, her gloves and walked out of the meeting, leaving full silence behind her. She drove from the school to the Jorgensons'. She braked the team when their barn came in view. The rich, red earth was plowed in long, perfect lines. Jorgenson was a good farmer.

No one was in sight, so she moved to the edge of the field where the green left off and the red-brown began and got down on her hands and knees to examine the ground at close range. She could see green shoots and they excited her, even though she knew they were wild or volunteer growth.

Jorgenson's towering, lank frame came over the rise. He shook hands heartily. He had called his wife and she came with the little girls, clean as a pin, round-eyed and quiet as death, in their weekday clothes that Amelia liked better than their scrubbed and hair-ribboned stiffness in church.

"We gone have flax sure this yar, Miz Rankin. Flax sure." Jorgenson grinned.

She spoke of the cover-crop plans.

"Why not? We do in old country. Why not har?" He laughed with a booming sound.

She talked with Mrs. Jorgenson and finally forced herself away from the farm, as they shouted regrets, and flicked the team sharply over the rise.

She tried to force herself to eat her lunch, but at last put it away. Driving again, with the horses leaning on the breast straps, she made the next steep rise. The vast, flat ellipse of the horizon spread before her, and so did the view behind the next roll of ground, smoke lazily going up from the Blaine chimney in the hot, dry air.

She walked the horses slowly down the lane, as Lester and Willy had done in the Patchem rig days before. She stopped halfway down to examine what she at first thought was a cow skull, but then saw was a smashed half-pumpkin hull, long on the ground, dried and seeded by the birds, probably from last year's harvest. She moved the team again, and in the shimmering heat a kind of dizziness mastered her. She saw a pumpkin on the top of a fence post near the house. The post was square in front of the Blaines' front door, where she had been repulsed weeks before, but where she could now make amends for whatever wrong thing she had done.

She began to see the pumpkin very clearly now. In her lightheadedness it seemed to her about to fall; it rolled and tottered dangerously and suddenly became distinguishable as the head of Elizabeth Blaine. Amelia had the frightening thought of Apaches, but then she saw that the head was very much alive, rolling from side to side, screaming threats with all the cuss words Elizabeth knew. Elizabeth's head was resting not on the fence post but behind it. The rifle was resting on the post and it belched once.

Amelia felt the shock on her right arm, low below the elbow, and then pain of an intensity she had never before felt.

She wheeled the team slowly in the narrow lane, and at the same time looked down at the black stain spread on her dark wool-jacket sleeve. She had sense enough to stop quickly and take the seldom-used hitch strap and knot it on her upper arm. She took the short quirt handle for a stick and began twisting the strap. It was plain Elizabeth wanted to kill her, for another shot struck the buckboard's tongue and panicked the horses which took off on a dead run.

The lines were way out of reach now, and Amelia was on the floor between the dash and the seat, holding to the steel foot brace with one hand and twisting with the other on the quirt handle. The blackness that came over her seemed to grow with the increasing speed of the team, and she began to sleep—better than she had in weeks. She barely heard the voices of men who stopped the movement, among them the voice of Lambert, who seemed to be picking her up. She had fallen out of the wagon, she supposed.

People who disliked Elk Basin called it a wart of a town and a lopsided wart at that, for the town was laid out so that Willy and Troop, riding into it from the east end to the municipal heart of things, passed the church, the school, the livery stable, the harness shop and also the milliner's shop, open only on Saturdays because it was run by the schoolmarm. They also passed two saloons and nearly all of the sixty-four private dwellings of the town and came to rest before a hitch rail in front of a store of general merchandise. Here, according to opinion, its proprietor, Emmet Bush, was systematically overstocking himself into bankruptcy.

Willy and Troop tied up and moved inside the store, where Bush fitted Troop with one of two outsize pair of boots displayed on a glass counter. Troop leaned against an iron pillar and stood looking down at them as if he expected to stay in that position the rest of his natural life.

Willy moved back toward the counter. "Ten-cent segar."

"Can't move 'em, afraid to stock 'em," said Emmet.

"Lemme have a five-center, then."

Willy puffed the cigar. "Always like a segar with a game of pool."

Emmet leaned slowly back against the stock shelf. His voice shook. "Willy."

"Yes, sir?" said Willy, looking at the cigar.

"You goin' to Art Handless's?"

"Figured on it."

"You want to try the new pool table?"

"Yes, sir, I sure do."

"Willy, don't go."

"Why not?"

Emmet braced himself against the stock shelf. "Willy, you get me in a tight hitch."

"Yeah?"

"I can't tell you. Because if I did and then you didn't go, that would make a scary man outa you, and I don't know any man around here who is less of a scary man than you are. And also you are the kind of man that if the average man says to you don't do it, you'll do it."

Willy pasted down a loose wrapper edge. "I'll ponder it." He moved to the door and curled his finger under the iron hook latch. "Emmet, I thank you kindly. You keep Troop here, for I won't be long."

Willy walked to the hitch rail, where it was bare, and leaned his elbows on it. A door slam sounded down the street, and he looked that way. Johnny Blaine came out of the harness shop with a new horse bridle under his arm. Willy said, "Hi, Johnny," to the street in front of him. Blaine stood still, apparently surprised. He started to cross the street, but then he seemed to think again and retraced his steps to the sidewalk and walked in the direction of the livery stable.

Willy crossed the street after a little and went into Art Handless's saloon. The thin, rickety door slammed behind him and shivered after it slammed.

Art came forward with a rolled towel and his hand out. "Howdy, Willy. Been a long time."

"Sure has."

"I know what *you* want."

Handless took the cue ball from a cigar box on the back bar and laid it in front of Willy on the bar, and Willy laid down a dollar bill.

Handless's was not much of a poker saloon. The one rear table was empty, and a few customers, mostly farmers, were occupying chairs along the side wall opposite the bar. Willy picked up the cue ball and turned to look at the farmer loafers. "Anybody like to play?"

Willy waited a polite interval and then walked to the green curtain that covered an arch of a small hallway in the back wall, pushed the curtain aside and walked the hall to the back room. The balls were racked. Willy chose a cue carefully from a rack; as he did so he heard chairs rattle and the green curtain at the hall end gradually admitted one customer after another. There were a few chairs around the pool table, and these were taken and the rest of the men stood near the wall.

Willy broke the balls with a hard stroke of the cue, and two balls went into pockets and the others spread and slowly came to rest. Art Handless appeared at the door. Willy chalked his cue and chewed his cigar.

Willy played rotation with himself, disposing of the one-ball in a full-table shot that rolled it slowly into a corner pocket. He made position on the two-ball and thinned it into a side pocket. The three had vanished in the break, so he skipped to the four and missed a shot into the corner and found himself behind the seven for the next try. He took his time, sighted with the cue, banked the cue ball off the cushion, connected with the four and rolled it into a corner pocket with such neatness that men applauded. The slam of the ball was echoed by the slam of the front door.

Art, who had gone beyond the curtain to meet the customer, came back down the narrow hall. Willy made the two-ball shot. Willy looked up from concentrating on the next shot and was able to size up the newcomer without seeming to. As the man came in, two farmers, one by one, left their chairs and moved out of the room. The man took a vacant chair. He was directly in Willy's line of vision as Willy sighted for the next shot.

He was a medium-sized, thinnish man, with a badly scarred nose. His hat was pushed back, held in place by a chin string. He wore a black silk shirt, corduroy pants that looked new and carried a Colt .45. His boots were worn so thin-soled they looked soleless.

Willy disposed of the three-ball, got position for the four. He pocketed the four with a clean cross-table shot; and the new man said, "Good."

Willy moved near the new man to sight on the five, but in the middle of the aim the new man changed chairs, joggled the butt end of the cue and the shot went wild. The five-ball caromed off awkwardly against the far rail, where it came to rest.

"Excuse me," said the man. "Wrong of me to shift my chair just then."

Willy rested his cue, butt down, chalked it carefully and drew several times on the cigar. "Yeah," said Willy, "or maybe I should of waited till you changed your chair."

The cue ball rested at the right-hand rail, and so did the five. Willy moved to the left of the table to lean across, and as he did so the man left his chair. Willy, half lying on the table, moved the other way quickly.

The man hesitated.

"Think I'll play her this way," said Willy. He moved to the right of the table, backed to the rail, slid the cue behind his hips and got set for a back-to-the-table shot. He slid the cue smoothly in his long slim fingers, the cue swung rearward and for the second time collided with the man. Willy reached out with his right hand to steady the cue, dropped the butt end to the floor and turned slowly.

"Durned if I didn't joggle you again," said the man and at the same time received the small end of the cue in a rake across his face. He stood with a quick red trickle down the bridge of his nose.

"Seems like I was awkward this time," said Willy.

The man was moving backward and so was Willy.

"Glad I hit you where I did—dead center over the nose. Been the right or the left eye would of spoiled your aim."

As the man's hand moved, Willy's hand moved faster. The hired gun was now out and ready, but failed to speak, for Willy's hand stopped and a surprised look came over his face as the cue rattled to the floor. Willy fell as Troop came through the green curtain with a yell.

Art's voice, sounding strange and childlike in the room rose first. "He had a bad heart."

The stranger moved forward nine steps, pumped two slugs from his Colt into Willy's chest, turned and stood at the door. "Now it's real bad," he said and went out.

Troop screamed. "He move. He move. Before he shoot, Willy move."

During the hours of riding back to the ranch through the night miles, Troop said little, and little was said by Conklin and McChesney—even when they split off at Pan Rock.

Conklin lit out for Tuckerman's, remembering the advice of Emmet Bush to take the word to Turner and the doctor. A rider was ahead of him at Tuckerman's with a half-killed horse that he left there to push on and get the news to Hurd.

Troop and McChesney were alone, and every now and then Troop raised his voice to repeat the words, "Willy move—he move—Willy move."

McChesney understood what Troop meant—that Willy was still alive in spite of his heart when the shots hit him.

Amelia had a vague awareness of being taken home and seeing water cans on ranch wagons that she could not remember seeing before. Then she was put into an easy chair in the dining room. When she began to see and hear clearly, she

## Grandmother

By Helen Mitchel

"Your Grandma's seventy,"
our father said,
"So mind your manners when
she comes to stay
With us. No quarreling. No
rowdy play.
She's old and frail." And all
we felt was dread.
But when she came she took
us by surprise—
Beat us at checkers, dominoes,
and walked
The farm's length; picnicked
on a stump, and talked
To our pure joy, with laughter
in her eyes.
The day she left we cried,
because we knew
Grownups as young as
Grandma were so few.

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said, "Good gracious," and realized that Tuckerman was grinning down at her.

Tuckerman said they had just about decided to take her upstairs to bed; she fought the idea, but agreed to a chair in the bedroom with her feet on the bed.

Tuckerman said that she was tough and that he should have increased the sedative.

"I'm not sick."

"Not at all." Tuckerman smiled again. "But you must have had a real touch of sun before you drove into range. I'm surprised at an old plainswoman like you having a sunstroke."

When Etta brought more pillows, Amelia became aware of the bandaged arm. She began thrashing it around and Tuckerman restrained her.

"Keep that quiet. Very."

She nodded.

"How's it feel?"

"Throbs a little—numb."

"All the time?"

"No, just now and then."

"To be expected."

"Just how bad is it?"

"Elizabeth used Number Three buckshot, and all you got was one. Nothing bad. Shoo-fly nick. Then I think you got a touch of sun out there, and the strain and all."

He sat down in the biggest chair in the room and in a relaxed fashion spread his knees, dangling his clasped hands between them.

"Yo' hungry?" Etta asked.

"I guess I am."

"What does she git?"

"Full meal, if she wants it," Tuckerman laughed again, and she caught a whiff of the raw whisky on his breath and saw he was tolerably mellow and was rather glad of it. She had a twinge of impatience when Mary came and sat by her and took her free, unbandaged arm. Mary's wordlessness was usual for her in times of anxiety or shock; but Amelia began to feel that Mary was too quiet—that she was withholding important news from her.

"What time is it?"

"'Bout two o'clock in the morning," Tuckerman said. "I've got to get along home, Mrs. Rankin. Watch that arm, and if it starts throbbing really bad, have Etta drench it in a tub of epsom salts and send somebody over for me. Otherwise I'll drop back middle of the afternoon. You may have trouble getting back to sleep, so better have a light fixed and get a book or magazine to read."

He bit his lip and smiled before he went out. "I'll have to stop at the bunkhouse and give the boys the latest bulletin on you. You may have a visitor before morning."

She supposed he meant Snow or Albright. Presently Etta came up with a huge tray of food. Amelia tried to shoo Mary to bed, but Mary insisted on staying awhile.

"Tom's coming out."

She looked at Mary quickly. "When?"

"As soon as he can get here. He was at Tuckerman's when he got the word, and he would have come with the doctor, but something delayed him." Mary turned her pinned watch around and looked at it. "It's nearer three than two. The doctor's watch must be slow."

"Where'd you get that pleated shirtwaist, Mary?"

"Bradford. Pretty, isn't it? Lester and I were over just after the dance."

"Both of us should wear white more. I keep forgetting."

When Mary went off to bed, Etta came in and insisted on staying, dozing in a chair the rest of the night. Amelia got up once to put her green wrapper over Etta.

It was still dark when she heard his horse in the yard. She heard him talk to Snow. Then McQueen's voice, then silence. She waited tensely as she turned up the lamp; the door below closed softly. Slowly, one by one, she could count his careful footsteps on the stair.

The doorway framed him, in the familiar broadcloth and boots; she pointed to Etta, so he kept his voice down and tiptoed with the chair he brought to the bedside. They talked in low voices.

"You seem to be doing all right, Melly."

"I'm doing fine. You look beat, Tom."

"I am tired. But seeing you again lifts me up."

"It does more than that to me."

"I'm glad. I had trouble getting in here. Stopped three times on my way in. Snow's got the place forted up good."

It was as if there had never been any rift. They took up the threads just where they had left off. He didn't offer to kiss her, and she liked it that way, knowing there was plenty of time for that. He told her Tuckerman had changed his mind and had stayed over and was bunking out with the men, and she was embarrassed about that. He belonged in the house. She told him what had happened to her in the garden, later at the meeting, and of stopping at the Jorgenson farm and then at the Blaines'.

He nodded, listening with his usual intentness, a reassurance in itself.

"I'll stay pretty close here from now on. I've got things fixed in town so my partner, Barclay, can manage for me. He's working on this, too—on the Omstead part of it. We've also located Red Johnson's sister. She's writing some sort of a letter to Red."

Amelia wanted to hear more; she could have listened the rest of the night. She was still trying to grasp the half-understood words that had drifted to her up through the chimney from the dining room before Tom had arrived; she had wanted to rouse up Etta and ask her. Now that Tom kept advising more silence and rest and kept making false moves to go to his room when she begged him to stay, she became more suspicious.

"By the way," he said suddenly, "I was at Tuckerman's and saw a letter Omstead wrote him from wherever he was at that time. Couldn't tell the postmark. He knows now his brother was shot and, incidentally, what you tried to do for him when we found him. Taken that long for the news to reach. He'll get back here soon—or so the doc thinks."

She nodded. She saw him stiffen as she started to speak. "I know the other news, Tom. I appreciate you and the rest trying to keep it from me."

"Just for now," he said quickly.

She heard a sound and turned and saw Mary in her robe and slippers standing at the door. She waited and then went on. "It came up to me in pieces through the chimney." She tried to smile but could not quite. "Willy."

"Yes."

No one said anything for a spell. Then Amelia told Mary she ought to get back to bed. She bent her head, and Tom said, "Just a minute, Melly, I'll get you a kerchief." He began rummaging in drawers. "I suppose they talked it over and thought to wait till you felt better, knowing how you'd take it."

"Yes, I know," she said.

"Hurd'll really go to work on us now. He'll hit us with everything."

"Yes," she said.

"It was just a question of how you'd take it," said Turner, still rummaging.

There was a sudden sound and they both looked up.

"How do you think I'm taking it?" said Mary and ran down the hall to her room.

TO BE CONTINUED

# Decision in the Dark (Continued from Page 18)

borrowed from Johnny Marks, an old friend, and the four hundred he'd begged from his uncle last year when Yvonne had been ill. And now the hospital had informed him they'd like a substantial advance payment for Yvonne's coming visit; to say nothing of what he owed Doc Warren, and the two months' back rent due his mother-in-law. And there were other items.

Those were the things that tortured sleep, that made awakening a nightmare, that were part of every thought and influenced even minor decisions. Together they formed the heavy, threatening cloud that hovered over him constantly. It was like being at the bottom of a deep hole and trying to climb out, and the dirt at the top kept sifting down, sifting down, burying him deeper and deeper. There didn't seem to be any hope of escape.

The door to George Scully's office opened, and the tall, thin man said, "Who was that? The guy who just left?"

"Friend of mine. Just stopped in to say hello."

"I hope it wasn't someone else to slap a claim on your salary. You know what I told you."

"Nothing like that. Just a friend."

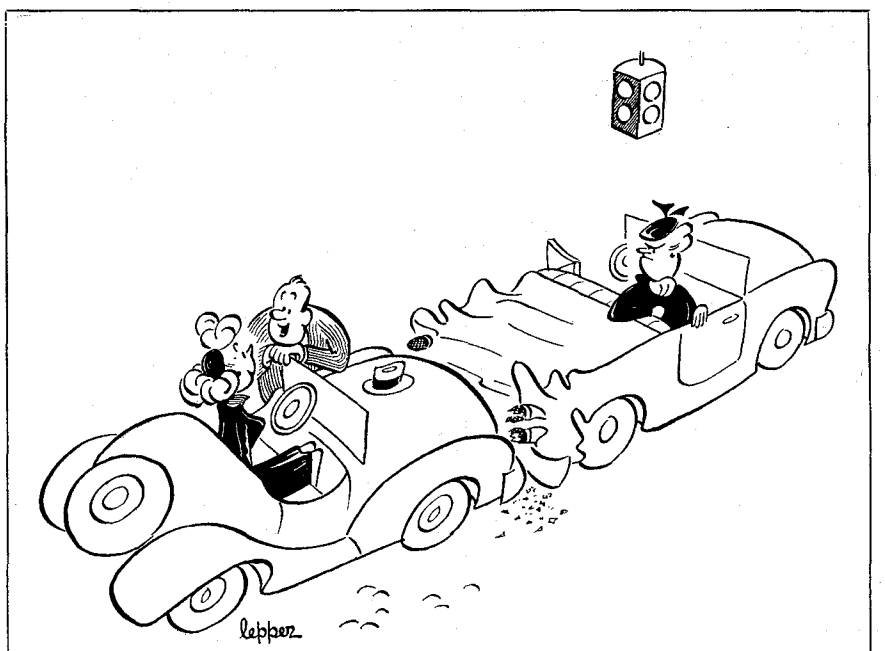
"And let's not go making this place into a social club, eh?"

Lowe said, "Right," and Scully closed the door.

Lowe stared at it, fighting his anger. Scully was a produce middleman with twelve trucks. He went out into the country, bought the stuff off farms and then got it into the River City market. For three years he had been paying Lowe seventy-five dollars a week, and Lowe knew there was very little chance of an increase. He had asked twice. The first time, Scully had given him the poor mouth. The second time, he'd told Lowe that if he expected to get rich just doing accounting and part of the traffic managing he'd better find another job. That wouldn't be easy, and he couldn't afford to take a chance. He was in that hole too deep.

A little before five Scully came out and put some money in the drawer of the little safe; then he said his inevitable, "Don't forget to lock up the books," and left without another word.

Lowe finished what he was doing, then went out on the loading platform and checked with Moran about the next day's routings. He returned to the office, assembled his trial sheets and the big books and put them in the bottom of the safe. He counted the money in the drawer, and it came to a little over thirty-three hundred dollars. Scully frequently dealt in cash and needed money on hand. The thought that had been with Lowe so often within the last year persisted. And as always he pushed it far into the back of his mind. He closed the safe and twirled the dial.




"Nonsense, miss. It was my fault. I should have gone through the red light."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Lowe walked the half mile to the house. The night was filled with spring, but it was lost on him. Hammetsville was an old town, ten miles from big River City, but it had somehow aged without grace and was merely a suburb with no pretensions of being fashionable. Most of the houses were old and most of them neglected. The huge mill on the river front, long since abandoned but never demolished, looked down on the town through its countless eyes of broken windows and dominated it. Hammetsville was shabby.

He thought again of the letter he'd had a week ago from Barney Jones. He'd been with Barney in Korea, and now the guy had a small trucking business out in Oregon. Barney was big, affable, tough—a driver whose whip was humor. "Come out," he had written. "This can get to be a big fat thing. I can do the selling and I know maintenance, but I can't add. I've had three lunkheads already who fouled up the parade. I need someone I can trust. We can make it a split deal and do a good job. I'll send you a couple of

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grand to get you out here if you need it. Help me out, kid."

There had been more, and it all had the aroma of freshness and vigor—a new country, a new start, a chance to get out of the sticky mess that had engulfed him so gradually he had hardly been aware of it.

But Yvonne had said no. Or rather, her widowed mother, Mrs. Madigan, had said no. It was the same thing.

He approached the Madigan house, of which he and Yvonne rented the second floor, a three-room apartment with bath. The house was an unhandsome box, its dowdiness enhanced by a complete and garishly red shingling that imitated brick. The small lawn was scrawny and uneven, and an excuse for a hedge separated it from the sidewalk. The place was ugly. He hadn't wanted to move in when they had been married, but Yvonne had persuaded him. The apartment was empty, the rent was relatively low, and her mother could use the money. It had been a great mistake which, after he had fallen into heavy debt, he'd been unable to correct.

He went into the shared entrance and had started up the stairs to the second floor when the door to the lower apartment opened and Yvonne said, "I'm down here, Dan. Stop in and say hello to mother."

She came to meet him, lovely in her pregnancy, and her kiss was sweet. "Have a good day?"

"Another day. What's with you?"

"I'm fine. Just think, Dan, only two more months."

He held her gently. *Two more months.* He felt the already strong sense of inadequacy grow within him. Where was the out? He said, "That's all, baby."

In the kitchen Mrs. Madigan was a formidable figure—heavy-set, her bosom the jutting prow of a squat ship, her jaw just a trifle bit more than determined. Even her voice was heavy. She was puttering with some vegetables. "You're later than usual, Daniel."

"It's nice out. I walked."

Mrs. Madigan sighed and said, "Of course, if you choose to lend your car to some irresponsible friend ——"

"Harry isn't irresponsible, Mother Madigan. It was simply that the car skidded and he couldn't control it." *Are we to go all through this again?*

"They say that drink is responsible for over seventy per cent of the accidents today."

"I don't doubt it."

She looked at him sharply, having gained an important advantage. He disappointed her. "Except that Harry Foyle never had a drink in his life." He sat on a kitchen chair, suddenly tired and thirsty and wanting a beer. He knew he'd never get one here. Mrs. Madigan refused to have any sort of alcoholic beverage in her house. Upstairs, relief awaited him.

"The least he could do is get you another car."

"He will. As soon as he has the money, he will buy me a nice secondhand car just about like mine." Lowe hoped it was true. It was seldom that Harry had six or seven hundred dollars lying around.

"In view of what is about to take place," Mrs. Madigan said, "don't you think it would be a good idea to ask Mr. Scully for a raise?"

"It would be a fine idea if he'd give it to me. He won't."

"Of course, if you were a certified accountant, you wouldn't have any trouble getting another job." She seemed to take some sort of pleasure in the fact.

"But I'm not," Lowe said. He had finished his last three years of college after coming out of the Army and had taken his degree. In his haste to marry Yvonne he'd grabbed the job with Scully and had stupidly missed the first state examination. After that he somehow hadn't bothered. He didn't quite know how that had happened—neglect, laziness at the thought of boning again.

Yvonne said, "Mother, we've been over all that. We'll get along all right."

"I hope so," Mrs. Madigan said. "No matter what I think, I certainly hope so."

"I've been thinking again about Barney Jones' proposition," Lowe said. "It sounds good to me."

Mrs. Madigan's eyes narrowed as she looked at him. "Oregon! All the way across the continent!"

"We don't intend to go in a covered wagon," Lowe said. "I understand the Indians are no longer a menace."

"If you think you're going to take my daughter to some God-forsaken place in her condition, Daniel Lowe, you're greatly mistaken!"

"I read somewhere that they employ the standard method of delivering babies in Oregon—doctors, hospitals, all that sort of thing."

Mrs. Madigan pointed a heavy forefinger at him. "Yvonne will stay exactly where she is. The whole idea is impossible. What would she be doing living in Oregon? The thing for you to do, young man, is improve your position so that you can take decent care of a family and forget about wandering all over the country. What a woman needs is a steady, hard-working man, not a flibbertigibbet who runs from one job to the next. And remember that now you have another little soul to think about."

Lowe rose wearily from the chair. "I'm getting hungry. Come on, Eve." *Yvonne. Yvonne Madigan. In what burst of inspiration did her mother think up that one?*

"I'm just telling you this for your own good," Mrs. Madigan said. "I've seen more of life than you have, Daniel."

Lowe nodded and said, "Good night, Mother Madigan."

Upstairs in their own apartment his wife said, "Mother's right, Dan. That's an awfully long trip, and we wouldn't know anyone when we got there, or where to stay, or anything."

"We'd know Barney. There are people out there, Eve. It's no wilderness. It's a small business now, but we'd grow with it."

She shook her head. "Mother's right. I think it would be better if we stayed here and you stuck with your job. Why talk about it? We just get all bothered."

Lowe got himself a can of beer from the refrigerator. "What was your father like, Eve?"

She was surprised. "Father? Why, he was a love. He was quiet and gentle, and it seemed he was always smiling. Why?"

Lowe shook his head. "I never met him, of course. I was just wondering." He took his beer into the living room while she prepared things in the kitchen. Quiet and gentle he was, like Eve; a little weak, perhaps, like Eve; perhaps needing a dominant character, or just accepting it to avoid unpleasantness. And Eve had followed his example for all her twenty-four years until it was a way of life—gradually content under the protective canopy of her mother's control.

Lowe drank his beer slowly. In his love and in his neglect he had fallen into the trap. He'd been foolish to consider going to the Coast. The loan companies wouldn't let him out of their sight, for one thing. Until he rid himself of the mounting pile of obligations, he was here to stay.

Dinner was a gay, small thing, but it was always like this when they were alone. She told him a couple of very funny stories about her classmates in the

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prenatal school she'd attended that day at the hospital in River City, and he told her one he'd heard from the loading foreman. She blushed and said, "Dan Lowe!"

Lately they had been wondering about a name for the baby and now they each made suggestions which eventually became absurdities and they collapsed in laughter, and she screamed, "Stop!"

After the dishes had been done they walked to Hammetsville's only movie and saw something epic and pretty bad, and then they had some ice cream and walked home again. For a few hours Lowe had lost the rest of the world. He felt a little guilty when he realized it.

In the morning he tackled George Scully again. He'd done a lot of pencil-and-paper work the night before and he figured that with a twenty-five-dollar raise he might be able to get himself out of this mess in a year or so. And both for the years he'd put in and for the work he was doing, he knew it was a reasonable request.

When he knew Scully was alone in his office, he knocked on the door and went in. Scully looked up from some paper work. "Yeah?"

"Mr. Scully, I'd like to talk to you about a raise."

"We've talked about it."

Lowe nodded. "Things are a little different now. In a couple of months I'll have a start on a family."

"Oh," Scully said. His cold eyes were disturbing. "What did you have in mind?"

"I've been here for better than three years. I do all your accounting, manage most of your traffic. I thought twenty-five dollars would be about right."

Scully snorted, then laughed. "You out of your mind? Listen, Lowe. I told you before what you could do if you didn't like this job. Now if you want to stay, you let me know when the baby arrives. Maybe we can scare up another five bucks a week." He went back to his work.

Lowe stood there for a moment, inclined to argue; then, realizing the uselessness of it, he turned and went out.

Back at his desk, he let his anger cool slowly. He had done everything he could, exhausted every resource, examined every possibility. How he had managed to get himself into this situation was no longer of any significance. He could go a little mad dwelling on that. The only important thing now was to get out of it.

He had never calculatedly planned the robbery of the safe, but over a period of a year or so his subconscious had apparently been making one suggestion here, another there. And now the entire scheme seemed to be completely resolved. The details arranged themselves in order, and he examined them coldly and found that they made an almost perfect whole. There would be a few refinements, of course.

He felt no compunction about robbing George Scully, for Scully had been systematically robbing him over an extended period of time, and whatever he took from the safe would merely serve as a retroactive pay increase. Execution with impunity was his only consideration.

Keep it simple, he told himself. Make it look like an outside operation, but don't be fancy about it. It was no secret to scores of people that Scully carried a lot of cash with him during the day, presumably to be left in an office safe at night. The windows were heavily screened, but the wire was nothing that a heavy pair of pliers couldn't take care of. The window locks were simple affairs, readily defeated by a thin knife blade. He could simulate that easily. And River City was close enough so that the robbery could be attributed to some members of its average big-city criminal element who might have noticed Scully handling large sums of cash in the market. The safe was an old model, easy of access for any decent practitioner.

He wondered about fingerprints. That was something he didn't have to worry about, for his would certainly be on the safe in any event. He gave the thought a little time and decided it would be judicious to wipe off the dial. A thief would do that.

For the rest he could depend upon the druggedlike intensity of Yvonne's sleep, a gift undoubtedly inherited from her mother, who, six months before, had slept soundly through the bedlam of a three-alarm fire which had razed a house fifty yards down the street.

The money he would use sparingly, doling it out piecemeal, inventing excuses for its existence as he went along—a winning horse someone had tipped him on, an impromptu dice game he'd indulged in on the loading platform, an old loan that had been repaid. A couple of thousand dollars spread out over a year or so would not be difficult to account for. It would be all right.

His decision having been made, he felt cold and relaxed. He went through the day's work with his usual efficiency, not thinking of the night. When, at five o'clock, Scully put his cash in the safe and said, "Don't forget to lock up the books," Lowe nodded and said, "Right." He didn't even feel anger toward the man.

And when he counted the money in the safe he found that it amounted to twenty-one hundred and thirty-six dollars. He was satisfied. It was enough, but not too much, because he would have been forced to take whatever was there, and a very large sum might have proved embarrassing. He put his books in the safe and twirled the dial, had his usual consultation with Moran about the next day's operations and walked home.

He went over the whole thing cleanly and objectively and could find no flaw. The entire business would take perhaps an hour and a half from the time he left the house until the moment of his return. If he were recognized on the street late at night, why he was merely sleepless and taking a walk, and the operation would be deferred to another time.

At home Yvonne was visiting her mother again, and Lowe went into Mrs. Madigan's spotless kitchen. There were plates of canapés and cookies all over the table, and Mrs. Madigan noticed his glance. "The girls are meeting here tonight—the bridge-club girls."

Mrs. Madigan, Lowe thought, must be one of the champion joiners of all time. He could think of at least six clubs with which she was affiliated. He said, "They look good, Mother Madigan."

She hesitated for a long moment. "Try one."

Lowe ate a canapé. It was good. He was somehow surprised. "How were things at the office?" Yvonne asked.

Lowe shrugged. "The usual day. Oh, I hit Scully for a raise again, as you suggested." They both looked at him expectantly. Lowe said, "He laughed at me."

Yvonne took his arm and held it tightly. Mrs. Madigan fashioned more canapés for a moment before she said, "Of course, if you were certified, Mr. Scully would take a different attitude. I can't say that I blame him. What I always say is. . . ."

She said it for five minutes, and none of it was complimentary to men of Lowe's nature. When he'd had all he could stand, he said, "How about dinner, Eve. I'm starved."

When they were alone, Yvonne kissed him softly. "I'm sorry about the raise. So sorry, Dan. But we'll get along."

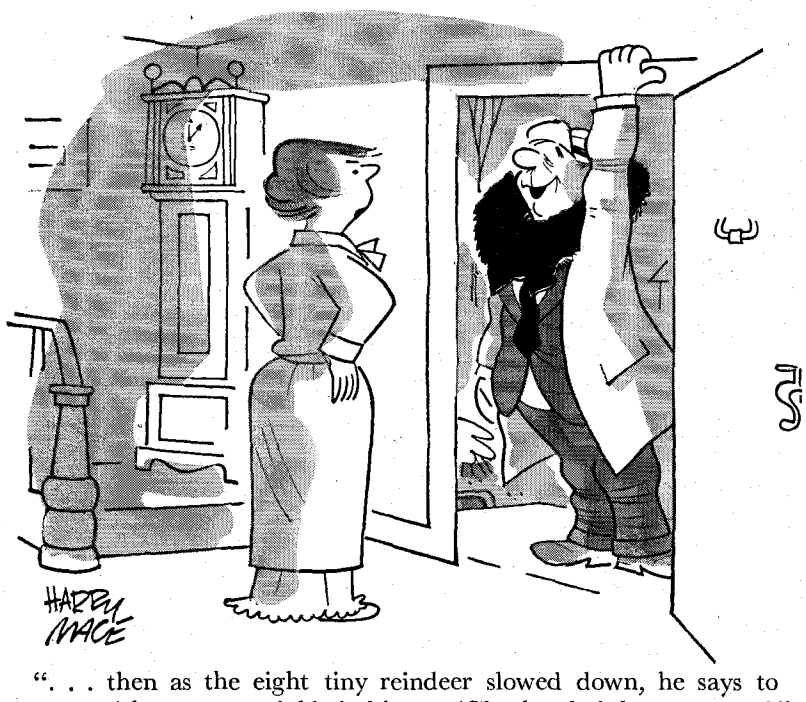
He held her very gently. "We will," he said. "We sure will."

Dinner was good, and during the evening of television he tried successfully to keep his mind off the hours ahead. The thing was blueprinted. There was nothing further to be done. They turned the set off at eleven, and twenty minutes later Lowe heard the even rhythm of Yvonne's breathing in the bed beside his own.

At a quarter of twelve Mrs. Madigan's bridge club departed noisily, and for another half hour there were sounds of activity in the kitchen downstairs—then silence.

Lowe waited patiently, going over the thing and trying to find a loose thread. There was something vague that eluded him; and he concentrated, but could not pin it down. He finally gave up on it. It couldn't be important.

At half past one he got up, took his clothes into the living room and dressed silently. In the kitchen he provided himself with a pair of pliers and a small flashlight. Two minutes later he was on the street.




". . . then as the eight tiny reindeer slowed down, he says to me, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'Charley, let's have a snort.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hammetsville was deserted except for an occasional passing car. He walked fast, taking a slightly circuitous route along back streets and keeping to the shadows. In twenty minutes he was at the storehouse and used his keys to enter a rear door. The screen and the window he would take care of as he left, as a precaution against the unlikelihood of anyone's noticing them while he was inside.

After three years the office was entirely familiar to him, the position of each bit of furniture firmly fixed in his mind. He moved unerringly in the darkness through the clutter and, in a few moments, squatted before the safe He had his hand on the dial and was about to snap on the flashlight when he experienced a sensation akin to being hit on the back of the head with a lead pipe. He rocked back on his heels and leaned against the safe, and for one long, terrible moment could not orient himself.

When he did he was terrified. The enormity of his actions, the complete realization of what he was doing, struck him fully for the first time. He, Dan Lowe, was about to rifle a safe. He was going to dial the combination he knew so well, open the heavy little door and remove twenty-one hundred and thirty-six dollars. He, who had never committed a crime in his life, was about to perpetrate a felony.

He got up, walked over to his own chair and sat down. He had been absolutely clear about this thing all day, and now he was confused. He needed the money, heaven knew. And heaven knew, too, that he had it coming to him after these years. But this way? To steal it?

But was it stealing? He'd worked for it, sweated for it, earned it. That it hadn't been given to him was not his fault, but Scully's. It would open the world to him once more, enable him to breathe, relieve him of the intolerable burden of his nagging debts. And no one would ever know. He would be perfectly secure in the continued anonymity of his seventy-five dollars a week, and no one but himself would be aware of the lessening of the tremendous pressure that cramped his soul. And he would be justified because Scully had been unjust.

He got up, walked to the safe and knelt again. He snapped on the flashlight and muffled the beam with the fingers of his left hand. He turned the dial to the first numbers in the combination and then stopped. He found he was bathed in a cold sweat. He twirled the dial aimlessly and got to his feet with a curse.

He simply was not a thief. He accepted the knowledge with some surprise. He'd always been under the impression that in a situation of this nature anyone could steal. And it was not the picture of grim walls and prison bars that deterred him, but something deeper, something innate he could not name. Training? Conscience? He did not know. All he was sure of was that he could not open that safe.

He sighed and then he grinned in the darkness. Strangely he felt better than he had in months. He knew that in some fashion he would dispose of the burden of his mistakes—but not this way. Somehow he and Eve would slog their way out of this morass of defeat, but not by this path. He got to his feet and headed for the door, and then he heard the footsteps on the loading platform outside.

He almost panicked. The vague thing that had bothered him earlier was now concrete. He had forgotten Mr. Hyland, the watchman whom a dozen merchants hired jointly to inspect their premises during the night. The footsteps approached the door, and Lowe barely had time to reach a small anteroom used for the storage of office supplies before the key turned in the lock and the switch

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near the door flooded the office with light.

Lowe shrank into a shadowed corner and heard distinctly the pounding of his heart. Mr. Hyland was a man of sixty, stoutly built, a retired cop, and Lowe watched him as he crossed that small segment of the office Lowe could see.

The watchman's inspection was cursory. He rattled the door of the office Scully locked each night, then Lowe heard him walk across the room, kick at the safe and grunt in approval.

*Please may that be all!* Lowe thought. To be discovered now would be the most macabre joke possible. *Please let him leave. Please may he go to the door and walk out and close it.*

Mr. Hyland did not walk out. Fully in Lowe's view he pulled a brown paper bag from one pocket, a newspaper from another, and sat down comfortably at Lowe's desk. He took two sandwiches from the bag, unfolded the newspaper and proceeded to have his night lunch. And he was leisurely.

It was sweat then—sweat and pray and try to keep the knees from collapsing under him. A sneeze now or an uncontrollable cough—the thought horrified him through an eternity that was certainly no longer than half an hour. Once the watchman went to the water cooler, and Lowe could have reached out and touched him as he passed.

Finally he folded the paper, put the sandwich wrappings carefully in a wastebasket, looked around once more and lumbered to the door. He flipped the switch, and the office was blanketed in darkness once again. The door closed after him.

Lowe's legs barely took him to a chair. It was ten minutes before he could move. He eased himself into the night and went home, reversing the route he had taken earlier. He let himself into the house silently, and Yvonne murmured and turned in her sleep as he slipped into bed.

He found that he was still shaking; but in a little while that stopped, and he lay there in the darkness thankful and wide awake and thinking of the night and of the future. It was dawn before he fell asleep.

He had coffee and toast and left the house at the usual time, but did not go to the office. He took the bus to River City and spent a couple of hours seeing some people and making some phone calls. And on the way back he sat on the bus and was amazed at the simplicity of it all. Why—why hadn't he done it before? The lethargy of habit? The stupidity of fear?

"Looks like they're dissolving the partnership."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He got off at Hammetsville and walked up to the house; and when he opened the door Mrs. Madigan was standing in the small hall.

"Daniel, what on earth are you doing home at this hour? I saw you coming up the walk."

He smiled at her. "You're just the one I wanted to see. I think we'd better have a little talk."

They went into her apartment, and she looked at him questioningly. "Have you been drinking?"

He shook his head. "I just wanted to tell you that Yvonne and I are going to Oregon—in about three days. I figure it will take us that long to pack and arrange for the shipment of the furniture."

She stared at him unbelievingly. "You are what?"

"Oregon. In three or four days."

It took her a moment to get her breath. "Why, you wouldn't dare!"

Lowe smiled gently. He felt a little sorry for her—not much, but a little. Her face was suffused with color and the small eyes with bitterness. "You wouldn't dare take my little girl from me and carry her off to goodness knows where! And in her condition!"

Lowe spoke evenly. "Mrs. M., you have bothered me greatly in the past, but you will bother me no longer. I am taking your little girl no place, but I am taking my wife to Oregon. And her condition is fine. I saw her doctor this morning. He says she's in shape to climb mountains."

She stared at him. "I don't believe it. You're lying, Daniel Lowe."

"I'm simply sick of being the continual loser in a rat race. I am certainly not lying." He'd had enough. He turned to go.

She grabbed at his sleeve, and he turned. "You can't go," she said maliciously. "The loan companies won't let you! There was a man here this morning."

"I stopped at both their offices while I was in River City. They both have branches on the Coast. They will simply transfer my account. I have an idea they were both glad to get rid of me."

Her eyes were unconvinced. "I don't believe it!"

Lowe said, "Sometime in the future you may visit us—for short periods." He turned and walked out.

Upstairs Yvonne was doing some ironing. She looked at him in astonishment. "Dan! What's wrong?"

"Not a thing, honey." He took the iron from her, set it upright, turned it off and led her into the living room and sat her on a chair. "I have a little news for you."

She stared at him. "You lost your job!"

He shook his head. "We're going to Oregon, baby."

She relaxed in the chair. "That! You know mother has decided ——"

"In about three days. You will pack. I will arrange for the shipment of the furniture. It shouldn't take us too long."

Her eyes were wide. "You're not serious!"

"Your mother has been informed. She did not take the news lightly, and I couldn't care less. Yes, we are going to Oregon. Repeat, yes."

"But mother decided ——"

"Your mother has made her last decision concerning us—and you. I am respectfully but heartily sick of your mother. I squared myself in town this morning and wired Barney. By tonight we'll have enough money to pay off small debts around here and get to the Coast. Jones and Lowe, Trucking." He liked the sound of that.

"But the baby!"

"I spoke with Doctor Warren this morning. It's perfectly all right. It'll be the first baby you ever have in Oregon."

Her eyes were like saucers, and then in a moment she was sitting in his lap and crying softly. "Dan, I'm scared. I'm scared, but in some funny way I'm glad."

"We're young," he said. "It's a big world. Let's take a belt at it."

In a little while he lifted her and sat her in the chair alone. "Where are you going?" Her voice held a note of alarm.

"I won't be gone long. I want to see Scully. Sort of say good-by. He owes me a week's pay, and there are a few things I'd like to tell him—quite a few."

Her eyes were starry now. "Dan, don't be long. There are so many things to do."

He winked at her. "I'll be like a rabbit."

He went down the stairs, and he never remembered feeling like this. It was certainly a lot different from last night.

## The Jerry Giesler Story

(Continued from Page 25)

in August, 1940, Allie Tannenbaum, also a member of Murder, Inc., hadn't started singing his own tune to a Brooklyn grand jury and to William O'Dwyer, then D.A. of Kings County in New York. Tannenbaum's confession was a product of the fear that he himself was scheduled as a victim by the ring. His only hope was having the law throw a protective cordon around him.

Siegel and Carbo were mentioned by Tannenbaum as having taken part in the killing of Greenberg, and Siegel was arrested by the Los Angeles police. Carbo was supposed to have been the triggerman. I was employed to represent Siegel.

Another reason given for arresting Siegel was that when the law called to question him, in his beautiful home in the hills rising behind the city of Beverly Hills, he saw his visitors coming and ran like a startled fawn to hide in the attic. According to the D.A., this flight was highly suspicious, if not an outright admission of guilt. He described Siegel's action elegantly, if somewhat ponderously, as "trying to evade interrogation and arrest."

After a preliminary hearing Siegel was indicted and sent to jail, there to await trial, which was set for November, 1940. However, when that time came, the indictment was dismissed before the trial began because of insufficient evidence to convict. Nevertheless, he wasn't out of the woods. In January of 1942, back in New York, William O'Dwyer was showing signs of peevishness about the way the Los Angeles County enforcement officers had let the Hollywood chapter of Murder, Inc., slip through their fingers. As a result of certain heated conversations between O'Dwyer and the Los Angeles police, Frankie Carbo and Siegel were arrested and reindicted on the original charges.

Meanwhile, the law back in New York had been keeping Tannenbaum on ice in a fancy hotel suite, to turn state's evidence against Murder, Inc. But they were big enough to lend him to the Los Angeles D.A.'s office. He waded ankle-deep through the thick red carpet provided for him by the law upon his arrival in Los Angeles.

Siegel and Carbo went on trial for their lives on January 19, 1942, charged with the 1939 murder of Greenberg. To me it was a fascinating legal foray fought against an unusual background. It was a pleasure for me to cross-examine Allie Tannenbaum, the prosecution's big-wheel witness from the East, because he had been a very bad boy. I had done some peering into his past and had found out why his name had appeared on so many police blotters.

I began by asking him how he liked his quarters in the hotel where he was staying, as opposed to staying in jail. Then I got down to questioning him gently and courteously as to whether or not he was known as a gunman. I hoped to cast doubt upon his good character by persuading him to admit that he had been a hood who had used a gun on behalf of Murder, Inc.

For a few moments I questioned him about things far removed from violence; then pleasantly, and with no change of inflection, I asked him—the way I imagine one member of a skeet club asks another—"Do you shoot with your right hand or your left hand?"

With an almost contemptuous scorn for my unfamiliarity with his skill, he said, "I shoot with either hand."

Some of those who remember that interchange say that I gave the jury a long, slow, meaningful look when he admitted his lethal ambidexterity. If I did, I hope it drove home the fact that the testimony of an admitted gunman is scarcely on the same plane of credibility as that of Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt or Helen Keller.

After that it was clear that nothing this witness said could be regarded as the remark of a scrupulously upright citizen. This helped, especially when I got around to questioning his testimony concerning the use of a "crash car." I had never heard the term before, but, listening to him, I gathered that a crash car is a second car which accompanies the car transporting the actual killers. In that way, if the police show up either ahead or behind the killers' car, the gun-toting delegation will

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have a car handy—with which they're seemingly not connected—which will crash into the police car as if by accident and put it out of business.

It was then that the witness imported from New York made a mistake which damaged the prosecution's case even more than his own reputation. He swore that Benjamin Siegel's big auto had been the crash car. Moreover he insisted that it had been registered in Siegel's name.

That was obviously untrue. No one, not even a punch-drunk moron—and Benjamin Siegel was neither—would use his own car, registered in his own name, as a crash car, which could tie him up with the murder as surely as if he'd left his personal card of condolence propped against the body. Nevertheless, Tannenbaum stuck to that story, although in my argument I submitted that it was probably the biggest, most barefaced lie in all legal history.

On Siegel's side was the law which says that the testimony of a self-confessed participant in a crime is not sufficient corroboration for the participation of another person in the same crime. The catch was that the law of California (Section 1111 of the Penal Code) requires that an accomplice must be corroborated by independent evidence which of itself tends to connect the defendant or defendants with the commission of the crime. One of the difficulties which confronted the prosecution in the Carbo and Siegel case was that it couldn't come up with any satisfactory independent corroborative testimony.

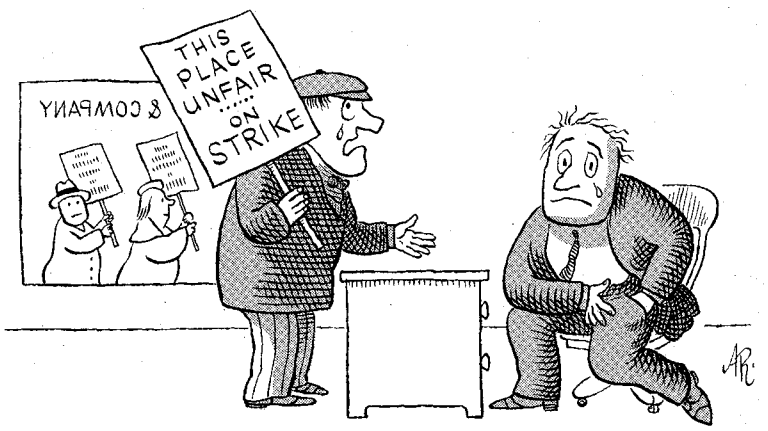
It was on this point of law that Superior Court Judge A. A. Scott granted my plea for a dismissal of the charges against Siegel on February 5, 1942. Once more the people's case against him was thrown out of court on the grounds that there was insufficient evidence to connect him with the crime.

Sometimes, pondering my past cases, I find myself thinking, "Maybe if I hadn't sprung Benjamin Siegel, he might be alive today." He would have been safer in a penitentiary than running around doing as he pleased. He was definitely not safe in the house on North Linden Drive occupied by his girl friend, Virginia Hill. The *Facts on File Yearbook* for 1947 put what happened to him there tersely and pithily:

> June 20. Murder—Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel, 42, reputed No. 1 gangster, is shot to death through window of the home of a friend, Virginia Hill, 30, in Beverly Hills, California. He was indicted in 1942 as West Coast chief of "Murder, Inc.," but not convicted.

An unknown and unidentified killer blasted Siegel into bloody wreckage with a half dozen shots from a carbine.

Frankie Carbo remained on trial because Judge Scott felt that the prosecution had produced enough corroborating testimony to justify the jury's consideration of his case. I was asked to stay in the case to assist Carbo's lawyer, Willard Burgess, with the defense. The principal witness against Carbo was a woman who claimed that she had been taking a walk on the evening of Greenberg's death, along the opposite side of the street where the killing occurred, and that under a street light she could see the car in which the deceased sat. She swore—in good faith, I'm sure—that she had seen a man wearing a brown hat pulled down over his face in the area near the actual shooting immediately after the killing, and that that man was Carbo.




## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The softhearted boss never turned down an employee who asked him for a loan. Even when they went out on strike against him, he shelled out to those who asked for money to tide them over. But the union, outraged, charged him with unfair labor practice.

"He flagrantly bribed the strikers to desert the strike by showing them that he could give them money that the union couldn't get for them," counsel for the union asserted.

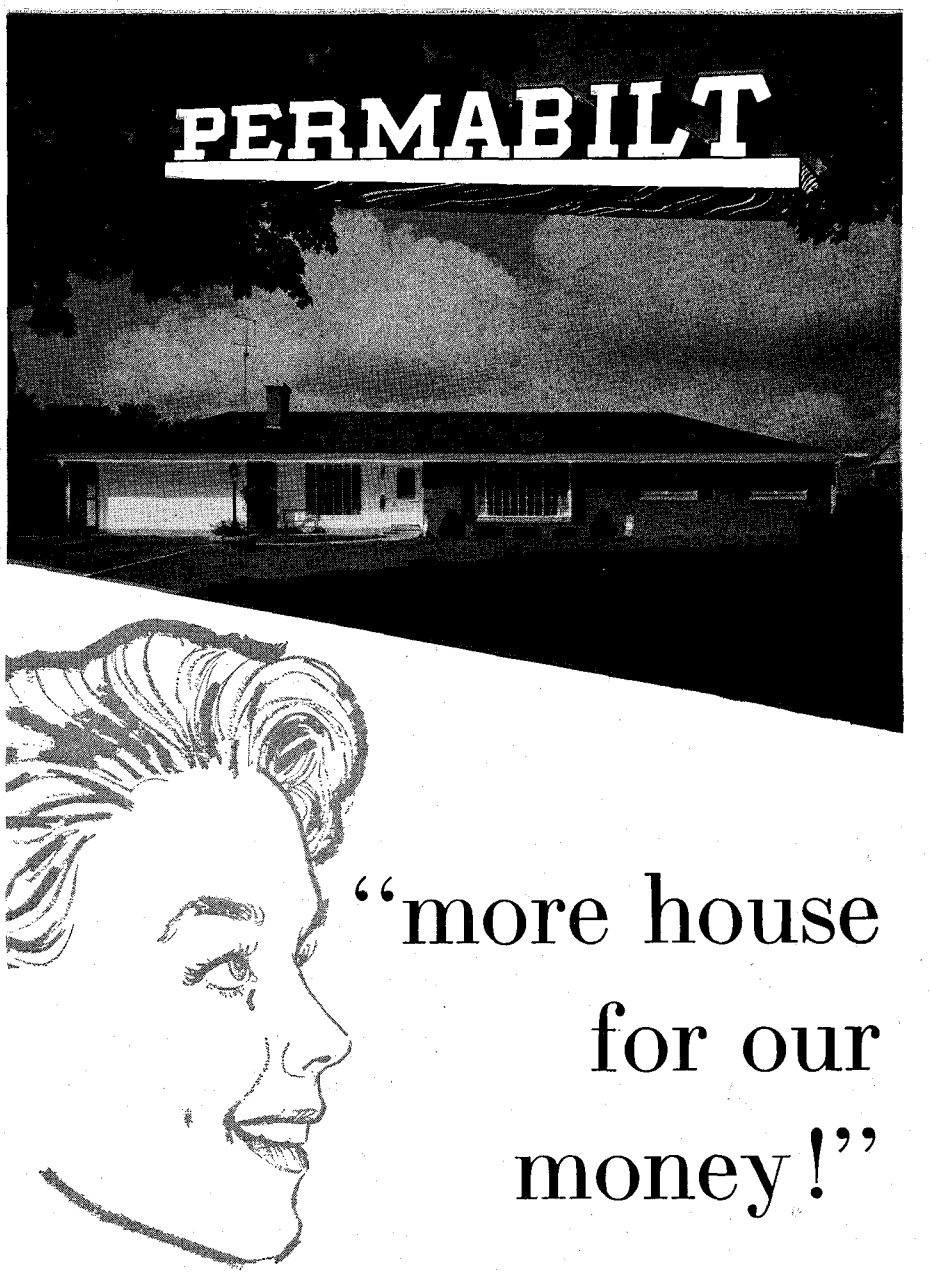
"This was a personal matter," the lawyer for the boss replied. "He bore no grudge against his workers, so why shouldn't he have lent them money on a man-to-man basis as he always did?"

If you were the judge, would you hold the boss guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Not guilty. The court pointed out that the boss did not volunteer the loans. He made them only when the union members asked for them. It added that he was not required under labor law to get angry at the striking workers and do less for them than formerly.

*Based upon a 1957 Federal-court decision.*

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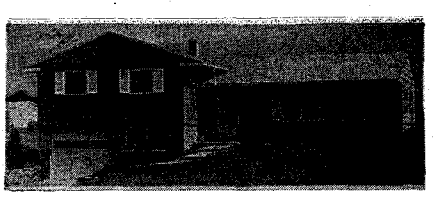

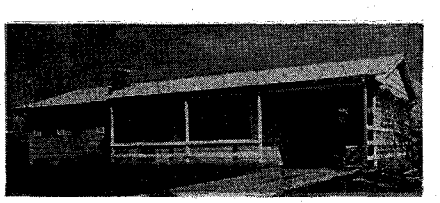

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Part of the prosecution's story was that still another Murder, Inc., gunman, named Krakower had been in Los Angeles when Greenberg died. The D.A. made the claim that there was every reason to think that he had been flown in and flown out to help Carbo get Greenberg.

When I heard the woman's testimony, I had an idea. The question of identification by a prosecuting witness is always worthy of testing by the defense. Sometimes such identification is one part wishful thinking, one part a desire to please the D.A., and one part self-delusion.

In an effort to demonstrate whether the woman witness could pick Carbo out at that distance and under those conditions—could distinguish him from anyone else who even vaguely resembled him—I had a display constructed which I used as an exhibit in court. It consisted of two enlargements of photographs of Carbo and Krakower, taken from the police files. I had them superimposed on black blotting paper. These in turn were mounted on a sheet of gray paper. I had two brown paper cutout, movable hats made to fit the heads in the photographs; each of them was attached to the photograph beneath it by a thumbtack and thus could be adjusted upward or downward.

I am a great believer in a visual demonstration of a point I am trying to make, and so I had those two photographs held up in court for the jury to see. Once the two brown paper hats had been pulled down over the photographed eyes it was difficult to say which photograph resembled which man. I asked the jury if they could make a positive identification of either man under those circumstances.

I couldn't poll the jury as to their reactions, but I'm convinced that my display was a powerful defense lever. The woman's testimony was so much more positive than I thought the facts justified that I told the jury a story in which I compared her testimony with the testimony of Chicken-Little. Chicken-Little, when I myself was little, was the name of a small hen. I have since heard her given the name of Chicken-Licken, a change to which I do not subscribe. Anyhow, Chicken-Little was walking through the wood one day when an acorn fell on her head. She thought that the sky had fallen, and she said to herself, "I'll tell the king."

After that the story becomes repetitious. Chicken-Little met various other friends, Hen-Len, Cock-Lock, Duck-Luck, Drake-Lake and Turkey-Lurkey. She reported to each of them in turn that the sky had fallen on her head, and they all decided to go with her to tell the king. Finally the flock of fowls met Fox-Lox—only in my version of the story it was Foxy-Loxy—and Fox-Lox said, "Where are you going, my pretty maids?" They all squawked at once, "Chicken-Little went into the wood, the sky fell on her head, and we're going to tell the king." Fox-Lox said, "Come with me and I'll show you the way." He took them all into his hole and his young cubs ate them all up.

I tried to draw a parallel between the testimony of the woman who had seen a man across a street under a street light and had identified him as my client, Carbo, and Chicken-Little telling everybody that the sky had fallen on her head when an acorn had bounced from her skull. I said that Chicken-Little had exaggerated everything, and I claimed that the woman witness had done the same thing.

An even more powerful lever working in behalf of the defense was the fact that when I sent my chief investigator, Mr. Leahan, to Seattle, he was able to prove that during the time of Greenberg's slaying Carbo had been registered at a hotel there. Not only did the records of the hotel show that Carbo was there but we also had testimony from the maids and the manager which definitely placed Carbo in Seattle at the time Greenberg was killed.

The jury stayed out fifty-three hours; they failed to agree and were discharged. After the jury disagreed, a reporter friend of mine asked one of the jurors who had voted for Carbo's acquittal, "Why did you vote the way you did?"

I'm not sure that it speaks too highly for the mental caliber of that particular juror, but he replied, "Any man who loves chickens the way Mr. Giesler told us Carbo does couldn't be guilty of killing anything."

The flabbergasted newspaperman asked groggily, "What do you mean 'loves chickens'?"

The juror drew himself up indignantly and said, "I heard what Mr. Giesler said about Chicken-Little, and I know that this man Carbo is a chicken lover. That's why I voted not guilty."

## Advance Showing

By Elaine V. Emans

Too full of wiggles to hang up
In any Christmas stocking, pup,
You're too dependent and too
shy
To tuck into a box and tie
With ribbon, too afraid to be
Left by yourself beneath the tree,
Too inexperienced to sit
Upon the sofa flanking it . . .
So there is no alternative,
Small one, wrinkled-faced and
sad-
Eyed and stubby-tailed and
curly,
We've concluded, but to give
You *two days and nights too early*,
To a puppy-hungry lad!

In the story he filed about this exchange of remarks, the newspaperman said that the only time Carbo ever had seen a chicken was on his plate. He meant that my client wasn't a country boy with cheeks of tan.

The district attorney, John F. Dockweiler, a good friend of mine, didn't prosecute Carbo a second time, possibly because it would have been too expensive to bring the well-kept witness, Allie Tannenbaum, west again. I also seem to recall reluctance on the part of William O'Dwyer to let his valuable witness out of his jurisdiction, and without Tannenbaum's testimony the case was as dead as a chicken on Carbo's plate.

The case of Busby Berkeley, a motion-picture executive, was a much harder one to try. For one thing, I tried it three times; for another, it had aspects which lifted it out of the ordinary. Its key phrase, "the cancerous tire," still intrigues me, as many times as I've used it.

In Berkeley's case I am convinced that the prosecution made a mistake in charging him with second-degree murder instead of manslaughter. It is much harder to persuade a jury to convict a man of murder than of manslaughter if the killing he's done results from an automobile accident. In this case the accident occurred on the Roosevelt highway, between Santa Monica and Malibu. Berkeley had been attending a party in the hills near Los Angeles, and was on his way home in his roadster. It was alleged that he had had too many drinks at the party. Several actors were present, including Pat O'Brien, and I used them afterward as witnesses to testify that Berkeley was not intoxicated when he left the party.

The road Berkeley followed was narrow and twisting, the evening was pleasant, and the traffic was heavy. All at once there was a crash, as Berkeley's car collided with two traveling in the opposite direction—one carrying five people and the other the driver and a passenger. When the police unscrambled the debris, all of the five persons in the small sedan which suffered the most serious damage were badly injured, three critically. Berkeley, who was driving alone, received head and leg injuries.

Two of the critically injured women passengers in the sedan died the following day. The driver died six weeks later.

At a preliminary hearing following the deaths of the two women, Berkeley, who was taken into court on a wheeled stretcher, was held on two counts of manslaughter. After the hearing, the municipal judge ordered the charges changed to second-degree murder. When the driver of the sedan succumbed, a third count of second-degree murder was added on a complaint issued by the district attorney.

Since the public takes it for granted that anyone who has anything to do with motion pictures is automatically wealthy and powerful, the popular view of Berkeley was that he was extraordinarily well-heeled and influential. That was probably one of the reasons why the D.A.'s office was so persistent in trying to convict Berkeley. Berkeley's prosecutor, David Coleman, who was then a member of the D.A.'s staff, is now a Superior Court judge.

On Berkeley's side all I had was my conviction that it wasn't his fault—that the accident occurred because his left front tire had blown out, thus causing his car to swerve into the wrong lane. The D.A. thought he had me there, since he was able to prove that my client had bought a complete set of new tires not long before the accident. The tire blew out, he said, because of the impact of the accident, rather than before the collision.

But I brought tire experts into the courtroom, to testify that his blown tire could have had a "cancerous" spot. Because of its horrifying aspects, cancer wasn't a word nice people used at that time; however, it was one way of describing a tire which had a chemically—or structurally—weak spot which could give way at any moment, thereby causing a loss of human life.

I also produced witnesses who proved that if Berkeley was intoxicated, he must have had a very low alcoholic threshold indeed, because his intake of stimulants at the party had been within normal limits.

Under the law, a blown tire would break the immediate chain of events which would otherwise link his drinking to the accident. Let me put it this way: You are driving a car while sodden with drink; another car comes along and runs into you, ramming you into still another car. If that happens, there is no legal connection between your drinking and your final accident.

I offer as an example a case I tried in Ventura, California. My client was riding a motorcycle while drunk. An auto driving too close to him sliced off one of his legs. He sued for damages and won. Why did he win? Because the tire marks on the street showed that, drunk as he was, my client was on the side of the street where he was supposed to be, and the car which crashed into him was on the wrong side. The fact that he was plastered had nothing to do with the accident.

That suit was for civil damages. But the same rule applies in criminal law. However, my motorcycle client's drinking did enter into the decision in this way: The law decided that his leg was worth only $12,500, and I am sure that he would have received a lot more for it if he hadn't been drunk.

At the time of the Busby Berkeley accident, he was working at Warner Brothers Studio, and that studio employed me to defend him. I worked hard preparing his case. Warner Brothers had its miniature department make a model of the coastal highway on which the accident had occurred. It was so perfect it even had small telephone poles and showed the marks of tire skids.

I also had small models made of the cars involved. My model of Berkeley's green convertible was fashioned in such a way that I could demonstrate what had happened to it when its left front tire exploded while the car was in motion. I even had a special axle put in the model so that its left front wheel swung out during my demonstration. That model is still on my desk, and I still find myself reaching out and touching it from time to time.

After giving the elaborate scale model of the highway much thought, I decided that if I used it, it would create the impression that too much money was being poured out in Berkeley's defense. So instead I used an aerial photograph of the highway. It was almost as long and as wide as the model, but it didn't smell so strongly of Berkeley defense money.

I used that aerial photograph to show the road's windings and its hairpin curves, and to demonstrate that a person who was as drunk as Berkeley was said to have been couldn't have negotiated them. Before I was through I made it clear that it was quite a feat for even a sober person to drive that roller coaster of a highway.

At the end of the first Berkeley trial the jury was hopelessly deadlocked. Although I didn't admit it, that was a better result than I had hoped for. In addition to the tire experts and my aerial photograph of the road, I attribute that hung jury to the fact that the judge rode Berkeley unmercifully all through that trial. That may make it tough for a defendant at the time, but it really enlists the sympathy of the jurors in his behalf.

I have represented clients in cases in which the public was with the defendant from the start, as in the case of injured husbands. With Berkeley just the opposite was true. The public made up its collective mind that he was a dipsoplayboy type who had butchered innocent people through drunken carelessness. It didn't help him that he had been to a Hollywood party before the accident. People are forever saying, "Well, you know how wild those Hollywood parties are."

Although the hostile atmosphere which surrounded Berkeley's first trial made his defense difficult, it was as nothing compared with the handicaps confronting me during his second trial. The prosecution knew in advance what I would say. I didn't even have the stimulation of gearing myself up to the pitch I'd reached the first time around.

I try to be up on my toes every minute while I am in the courtroom, but in a retrial you know what's coming, and it's hard not to let down. You know what the witnesses are going to say, you've read the testimony they gave before and, although you're primed for them, you can ask only so many questions. Also, any power of initiative and surprise you had is gone.

It's like rerunning a film you've seen before, the only difference being that you

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hope someone has tacked on a happy ending since the last time you saw it. In Berkeley's case I went through all that not twice, but three times. It was more than sheer drudgery. It was unmitigated hell. I liked Berkeley personally. I still do, but that wasn't the reason I went step by step with him through those three bitterly fought trials. I don't drop a case just because I've scored the temporary victory of a hung jury in a trial which the public and the papers have decided I can't win. Some attorneys who make legal bricks out of straw, as I did in that first Berkeley trial, might have said, "O.K., Buz, get yourself another attorney. I don't want your second trial. I've done all I can for you." I don't play that way.

During those three trials Berkeley and I took terrific punishment in terms of frayed nerves, tension, sleeplessness, anxiety and mental anguish. But once I've started along a thorny path with a client, there is something mulish in me which makes me keep plodding along until we reach the end of the path together.

The second trial ended in a seven-to-five vote for acquittal. Although the D.A.'s office moved to dismiss the three counts against Busby Berkeley and I joined in the motion, the court ordered a new trial. The third time I got him off.

Why was Berkeley acquitted the third time and not the first two times? In what way did the third trial differ from the other two? The difference was psychology. The fact that the jury in the third trial knew that there had been a majority in favor of acquittal in both the first and second trials worked in Berkeley's favor.

In contrast to the life-and-death tension of a murder trial, some of the civil cases I have handled seem lighter and less wearing. Even so, they can be pretty interesting.

In one of the civil cases which came my way I represented the husband instead of the wife for a change. The couple had got into a battle, they had separated, she had sued him for divorce. While she was at it, she employed several of the best-known psychiatric experts in Los Angeles to prove that he was mentally incompetent. By the time I was brought into the case she had had him committed to an asylum, but it was legally possible to bring action to have him declared competent. I brought such an action. That involved a jury trial.

It was one of the few times I've been a prosecutor rather than a defender. I should have been flattered because the defense summoned a horde of psychiatric experts to make sure I lost. Each of them went on the stand and testified that my client not only was incompetent but also was suffering from general paresis, a disease which causes mental degeneration and which would surely kill him within a year.

I called no experts. Instead, I summoned my client's neighbors, the people who knew him best. They testified that in their opinion he was not insane and that his only trouble was that his domestic affairs had upset him emotionally and nervously. The jury held with me and restored him to competency.

I mention this because it offers a clue as to the value of some expert testimony. All those experts had said that my client would be dead within a year. Yet five or ten years later I walked into the Hall of Justice to try a case and there he was, on the jury panel, healthy, hale, happy and with all his buttons buttoned. His incurable disease had been cured. Coming up to me, he said, "Don't you remember me? I'm the man you represented in the insanity proceedings. I have a music store on Broadway, but right now I'm here as part of the jury panel in the criminal court."

I wasn't lucky enough to draw him on the jury which tried the case I was defending. If I had, I have an idea he would have been inclined in my client's favor.

In still another civil case, pinwheels, roman candles and skyrockets shot off—when Shelley Winters and her husband, the Italian actor Vittorio Gassman, flung themselves angrily from each other's bed and board.

After their separation Shelley retained me to file suit for separate maintenance against Gassman, but the glare of verbal fireworks was still lighting up the countryside near Milan, Italy, where Mr. Gassman maintained his own rocket-firing site. Relayed by the press, the unrehearsed dialogue went like this:

VITTORIO: I am far more interested in art than in finance.

SHELLEY: I already have two Academy Award nominations; now I'm interested in finance rather than art.

VITTORIO: I will never drop my rights as a good father to my ten-month-old daughter.

SHELLEY: As a good father he should know that she is eleven months old.

VITTORIO: I asked for a divorce after a long series of quarrels.

SHELLEY: We were never together long enough for a long series of anything. He only stayed at my house when he made a movie. Probably he did that to save rent.

VITTORIO: I was unable to be in America when our baby was born because I was in a play in Rome.

SHELLEY: He asked me to stay out of Italy because he didn't want a pregnant woman hanging around while he was costarring in a Shakespearean comedy. As soon as he had a picture offer, he dropped his play and hustled out to Hollywood.

VITTORIO: From now on my main interest is in the theater, not the movies.

SHELLEY: Translated, that means Hollywood didn't take up his option.

I helped Miss Winters win her suit and also the custody of her child, and, though it was not easy, I persuaded both parties to the litigation to stop issuing statements to the press.

I have long been aware of the fact that "Get me Giesler" has become a kind of gag which is used by a husband when he is in the doghouse for some minor domestic offense which has riled his wife. I suppose an attorney can't take part in as many trials of national interest as I've been involved in and not become a household word, but this fact really hit home for the first time when Ingrid Bergman's divorce from Doctor Lindstrom was racing the stork. Close friends of hers had talked to her by overseas phone in Italy and had suggested to her that she retain me to represent her. Apparently those friends thought she had agreed to this, for one Monday morning as I came out of the Hall of Justice, I saw a headline which said, GET ME GIESLER!

Those three words hit me like a ton of granite. I had had no word of warning, yet there they were screaming at me. Nothing came of the story under the headlines mentioning the possibility that Miss Bergman might want me to represent her, but I'll never forget the peculiar feeling it gave me when that headline leaped at me.

I was in on another divorce case which began when Mrs. Betty Hickman Healy, the young second wife of the famous comedian Ted Healy, who has since died, could stand her mate's stooges no longer, although they had helped make him successful and wealthy.

I have spoken before of the Hollywood roller coaster, which zooms a personality up to the topmost peak, then drops him into public forgetfulness. That roller coaster now has its TV equivalent. TV's late, late movies, or films shown in the afternoon for the kiddies to see, have zoomed several personalities back to the peaks again. When I first began to tell this story, I was worried as to whether anyone would remember Healy's stooges, but in the short time since I began this tale, his Three Stooges have had a second birth of show-business life. Once more they are demanding big money as entertainers.

A rip appeared in the silken fabric of the Healy marriage when Mrs. Healy, a bride of four months, announced, "I guess our romance is over. It would have been a beautiful thing just to be married to Ted, but to be married to his stooges, too, that was awful. . . . Every room in the house seemed filled with his relatives or his stooges or his managers or someone, and they all stared at me as if I were an outsider. Then they'd do their unfunny little dances and their unfunny little comedy routines, and it was more than I could bear. In the middle of dinner one of the stooges would hop from his place at the table and do a buck and wing which was supposed to be sidesplitting. The trouble was, when I didn't laugh, they glared at me as if they thought something was wrong with me. The fifteen thousandth time this happened I got sick and tired of them all and threw them out of the house."

Mrs. Healy made these statements to the press while confined to a Santa Monica hospital by influenza. She showed some temper when Healy said she had "run home to mother."

"I didn't run home to my mother," she declared. "I'm not going home to mother. Ted tells me that he has hired Jerry Giesler to protect his interests; well, I've engaged a good lawyer, too, Mr. W. I. Gilbert."

Mr. Gilbert and I had no trouble working out an arrangement suitable to husband and wife, and Mrs. Healy was free of the stooges.

Several months after Mrs. Healy obtained an interlocutory decree of divorce, she and Ted were reconciled. They had the divorce action dismissed in June, 1937, six months before Mr. Healy died following a beating administered to him outside a Hollywood night club.

All of which leads up to one small boast that I'd like to make, and I hope I may be forgiven. I do seem to have the ability—perhaps it is a gift—to exercise a conciliatory effect upon both parties to a divorce suit, no matter how rancorous their hatred may be. I make it a point to get them together, and if I can't effect a reconciliation, I can at least usually make them feel that the best interests of everybody concerned will be served if they end their name-calling, yelling and hollering outside of the courtoom and dispense with a trial which will leave bitterness festering on both sides.

I am willing to sit for days with people who are determined not to "give in," explaining the reasons why one party should give a little here and the other party a little there. The opposing lawyer is there, too, listening while I do this, but most lawyers are happy to see a warring married couple settle their differences with some measure of reasonableness.

There are, however, a few lawyers I can't do anything with. They hide their clients or they won't bring them in, and as a result I have no chance to talk to them. Such lawyers are either fee-greedy or litigious, which is the same thing as being knife-happy if you are a surgeon. Aside from such artful dodgers, I am proud of the record I have established of keeping messy private brawling out of the public domain.

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***In his eighth and last installment next week, Mr. Giesler explains his theory about the reasons for murder. He also tells about his personal life and the invaluable role his wife plays in his career.*** **THE EDITORS**

### THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.—THE EDITORS

"Harwell? Oh, good—I caught you between naps."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Our Little Miss Hong Kong

(Continued from Page 11)

The disease left them with a broad range of deformities—from crooked backs to limp legs. It was Barb's job to get them on their feet—the quicker, the better, because there was an acute stringency of both bed space and money. Wealthy Hong Kong residents built the hospital and kept it going on a yearly budget of $17,000.

Instead of taking home her sixty-five dollars a month, Barb poured double that amount back—new clothing for a raggedy hunchback, a toy for a tearful orphan, a five-dollar bill for a destitute mother who walked five miles to see her child.

Barb had been having a good deal of success with her little patients until they carried Fan Yuk-wah into a bed at the far end of the ward named The Celestially Favored. If Fanny was one of heaven's pets, it wasn't apparent that day. As if ashamed of her polio-twisted body, she sobbed steadily into a pillow and screamed at the approach of Barbara and Doctor Hodgson.

"What do you think?" Barbara asked Doctor Hodgson.

"Take her to America," he replied gloomily. The implication was clear: Fanny was a long-term rehabilitation problem far too delicate for Hong Kong's overworked medical services to handle. Of course, the doctor's remark was impregnated with an irony people who have lived in underdeveloped areas can easily appreciate. The thought of a disabled native child going to America for treatment was absurd—and the veteran surgeon knew it.

Fanny was but one of needy thousands in Hong Kong. She was the youngest of five children, and her family had fled their home in China's northeast Shantung province when the Communists swept to power. The father had been a prosperous importer-exporter in North China. In Hong Kong he was struggling with only modest success to rebuild his business.

"Want to see what you can do with her?" Hodgson asked Barbara.

It was Barbara's dogged determination with the other handicapped children at Sandy Bay that had brought Fanny there in the first place. Superstitious refugees believed she was a sort of "miracle worker." Though Barb naturally disclaimed any "miracles," word spread that the blue-eyed foreigner was accomplishing wonders. Fan Yuk-wah's distraught family had carried her there for treatment.

Barbara tried her best to get Fanny on her feet. She persuaded a Chinese basket weaver to use his skilled hands to fashion a crude back brace that she and a Chinese physician friend, Dr. Harry Fang, had devised. Bamboo braces—little more than splints—were attached to Fanny's legs. In this unwieldy fashion Barb steadied Fanny and stood her between parallel bars.

"And Fanny screamed every second," Barbara recalls. "She screamed when I put on the braces and she screamed until they came off."

For seven months the two kept it up, Fanny resisting every minute of it. The only alternative was a delicate spinal fusion many surgeons hesitate to use on a child so young—or to send Fanny home.

Fanny spent most of her waking hours on a straw mat in Barb's therapy room or splashing about in the polluted waters of the nearby cove. Lacking exercise tanks for hydrotherapy, Barb had been using the waters of the South China Sea as her exercise tub. A huge uncovered sewage ditch, carrying the bacteria-laden spittle of the tuberculars and garbage from nearby squatter huts, spilled into the cove before washing out to sea. This was where Barbara led her little patients in hydrotherapy exercises.

I often called to pick up Barb on the warm summer nights. After a fruitless search of the wards the gay laughter of children would lead me to the water. "Come on in!" she'd shout as she splashed with her tiny charges, subtly making them exercise muscles that refused to move ashore. I myself never touched more than a toe into the water—then only to take some of the dripping, misshapen tots from her arms and carry them up to the hospital.

I visited there often, secretly admiring my wife for the friendship she had won from the children, especially after the epithets they had showered on her during her first trying weeks at Sandy Bay.

Suspicious of foreigners—some of them had never before seen one—the children shouted the traditional slurs they had learned in the streets: "Foreign devil . . . Long nose . . . Barbarian." Barb at first had no idea what these words meant. She would simply offer a friendly smile in return. Soon the epithets were replaced by an amazing scene that started promptly at eight A.M. daily.

A sentry—usually one who could hop about quickly on a crutch—stood near the door. As Barbara entered he would let out a resounding alarm in Chinese, "Missy Barbara comes!" The children—on crutches, on canes—hobbled toward her in greeting. Red-faced Barb would pluck a few from the sea of faces at her waist and lead them into the therapy room.

Fan Yuk-wah she carried from her bed and placed on the mat. With close-cropped hair and a tear-filled face, Fanny—by Barb's reckoning—was the homeliest girl in the hospital. "She was sensitive about the hospital gown," Barb recalls. "I bought her a pair of bright-red pajamas—red is the symbol of good luck in China. Fanny loved them and she smiled for the first time since she arrived at the hospital a month before."

Delighted with herself Fanny excitedly called her fellow patients into the room with a shout, "See me, I'm beautiful. Miss Barbara will bring red pants for everybody." My wife, of course, did—with my money. They were Christmas gifts for the youngsters. It turned out to be our last Christmas in Hong Kong.

I left Hong Kong alone in April of 1958 for a new job with the *Louisville Times*. But first I stopped in Las Vegas for some research on a writing project I'd had in mind for years. Barbara remained in Hong Kong to train a replacement. I cabled her in June to meet me in Las Vegas for a week's vacation before we went on to Louisville. The next I heard from her was when she phoned me from my parents' home in Seattle, her first stop in the States.

"Lefty," she said, "I didn't come alone."

"Glad you had company," I replied. "Come quickly to Las Vegas. We're due in Louisville on July fourth."

"That's fine," she repeated, "but I came with someone else."

"Who?"

"Fan Yuk-wah."

"WHO?" I exploded.

"Don't you remember?" she said. "The one in the last bed in the first ward—Fan Yuk-wah."

My mother got on the phone to add to the confusion. "She is adorable," she said, "but she is so helpless. Your father's on the floor with her."

During her stay with her American "parents," Fanny nearly forgot how to eat with chopsticks the way she did in Hong Kong. The Lefkows tried to keep her in practice, but she found a fork much easier.

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*What is my father doing on the floor?* I wondered. *And who is Fan yuk-something?*

I got Barb back on the phone. No, she replied, she hadn't been drinking. No, neither had my father. Yes, he was on the floor. Yes, Fan Yuk-wah was there with him. No, we weren't adopting anybody. Yes, Fan Yuk-wah was from Sandy Bay.

"Don't you want us?" Barbara asked meekly.

"Come ahead," I said weakly.

Wind-swept McCarran Field at the edge of Las Vegas' gambling strip was crowded with tourists as the airliner taxied to a stop. The last passenger off was a woman half-hidden behind a frightening back brace, two pairs of bamboo crutches and a child's stroller. In her right arm was a pouting little girl, clutching a stuffed skunk and a pair of ivory chopsticks.

"This," my wife announced, "is Fan Yuk-wah. You'll love her." Reluctantly I took the girl in my arms. She smiled and whispered tiredly, "Lee-foo-tee *Hsin Hseng*—hello." This ingratiating greeting, I knew, was the result of my wife's coaching. The "Lee-foo-tee" bit is phonetic Chinese for my nickname, "Lefty," and the *Hsin Hseng* is formal Chinese for Honorable Teacher. "Hello" was absolutely the only word of English she knew.

That didn't stop her from pointing excitedly toward a slot machine and indicating she indeed had inherited the traditional Chinese love of gambling. She and Barb insisted on flipping a few coins into the one-armed bandits while I waited impatiently to bundle them into a cab. On the way to my one-room apartment I couldn't help thinking selfishly of my tactical error in leaving Barbara alone in Hong Kong. My self-pity must have been showing because Barbara asked, "Don't you want us?"

"Why didn't you ask me that before you left?" I said.

"Because you would have said no," she replied softly, "and this was so important. We were Fanny's only hope."

When we reached my apartment my wife, cradling Fanny in her lap, said, "Everything will work out. You'll see." And she sang the girl to sleep.

Well, I reflected, somehow the two innocents had got this far. And Barbara had achieved a minor miracle in cutting the necessary red tape in Hong Kong—getting a passport and visa for Fanny: First stop, the American Consulate. "I'm new here," said one of the young vice consuls, "I really don't know if the girl can get a visa even if the British give her a passport." He looked up regulations, consulted others and said, "It will take time." Barbara said, "Three days, please." Then to the Hong Kong Police Headquarters for Fanny's passport. "It will take time," the British inspector said. "Three days? We'll see." And then he rushed the matter through while my wife gathered inoculations, medical records and witnesses to attest that Fanny had no Communist leanings.

I'd like to digress here a moment to record that my wife has quite a record for something less than conventional behavior. At fourteen she and a girl friend took a 100-mile raft trip alone down the Mississippi. When she was fifteen Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Vine of Rochester, Minnesota, plucked their pig-tailed daughter from a highway as she sped toward California on her bike to pay a surprise visit "on my favorite uncle." At nineteen she rejected a fashionable women's college in Wisconsin to work her way through the University of Colorado.

Now at twenty-nine she had become a foster mother—with a legal document naming her as legal guardian—to an invalided three-year-old Chinese girl.

Las Vegas has, of course, seen everything; but the morning after Barbara and Fanny arrived I think we presented something just a little different—Fanny in a stroller, me pushing, Barbara at my side, all headed downtown for breakfast. Our first stop was to buy a sun hat for Fanny, which she picked out herself. As if the three of us weren't already conspicuous enough, she chose a floppy-type hat in flaming red.

Barb and Yuk-wah chatted affectionately in Chinese as we moved in and out of gambling casinos. For some reason my wife felt Fanny's education should include instruction on how to drop coins into slot machines. A passing woman peeked under Fanny's hat. "My what a cute girl," she said, "but it can't be yours."

"Why not?" I snapped.

"But she's a ——" the woman stammered and walked off.

At breakfast a stunned waitress took an order for two bowls of rice, topped with poached eggs, and a conventional order—mine—of scrambled eggs. My wife reached into her handbag and brought out a pair of chopsticks for Fanny.

As we flew on to Louisville, Barbara said Fanny's future depended on the hope that the National Foundation would accept her into its hospital at Warm Springs, Georgia. Years of specialization in polio had made that center one of the best in the world for Fanny's type of disability.

In Louisville the National Foundation's chapter turned us down, gently but firmly. Fanny, as an alien, wasn't eligible for financial aid. She could be admitted, but only if we would guarantee payment—an estimated basic cost of thirty dollars a day. Between the Fan family and us, we had a total of about $2000 and a good part of it already had gone for Fanny's plane ticket.

During the next month we telephoned nearby hospitals in search of one with facilities for long-range treatment. None had the specialized staff to help. Fanny, meanwhile, was comfortably at home in a rented crib in the single room of our apartment. Barbara made a trip to Mayo Clinic in her home town of Rochester and returned with confirmation that Warm Springs was the best place for Fanny.

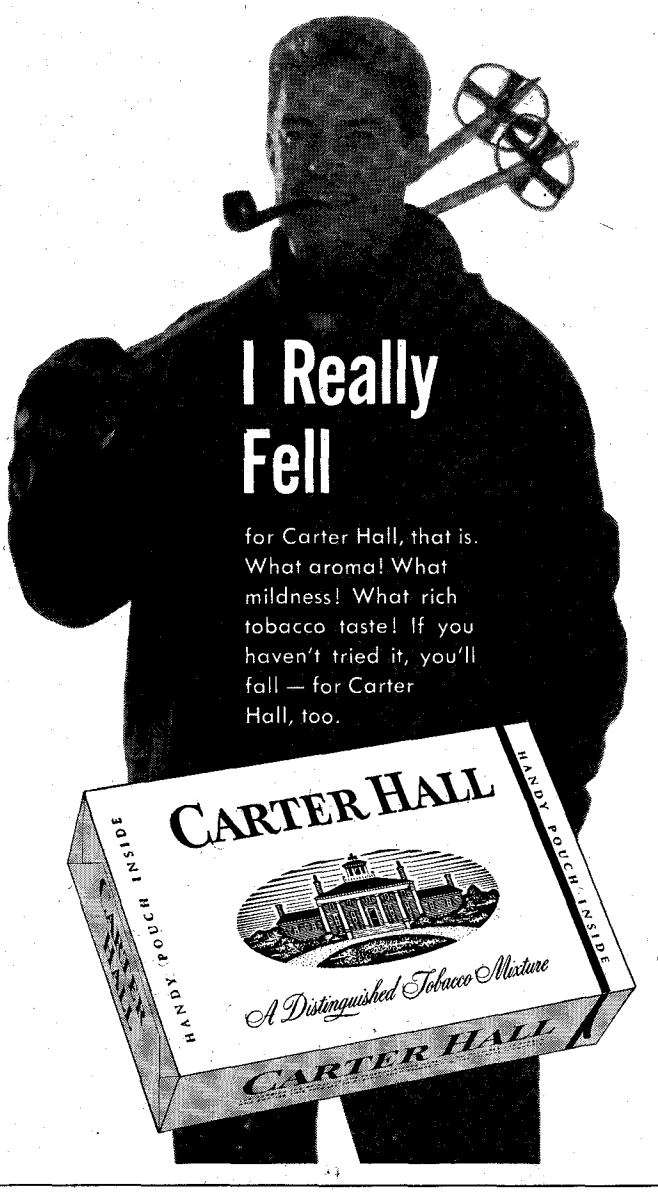
Here two gracious southern women entered our story. The first was Miss Marian Dupey Williamson, who headed Kentucky's Crippled Children Commission from its inception until her recent retirement. I had read earlier of this talented woman who singlehandedly built Kentucky's child-rehabilitation program into a model for such operations elsewhere. I had heard that Miss Williamson was not an emotional woman. I just hoped she had a heart.

"I realize," Miss Williamson told Barbara, "that this is your last resort. I'll promise nothing, except that I'll try." Apparently charmed by Fanny's smiling good humor, Miss Williamson bent over and hugged the girl. Fanny responded in kind.

I think Yuk-wah's sincere responsiveness played a part in the generosity and concern that was to come. I call it that, but Miss Anna Quinn, another gracious Louisvillian who has devoted her life to crippled children, describes it as "God's will." I'll accept that too.

Miss Williamson had plenty of heart. She phoned two days later and said the Shrine's Kosair Crippled Children Hospital, a Louisville institution administered by this same Miss Quinn, might accept Fanny. She said Miss Quinn was hesitant because the child spoke no English and might become a nursing problem.

That night Barb and I crammed as much English into Fanny's head as she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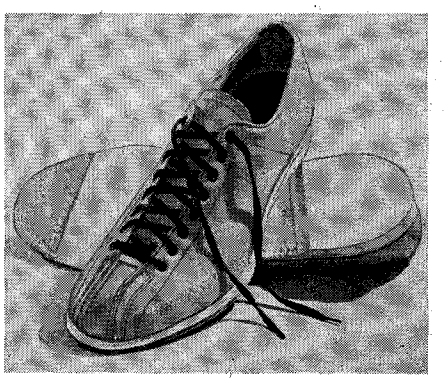

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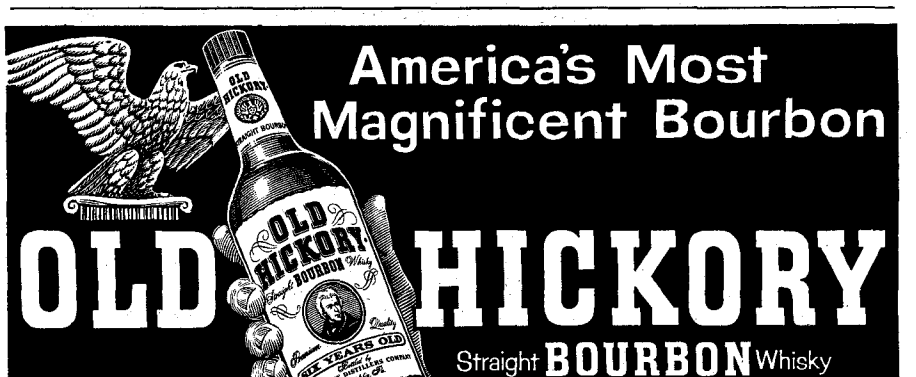
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could take. "Toi-let," Barb would say. "Wa-ter," I'd add. "Thank you." . . . "Yes." . . . "No." Back to "toilet" and over again.

A sleepy Yuk-wah lay on an examining table the next day under the critical eyes of a doctor and Miss Quinn. Fanny mumbled "oy loo," which in Chinese means she was on the verge of wetting her potential benefactors. We began to explain the meaning of "oy loo" when Fanny mouthed hesitantly, "Toi—let." Testing her newfound word, she repeated it carefully a few times and then louder, "Toilet."

"I had been told the girl couldn't speak any English," Miss Quinn said. "It must have been an error." The Lefkows kept quiet.

With a list of common Chinese-English expressions tacked to her crib—just in case—Fanny became an undergraduate in the Kosair school of kindness. She remained there six months and acquired a Kentucky accent, a mere tolerance for rice, a passion for tomatoes and for Miss Quinn.

"Hot doy," she exclaimed proudly her second day at Kosair, in what we assumed was a reference to her luncheon of hot dogs.

About the third day Fanny began undergoing a rigid American education at the hands of my wife. I discovered this when Fanny took my newspaper and read slowly, "Car—Rams—Tree; Two—Dead."

"Don't you think she's a little young to start reading?" I inquired. "She's only three and a half."

"I've always known she is brilliant," Barb countered. "We must develop her mind."

We reached a truce. Fanny would get a dosage of adult education, and Barbara would also let her know about the happy children's world of Mother Goose. But Barbara cheated. Instead of *The Three Bears* at bedtime, she read selections from Confucius, Mencius and Lao-tsu. Even now if Fanny doesn't get her nightly reading of snatches of ancient Chinese philosophers, she's quite unhappy. I tried to substitute *Jack and the Beanstalk* twice. She listened without much interest.

But Barbara's hopes that Fanny would retain her knowledge of Chinese vanished quickly. The girl's understanding of her native tongue became dimmer and dimmer. Soon the Americanization of Fanny became complete. A girl in an adjoining bed asked her to say good night in Chinese. Fanny thought deeply and then her squeaky voice echoed through the ward, "Good night, you-all." She seemed pleased with herself.

A week later Fanny was recuperating from minor surgery to relieve a thigh muscle that was tightening and distorting her leg. She was fitted with a neck-to-hip plaster jacket to prevent her spinal curvature from becoming worse. If the cast was causing any discomfort, she never let us know. She wore it about seven months. When Fanny returned to our apartment from Kosair, Barbara resumed the strenuous standing and muscle-loosening exercises. Now Fanny was aware that she was unlike other children.

"My legs can't walk, can they?" she inquired suddenly one day. Sympathetically, but without pity, Barb explained

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

**I'm Sorry, But . . .**

All things mechanical
Make me feel panical.

Virginia Scott Miner

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

the meaning of polio and the importance of the exercises.

"Yes, Miss Barbara," Fanny replied, "I know we must do them. They're fun, aren't they?" At four her mind seemed almost mature.

Occasionally, Barb would stand Fanny up between crutches and hold her tightly as she took a hesitant step. Her cries of pleasure inspired a decision. We would take Fanny to Warm Springs for an examination, no matter what the cost. The foundation gave us an appointment, but warned us that the Warm Springs staff might find her too disabled for rehabilitation.

While we were waiting to leave, I ran into Floyd Edwards, assistant managing editor of the *Louisville Times*—and a man of few words. "How's the kid?" he asked. Edwards himself has warm memories of Warm Springs. His charming wife, Marietta, had benefited from treatment there after an auto accident left her paralyzed.

Edwards, active in Kentucky's civic and youth affairs, nodded as I told him of our hope to get Fanny into Warm Springs. Shortly I heard him on the telephone: "We spend billions in aid for almost every foreign country on the map," he told the party on the other end of the line. "Now here's a chance for a little international good will right here in our own country. And a humanitarian one at that."

His contact turned out to be a fellow Kiwanian, William K. Ewing, chairman of the National Foundation's Louisville-area drive. Ewing relayed the story of Fanny and Barb to foundation executives in New York. Three days later the National Foundation informed us it would help underwrite Fanny's hospitalization at Warm Springs—if the doctors there felt treatment would help her.

At Warm Springs Dr. Robert Bennett, the foundation's medical director and one of the world's leading polio specialists, grinned as Fanny sat scratching herself after the cast had been removed. His experienced eyes and hands coursed her body.

"She's a classic case," he said. "I can show you dozens like her. Yes, we can do quite a bit, but she'll have to stay here about six months." Fanny's reaction was a short comment on the physical aspects of Georgia Warm Springs Foundation. "It's a boot-i-ful hospital," she said, and promptly started reading the lettering off a whitewashed building outside a window: "R-o-o-s-e-v-e-l-t H-a-l-l," named, of course, for the late President who founded the hospital.

We returned to Louisville two days later with Fanny comfortably bedded down in a world of new friends. Two months later surgeons delicately transplanted a thigh muscle—the iliotibial band—diagonally across the front of her body and tied it to a rib. The muscle became a sort of guy wire to help Fanny with her balance and keep her spinal column straight. Within two weeks she was on her feet.

When we visited her one weekend, Fanny excitedly informed us she had been "walked." And indeed she had—on crutches, of course. But for the first time she had taken steps with only a hint of help. With shiny steel-ribbed braces on her feet and a tiny specially designed corset that binds her spine, Fanny was taking hesitant steps toward a new life.

Waiting at Louisville's Standiford Field last September I was more anxious than a prospective father. I knew what Fanny looked like—and I wanted more. Would Fanny remember me? I hadn't seen her in two months.

"Daddy!" she cried, as I took her from Barbara and placed her into her shiny wheel chair. Fanny sped into the lobby of the airport. "Try and catch me," she laughed, whipping around corners and skillfully dodging startled bystanders. She was showing off, but it was understandable. For the first time in her four years, Fan Yuk-wah was going places unassisted.

What bothered me was the cry of "Daddy." Her father was a Chinese from a different world, one of rice and poverty—a refugee in Hong Kong. Fanny was all American. Did I want to keep her? Did Barbara?

The question grew swiftly after Fanny took over running our apartment. Somehow, despite the move from city to city, from hospital to hospital, she had become a charming youngster with the Chinese child's qualities of politeness and respect. It made the decision more difficult.

As the weeks went by she inquired casually of our relationship. But she promptly rejected Barb's explanation that "You have two mommies and daddies, one pair in Hong Kong and us here."

"You and Lefty are my mommy and daddy," Fanny replied. "The mommy and daddy in Hong Kong are my old mommy and daddy." But her curiosity aroused, Fanny began asking about her brothers and sisters and her parents.

The final decision came slowly, but we faced up to it. From every angle it seemed selfish for us to keep Fanny from her parents and four older brothers and sisters. Barb had told me about the parting at Hong Kong's Kai Tak airport between the Fan family and No. 5 daughter. Mrs. Fan hugged Fanny tightly until the last call. The children clutched a wire gate, tears streaming down their faces as their mother handed over her daughter and Barb rushed to catch her plane.

Late last month Barbara left to return Fanny to her parents in Hong Kong. She plans to spend two months there, instructing the family in walking exercises and other therapy that Fanny will need for many years—at least until she's finished growing. The outlook is bright. Fanny, according to the specialists, will be virtually self-sufficient as an adult. With her wheel chair and an ability to walk on crutches there will be little she can't accomplish. Her biggest problem right now is learning to eat with chopsticks again. She fumbled her first joust with them just before leaving, and Barb reported to me the other day that she still regards their use with a lack of respect. But that doesn't bother me. Barb carried a pair in her purse. I'm certain Fanny was getting expert instruction at every stop along the way.

## Basketball's Moody Marvel (Continued from Page 19)

four days, finally being persuaded by friends to return. This year Coach Smith and college authorities weren't sure until classes opened in September that Robertson would come back for his senior season. They suspected he might follow the 1958 example of Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain, who left the University of Kansas after his junior year for a big-money deal with the Harlem Globetrotters.

There have been various reasons for this strained situation, including the fact that Oscar Robertson is a highly sensitive individual. Little of this shows on the surface. A visit to Robertson's home in Indianapolis is an essential first step toward understanding this quiet young man of twenty-one whose face is bland and unrevealing, except for the cynical smile that occasionally plays around his lips.

The Robertson house is a frame dwelling in need of improvement. It is located on the north side of the city at 3453 Boulevard Place, directly across the street from the Crown Hill Cemetery. Oscar's mother, Mrs. Mazell Robertson, lives there with twenty-three-year-old Henry, another of her three sons. The other, twenty-five-year-old Bailey, is with the Army in Germany.

The boys' father, from whom Mrs. Robertson was divorced in 1949, also lives in Indianapolis. He has the distinction of being the grandson of Marshall Collier, who died five years ago at the age of 116, the oldest person in the United States at the time of his death. Collier was born into slavery in 1838 and was sold several times on the auction block.

Mrs. Robertson is a beautician by trade, a gospel singer by avocation. She belongs to a choral group known as the Beck Jubilee Singers, has written original religious music and has made several television appearances as a singer of spirituals.

Speaking of her youngest boy, Mrs. Robertson observed recently, "There's a lot going on inside Oscar that I don't know. There's a lot I do know, but only because I'm his mother, not because he tells me. His coach doesn't know him and hasn't tried to know him. His teammates don't know him. They know his shots. They know his moves, but they don't know what he's thinking."

Said his brother Henry, "Oz is sort of a reticent person. He lives a lot inside himself. He doesn't trust too many people. I know what to talk to him about and what he doesn't want to discuss. There are things inside Oscar he doesn't discuss, even with his own family."

Some of the things that have been preying on his mind in Cincinnati are obvious. Although Robertson stays away from movies for the sake of his eyes and from alcoholic beverages for the sake of his reflexes, it has bothered him that as a Negro he is not welcome at a movie theater near the campus or at a bar-and-grill that is something of a student hangout.

He was acutely distressed two winters ago at being given segregated accommodations when the team played in Houston. A newspaperman asked him how it felt to be the star, yet be forced to live away from his teammates. Oscar replied, "How would you feel if you were me?"

Upon his return from Texas, Robertson confided to his friend Arthur Hall, "If it happens again, I'll be on the bus back home to Indianapolis." Last winter the team stayed together in Houston—on the university campus, rather than in a hotel.

Says Hall, of Robertson's threat, "Oscar meant it too. He's very proud and extremely conscious of his position and his rights as an individual. He has a capacity for understanding things. He thinks fast and has firm convictions."

A Negro himself, Hall is a Cincinnati alumnus now employed at the Cincinnati

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Gas and Electric Company, where Oscar worked until last summer under the university's co-operative on-the-job training program for students.

Most of Robertson's free time is spent with Hall. "When I'm off the court," Oscar says, "I like to be treated as Oscar Robertson the person, not Oscar Robertson the basketball player." At Hall's home he listens to music on the hi-fi and talks about subjects other than basketball. Aside from this, about the only social activity he has in Cincinnati is an occasional trip across the river to Covington, Kentucky, to date a schoolteacher.

Of course, Oscar is out of town a good bit of the time. He is forever being called upon to receive awards at sports banquets—he attended sixty-four of these functions after his sophomore season—and his regular traveling with the Cincinnati basketball squad is extensive in itself.

During the past two seasons the Bearcats covered more than 25,000 miles and played before 505,721 people. At New York's Madison Square Garden last winter a crowd of 14,587, the largest regular-season turnout there in nearly six years, watched Robertson score forty-five points in an 88–67 victory over New York University. At that, some of the spectators were disappointed. They had been hoping that Oscar would break the Garden record of fifty-six points he had set the previous winter against Seton Hall.

In the N.C.A.A. semifinals at Louisville last March, Robertson and Cincinnati helped attract 18,619 spectators, the biggest crowd of the tournament. The Bearcats bowed by a six-point margin to California, the eventual winner.

At home the attendance pattern has been much the same. Cincinnati traditionally is apathetic toward basketball, but tickets for Bearcat games now are bootlegged at premium prices. Five years ago the university built a new field house seating 7700, which at the time seemed more than adequate. When Oscar was a freshman and ineligible for varsity competition, home attendance averaged only 4321. With Oscar playing as a sophomore, the figure jumped to 6396. Last year it was 7466. This season, according to publicity man Tom Eicher, all eleven home games were sold out last summer.

In his sophomore and junior seasons Robertson scored an aggregate of 1962 points, the highest two-year total ever recorded by a major-college player. He needs only 626 more this winter to break the career high of 2587 set by Dick Hemric in four years of varsity play at Wake Forest. Since Robertson averaged 33.8 points a game his first two years, nothing short of injury or withdrawal from school seems likely to stop him from going well beyond the old mark.

Oscar Robertson is not a physical freak, but a well-proportioned and superbly co-ordinated athlete of six feet, four and three-quarters inches. He has a great variety of shots and is exceptionally accurate with all of them—he sinks more than 50 per cent of his field-goal attempts. However, he is considerably more than just a hot scorer. He also is Cincinnati's top man in rebounds and assists.

After the New York University game last season, a reporter suggested to the N.Y.U. coach, Lou Rossini, who is one of the true scholars of basketball, that Robertson didn't bear down as hard as he might on defense.

"You want him to play defense too?" Rossini demanded.

Robertson's offensive skills are such that early in his college career it became standard practice for Cincinnati's opponents to rig up defenses designed specifically to stop him. They have seldom succeeded. Oscar and his fellow Bearcats edged out Bradley for the Missouri Valley Conference crown two years in a row and compiled tremendous overall records—twenty-five wins and three losses in the 1957–58 season, and twenty-six and four in 1958–59. Each year Cincinnati finished among the top five teams in both the Associated Press and United Press International rating polls.

However, just as Oscar has had his grievances, so there are indications that these triumphant seasons have had their drawbacks as far as those associated with Robertson are concerned. For example, his teammates have been operating in virtual anonymity. They must look closely to find their names in the small type of the box scores. When television people set up their cameras, the unblinking red eye focuses on Robertson. When radio sportscasters bring their tape recorders into the dressing room, they wait in line to interview Robertson. When basketball writers talk at all to the other players, it usually is only to elicit some comment on Oscar's performance.

Last season the other boys contrived their own private jokes about the situation. Whenever the plane carrying the team to a game landed, somebody invariably would pipe up with a wisecrack like, "Let me carry your bag, Oscar. Maybe I'll get in the picture."

It was tomfoolery of the sort college kids often indulge in, but they weren't entirely kidding. Several times there were visible signs of annoyance. One occasion was before a game last January with Drake, which had nearly upset the Bearcats in a 74–72 battle the year before.

On the eve of the game Coach Smith took the unusual step of putting his squad through a heavy nighttime workout. However, Oscar Robertson wasn't there. He had gone off to Columbus with publicist Tom Eicher to pick up an award. His teammates clearly felt that if they had to take extra practice, Oscar should have been required to do it too. They were mollified the following night when The Big O scored forty points to pace them to a 97–60 victory.

Against a weak Temple team in Philadelphia later in the year, Robertson gave one of his worst performances of the season, although he contributed twenty-one points to an 80–60 win. "I was just plain terrible," Oscar said afterward, offering no excuses. Coach George Smith admitted, "He wasn't so good tonight, was he? But this has been four games in a week for him. He's been in a kind of a slump, off and on."

Nevertheless, Coach Smith did not substitute for Robertson as frequently that night as he did for Mike Mendenhall, a senior and the team's third-highest scorer. Nor did he "get on" Robertson the way he appeared to do with Mendenhall. Each time Mendenhall was removed from the game, Smith had some excited comment to make to him. Mike could not hide his exasperation. Once he made an angry retort from the floor to something the coach shouted to him from the bench.

Typically, nobody at the press table could hear what was said. If there has been any real discord at Cincinnati, it has stayed in the family. The players present a united front when questioned by reporters, denying that there is friction between Robertson and the rest of the squad.

Says Mendenhall, "There never was a bit of jealousy existing. It's so much fun playing with Oscar that I even enjoyed practicing with him."

This is echoed by Ralph Davis, the No. 2 scorer at Cincinnati last year, who says, "Oscar's just great. He can do anything. He made our team."

Coach Smith insists that the other players consider themselves fortunate to be playing alongside a man like Robertson. One lad who corroborates this is Paul Hogue, a six-foot, nine-inch, 235-pound sophomore from Knoxville, Tennessee, who now rooms with Oscar in the dormitory.

"I came here because of Oz," Hogue said not long ago. "Getting to know an All-American is something to dream about, but getting a chance to room with him, that's really something."

"What is it like to room with him?" I asked Hogue.

"Oz is kind of moody once in a while," he said. "Sometimes he's as grouchy as a bear—like on planes sometimes. He wants nobody to sit with him. Other times he's laughing and joking with the fellows."

Nobody knew whether Oscar was joking last spring when he reported as a candidate for the Cincinnati baseball team, but nobody was taking any chances either. The baseball department reported to the basketball department, and Smith came running to find out what sort of nonsense his meal ticket was up to.

"I just want to try out for the team," said Oscar, who had played Police Athletic League baseball as a shortstop and pitched briefly as a senior at Crispus Attucks High School in Indianapolis.

"What position are you trying out for?" Smith asked.

"First base," Oscar said.

"Why don't you go out for the outfield, where you can't get hurt?" said Smith.

As it turned out, Smith didn't have long to worry. When Oscar reported to the equipment room for spiked shoes, there were none to fit his size 14-D feet. He was told they'd order a pair for him, but long after the baseball season started the shoes still had not arrived. Robertson was certain Smith had recommended that the order be buried—and Oscar's adventure in baseball along with it.

"Why the heck would he want to go out for baseball?" said publicity man Eicher in disclosing the story to me. "Why doesn't he just let well enough alone? Basketball's the big thing here, and Oz is the greatest at it. But you know, he isn't the easiest guy in the world to get along with. I'll tell you the truth—I'll be glad when he's gone. It'll be easier on me. Once I said to him, 'Why don't you give instead of always taking?' He's always asking for tickets or pictures. You'd think this office was being run just for him."

This is one way of looking at it. Back in Indianapolis, Oscar's mother says, "Sometimes the people in the college act like they think they own my boy. They don't. I didn't sell him. If I had, would I still be working in a beauty shop? Oscar's his own man. He likes to make his own decisions, and long ago I decided to let him find his own way."

For Oscar's part, he tends to feel that on broader matters, such as racial discrimination, the college hasn't done all for him that it might. "They just don't stand up for you when you need them," he has said.

By his own unsolicited admission Robertson has lost most of his interest in the business-administration courses he has been taking at Cincinnati. His career ambitions now center around becoming a well-paid professional basketball player.

Last spring his mother was seriously ill. It distressed Oscar that upon her recovery she had to go back to work instead of taking things easy.

"Someday," Oscar told her, "I'll get all these bills paid and sit you down and make you stay there and not work any more."

Adding all these factors together, it is hardly surprising that a lot of people expected Oscar to go for the big money this year with the Harlem Globetrotters. He seemed to be just the sort of attraction the Globetrotters needed to replace Wilt Chamberlain, who signed up with the Philadelphia Warriors of the National Basketball Association last May.

Significantly, soon after Chamberlain left the Globetrotters, Robertson was hired as a trainee by the prosperous Thomas E. Wood Insurance Company in Cincinnati. Tom Wood is the major stockholder of the Cincinnati Royals of the N.B.A., who have territorial rights to Robertson when he becomes eligible for the pro draft next year. One reason the Royals have hung on through several lean years in Cincinnati is that they expect Oscar ultimately to revitalize them in the standings and at the gate.

There are other considerations which undoubtedly entered into Oscar's decision to return to college this year. One is that he has yet to play on a national-championship team. In the 1958 N.C.A.A. tournament Cincinnati was eliminated in the second round in an overtime game with Kansas State. In 1959 the Bearcats got as far as the semifinals before bowing to California's ball-control style of play

"Isn't that a strip of bacon you're wearing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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in a low-scoring game, 64–58. Robertson himself was limited to nineteen points.

"The only thing I've got to look forward to now is that championship," he says. Actually he has other honors to shoot for—a new all-time individual scoring record and an unprecedented third straight year of being recognized as the country's No. 1 college player. On the latter count, one of his chief rivals figured to be Jerry West, of West Virginia, who was voted the top performer in last year's N.C.A.A. tournament.

Years of unceasing effort have gone into making Oscar the basketball marvel he is today. "I've never seen a boy who worked so hard to become great," says Tony Hinkle, coach of Butler University, who has known Oscar since high school.

In more academic terms, Dr. Kenneth Wilson, dean of Cincinnati's college of business administration, declares, "People like Oscar have a great driving desire to be a champion. Some would call it aggressiveness. I'd rather think of it as maturity and poise. He's had to develop remarkable maturity to withstand the assaults of his publicity."

Oscar Robertson's beginnings were humble indeed. He spent his infancy in Dickson County, Tennessee, in a shack owned by Early Bell, his maternal grandfather, who today is still farming his own piece of land at seventy-seven.

The Robertsons moved to Indianapolis when Oscar was four. The mother, father, three boys and an aunt lived at first in what was little more than a hovel on the northwest side of the city. A tar-paper roof protected them from the rain.

"There were crap games going on in that neighborhood all the time," says Mrs. Robertson. "People were doing all kinds of wrong things, and I had to tell my children why they had to be different."

As soon as the boys were old enough, the Robertsons got Y.M.C.A. cards for them. Their sports interest was born in the Senate Avenue "Y" and nurtured in "the Dust Bowl"—a vacant lot where the kids played pick-up games.

Bailey, the eldest, was the first to gain athletic recognition. He made the team at Crispus Attucks. Henry did too. Bailey went on to Indiana Central College where he set a state collegiate scoring record with 2268 points in four years. Before going into the Army he played briefly with a unit of the Globetrotters. Henry entered Pittsburg Teachers in Kansas, but soon dropped out.

Meanwhile Oscar had taken up basketball in the fourth grade. "My brothers wouldn't let me play with them," he recalls. "I promised myself I'd get good enough so they'd have to let me play and I practiced all the time."

Practice is drudgery to most players. With Robertson it is almost a ritual. It is not unusual to see him walking around the university campus today with ball in hand, fingering it in the various positions he uses to shoot, pass or dribble. At other times Oscar can be found in the gym alone, shooting by the hour. This dates back to his high-school days, when coach Ray Crowe gave Robertson a key to the gym so that he could work out daily during vacations.

"I like to win at anything I play," Oscar says. "Once I went over to the Lincoln Center in Cincinnati with a friend named Harold Trotter. He wanted to play me table tennis. He knew he was going to beat me, but I wasn't going to let him. I played him almost all night until I beat him.

"In every game you pick up a little something. That's the way basketball is with me. It's a year-round thing, and the tougher the competition the more I put out. Let's say I'm playing against somebody, and he blocks my shot. I say to myself, *You won't do it again.* I figure the next time I'll know how he'll react and be ready for him."

Before a basketball game at Cincinnati, Robertson generally can be found in his room in French Hall, listening to the record player with his eyes closed. It is a cluttered room with a double-decker bunk, sneakers tossed haphazardly under a desk, and basketballs and empty soft-drink bottles littering the floor. Half a dozen trophies are on the desk and they seem to overshadow his books.

The records drone on. Perhaps "drone" is the wrong word, for Robertson is a rock-'n'-roll fan. This kind of music relaxes him, and Oscar is a great one for relaxing before a ball game. To get his muscles loose he does a sort of shrugging exercise.

En route to the arena on a midwinter evening he wears dark glasses. "They keep the wind from bothering my eyes," he explains.

He is lean of waist, broad of shoulder and remarkably graceful. As a high-school freshman Oscar Robertson was five feet, eight inches tall and weighed 160 pounds. By his sophomore year he had added four inches and fifteen pounds. Today, standing a fraction less than six five, he weighs around 197 pounds. His hands envelop a basketball as if it were a grapefuit. There is a ten-inch spread from the tip of his middle finger to the heel of his hand, and a nine inch span between his little finger and his thumb. When he jumps, his head rises well above the rim of the ten-foot-high basket. Most coaches who have watched him say they have never seen such quick and accurate reflexes.

This has been apparent from his earliest competitive years. In high school Oscar's average rose from twelve points per game as a sophomore to 21.7 as a junior and to twenty-six as a senior. He led Crispus Attucks to a pair of state-tournament championships, the first ever won by an all-Negro school in Indiana. In the annual Indiana-Kentucky all-star competition, he was voted the "Star of Stars" award. It was here, Robertson remembers, that Adolph Rupp, the University of Kentucky coach, first saw Oscar and offered him the chance to become Kentucky's first Negro player.

Long before then, however, other college recruiters were pursuing Robertson. Cincinnati's George Smith got on the trail back in 1954. By the time Oscar was ready to be graduated in 1956, some forty schools had contacted him. Specific offers came from eighteen of them—including Indiana, Purdue, Butler, Notre Dame, Illinois, Duquesne, Kansas and Dayton.

According to a Duquesne scout, Robertson was virtually pledged to them; and when Oscar announced Cincinnati as his choice, he was berated by Ray Crowe, the coach at Crispus Attucks, for breaking his word. Crowe has denied this story.

As is usually the case when a college snares a widely sought athlete, there were rumors that Oscar had been given a $250 watch, a new car and a wardrobe of clothes. During the height of the recruiting competition a FOR SALE sign appeared on the Robertson home in Indianapolis, but it was taken down soon afterward. At any rate, the N.C.A.A. has never found evidence of violations in the Robertson case.

During his first three years at Cincinnati he alternately attended classes for seven weeks and then worked seven weeks under the university's co-op plan. The N.C.A.A. decided last spring—without reference to Robertson—that this gave the school an unfair advantage in subsidizing athletes. Oscar now has switched to an accelerated no-job program; but while he was on the old basis he earned $1.80 an hour for a forty-hour week approximately twenty-six weeks out of every year. He operated a calculator in the plant-accounting section of the treasury department of the Cincinnati Gas and Electric Company.

As a basketball player Oscar also has what is euphemistically known as a "sponsor"—Walter Paul, owner of the Queen City Barrel Company. Paul provides such niceties as a car and chauffeur for Oscar's mother on her rare trips to Cincinnati for games. This touch of luxury, however, has not entirely compensated in Mrs. Robertson's eyes for other aspects of her visits. She speaks testily of the way some university officials ignore her presence.

Both she and Oscar's brother Henry were angered at something that happened in the Dixie Classic at Raleigh, North Carolina, last year. In one game Dave Budd of Wake Forest worked Robertson over, and Oscar wound up with a cut eye. Henry says that when he remonstrated later with certain members of the Cincinnati athletic department they told him bluntly that he had no business being there to see his brother play.

Because of Oscar's talent and reputation, he has become the target for every overenthusiastic opponent who feels the battle will be half won if he can knock Robertson on his back. All in all, Oscar comes in for more than a normal share of physical and verbal abuse.

"Some of it," he says, "you've got to expect. Some of it there's no excuse for, and I'm learning to give back as much as I get."

Robertson also throws a number of remarks and stricken looks in the direction of referees. This has brought him criticism as a crybaby who must have things go his way.

"He can't be such a superman if he whines so much," said one referee, who understandably did not wish to be named.

Oscar maintains, "Most of the time when I look mad, it's not anybody else I'm mad at, just myself. I know I should be doing better."

Oscar Robertson will never stop trying to do better. Few opponents, however, have been able to see much room for improvement. As far as they're concerned, Oscar is already much too good the way he is right now. THE END

This made you laugh in 1943...

"Now, now, dear—in just a few minutes we'll see daddy."

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# The Christmas Cotillion

(Continued from Page 12)

thing —— My goodness, Lewis has the kind of integrity—why, he's unselfish! He's like—he's like Miss Cassie!"

Mercifully someone cut in then. I put George out of my mind and forgave him. That was easy; everyone knew how inept silly old George could be. And anyway it was a wonderful evening. I was inheriting all Brooke's partners—all, that is, but one: a huge, muscular young man who was clearly catnip to all the girls, and equally clearly had no eyes for any girl but Brooke. Later in the evening, when George danced with me again, I asked him about the mysterious stranger.

"Oh, that," said George placidly, "is the new intern at the hospital."

"H'm'm. I have an awful lot of symptoms," I remarked wistfully.

"And the young doctor operates beautifully," George observed. I looked at him sharply, but his blue eyes were as bland as marbles.

The next day Lewis and I went to tea with Brooke and Aunt Cassie, as we always did on Sundays in Cumberland. In the upstairs sitting room Aunt Cassie lay on her little sofa, looking prettier than ever; illness only made her more fragile, not less exquisite. She and Brooke were as unlike as a mother and daughter can be; in fact, their positions were neatly reversed, for it was Aunt Cassie who turned to Brooke for everything, and Brooke never left her side, unless old Rachel was with her.

Now Aunt Cassie held Lewis's hand and kissed me. "Lisa, my dear, Brooke tells me you were the belle of the ball."

"Brooke tells awful lies," I said. "You ought to speak to her."

Aunt Cassie's blue eyes opened wide. "Brooke, dear, you mustn't tell lies. Lisa was a wallflower."

Everyone laughed at me, and I giggled and said, "Well, they were all Brooke's partners—except one, a giant who never came near me."

"Ah, yes," Aunt Cassie's glance sparkled at Brooke. "Doctor Hoolihan, the halfback of Notre Dame. He came to tea and crushed a Spode teacup between thumb and forefinger."

"He's very nice, really," Brooke said.

"Lewis," said Aunt Cassie, "did you ever hear that Cumberland is known as the City of Immortal Spinsters?"

Brooke began to laugh helplessly. "Darling, you'd make somebody a marvelous mother—you work so hard at it!"

Aunt Cassie murmured that *her* family had *always* married. On both sides.

"Rumor has it," Lewis teased her, "that you were in no hurry to stop playing the field yourself, Aunt Cassie."

Aunt Cassie replied with some hauteur that Uncle Ben had not been a man who was easily caught. "Every girl in town was after him. Goodness, I must have had fifty bridesmaids—runners-up, you know. My father called them my Altar Egos ——"

The doorbell rang, and old Rachel climbed the stairs slowly, followed by George Saxon, looking as pink as a peony, and then, to my delight, young Doctor Hoolihan. I could have saved my delight for a worthier cause, however. While we sat around Aunt Cassie's sofa, noisily gay as always, Doctor Hoolihan and Brooke sat across the room, in a window seat, talking intently—or at least the doctor talked intently. Brooke looked both interested and beautiful, two things she did well.

Finally Aunt Cassie said, "You must forgive me, dears, it's time for me to lie down. So boring!" She called over to the window seat. "Doctor Hoolihan, you remember what Chesterton said about lying in bed?"

Doctor Hoolihan stumbled to his enormous feet, looking anxious and bewildered. Lewis laughed. "That it would be an altogether supreme experience if one only had a pencil long enough to draw on the ceiling!"

Aunt Cassie smiled at him fondly—she and Lewis were always capping each other's quotations. But it was George who did the unexpected. He bent and kissed her hand. "Miss Cassie, I will see that you get an eight-foot pencil, if I have to send to—to Philadelphia for it!"

"Reckless, headstrong boy!" cried Aunt Cassie.

### Hail Maturity!

By Harry MacPherson

Let others moan the loss of
youth—
I'll confess the shocking truth.
My salad days were pretty silly;
I must have been a daffy dilly.
And that is why I freely own up
I'm glad I grew to be a
grownup.

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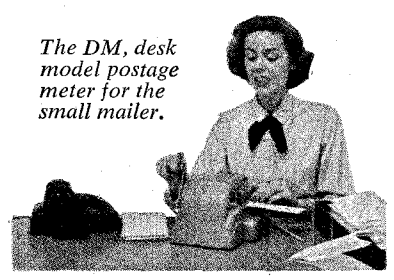

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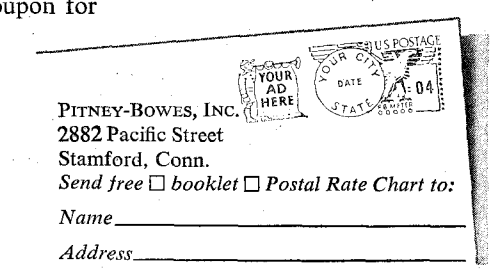


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As Lewis and I walked back to Uncle Henry's house that evening, I said, "Lewis, last night George asked me the funniest thing—whether you were going to be a city bumpkin or a country slicker." Lewis gave a bark of laughter. "I'm not quite sure what he meant," I admitted. "But it sounded rude."

"Oh George would never be rude," Lewis objected. "Anyway, not behind my back."

"No," I agreed reluctantly. "He's just silly, isn't he?"

"Well," said Lewis, and in a moment we were talking of something else. Lewis was a past master of the inconclusive "well." He said it with an inviting upward inflection, as though something important were about to follow—and it wasn't till hours later that you realized nothing had followed it at all.

That was the last time we saw Aunt Cassie. A few months later she died quietly in her sleep. Lewis and I went back to Cumberland for the funeral, and the first person I saw was redheaded Allison Greenough. She kissed me and then with her usual directness she said, "Lisa, Brooke Rayburn is your own cousin, isn't she? Child, that girl has gone all to pieces." I looked incredulous, and Allie nodded. "Doctor Blayne's kept her under sedatives ever since Miss Cassie died."

"Oh, Allie, it's just temporary shock," I said with all the wisdom of eighteen. "What she needs —— Where's that *young* doctor?"

"She hurt his feelings," Allie said shortly.

"Brooke hurt somebody's feelings? You're out of your mind!"

Allison said stiffly, "Bob Hoolihan would have jumped off Longview Mountain if she'd told him to. And then, when Miss Cassie died, she wouldn't even see him—made Rachel send him away. Why, she wouldn't even see George Saxon, and he's Miss Cassie's executor!"

Doctor Blayne refused to let Brooke go to the funeral, but everyone else in Cumberland was there. Afterward, as we stood waiting in the rain, I overheard a snippet of talk from under an umbrella:

". . . a mercy, really. She may feel free to marry now. . . ."

"Yes, and what Cassie would ever have done without her. . . ."

". . . not every daughter. Just a tower of strength. . . ."

When we were safely in the train, I said to Lewis, "You know what? I think Brooke ought to marry George Saxon." I waited for Lewis to explode. After a moment he said, "Well ——"

"You know very well," I persisted, "Brooke will never be happy without somebody to look after and manage and protect—and nobody needs it as much as dear old popeyed George."

Lewis didn't even say "well."

That winter I was a freshman at college, and Lewis had just become the newest lawyer in one of New York's oldest firms. We were both so busy with our own lives that, unbelievable as it seems to me now, it was June before I realized that we had heard not a word from Brooke since Aunt Cassie's funeral. I spoke to Lewis about it.

"Forgot to tell you," he said. "Got a letter from Allie Greenough the other day." With superhuman restraint I managed not to comment on this—I was just beginning to learn a little sense. "Brooke turned down that rather spacious medical type with a crash you could have heard in West Virginia."

"It is barely possible," I said icily, "that she was not in love with Doctor Hoolihan."

"Cumberland is saying Brooke isn't herself."

"Honestly! As if Cumberland knew what Brooke's *self* is like, anyway!" And I flounced out.

It was not until the next autumn that we saw Brooke again; and when we did I was as puzzled as Cumberland.

On her twenty-first birthday, that October, she inherited not only Aunt Cassie's estate but also the Rayburn fortune as well. It was quite a lot. She wrote us that she was going abroad, alone, and that she would be in New York for a day or two before she sailed.

I came down from college one biting, gray weekend in November to see Brooke off. When I walked into the flower-scented luxury of her hotel suite, I was at first astonished and then dismayed. Brooke, who had never used more than a stroke of lipstick and a fluff of powder, was wearing an elaborate and very skillful make-up. Within five minutes I knew that the change in her was more than just a touch of mascara. Brooke's most endearing quality had always been her warm serenity; now she was like a taut wire. You were afraid to touch her, for fear she'd snap. And, of course, before the evening was over, snap she did. I'm not likely to forget it.

She kissed me affectionately, and she asked me what I was doing. But she didn't listen. I had started to tell her about a Yale man named Montgomery; before I was fairly started she rang for cocktails.

"Darling—forgive!" she said. "Before you go on let's drink to the City of Immortal Spinsters. You know, Lisa, nobody really *lives* in Cumberland. Except me." She giggled. "And I'm gone. I feel like a ship leaving the sinking rats ——"

The telephone rang; she snatched it. "Lewis, darling! Come straight up—what are they *thinking* of down there? Babs and Eric too!"

I thought, *I can tell her about Tom Montgomery later when we're alone.* But more and more people came, and more and more bottles and glasses and ice and little hot canapés and mink jackets and high screams—and then, just when I thought the room couldn't possibly hold another soul, people began to leave in a great rush, and half an hour later there were only four or five of us left, and it was nine o'clock. Brooke's ship sailed at midnight.

"Let's all go to a night club!" she cried suddenly.

"You haven't much time, Brooke," somebody began, when the door of the suite swung open, and there stood, of all people, George Saxon, beaming around like a lighthouse wired for good will. Brooke stared at him.

"Is it all right?" George asked happily. "They told me at the desk to come right on up. I found I had to be in New ——"

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Brooke said in a high voice. "May I present Mr. George Saxon, the white flower of American knighthood, who stands for loyalty, purity and no nonsense." She went unsteadily to the table. "What can I get for you, George? A little hemlock on the rocks? Some deadly nightshade—properly chilled, of course? Name, as they say, your poison." George's fair skin turned rosy. Lewis looked at me, and his head moved very slightly toward the bedroom.

"Brooke, dear," I said, too loudly, "Lewis will get George a drink. It's getting late and we ought to get ready."

She went with me like a child as far as the bedroom door. Then she jerked around. "You see, George?" she called shrilly. "It's just like you said—wicked parties, evil companions ——"

George laughed, fairly successfully. "Oh, Brooke, I never ——"

"You said if I went away I'd get into trouble. That's what you said. You said girls who were young and beautiful and rich ——"

"We'll be right back," I said firmly, and shut the bedroom door behind us. Brooke sat down abruptly on the nearest chair.

"But I'm not," she said in a flat voice. "I'm just young and fairly well off—and that's all. You know that, Lisa? That's all. I don't know where I'm going. I don't even know what I'm looking for."

"Your comb," I suggested. "Here it is."

"Because we're all looking for something, you know, Lisa. Even George. You know what George is looking for, Lisa? Something to lean on. Me. George has pale-blue tapioca eyes, and he begs. He *begs*, with his pale-blue ——" Before I knew it she was on her feet and had pulled open the door. "George Saxon!" Everyone turned. "I didn't ask you to this party—you know that? This party isn't for Cumberland at all; it's just for people I like. You can go on home now. Hear?"

George lost neither his smile nor his dignity. "All right, Brooke," he said lightly. "I'll go. Good-by. Have a wonderful winter."

"No!" said Brooke. "I'm going first. Lewis will take me." And with the unpredictability of the partially drunk, she would have none of the rest of us. She would go to the ship, but only with Lewis.

Incredibly George went on to dinner with us as though nothing had happened. I was absolutely miserable. I despised George for not seeing—or, if he saw, not minding—what Brooke had done to him, almost as much as I despised Brooke for doing it. And I had loved and admired Brooke Rayburn all my life—lovely, serene Brooke, the most popular girl in Cumberland. At midnight we toasted Brooke and the ship and Italy, and I was sick with disillusion.

The following May Brooke was married in Rome, to Count Alfredo Piovanni. Lewis and I stared at the cablegram as if it were dangerous.

"Well—it's a very ancient family," he said at last.

"Whose blood has probably run a little thin," I said cynically.

"Let us hope the same cannot be said of their bank account," Lewis added.

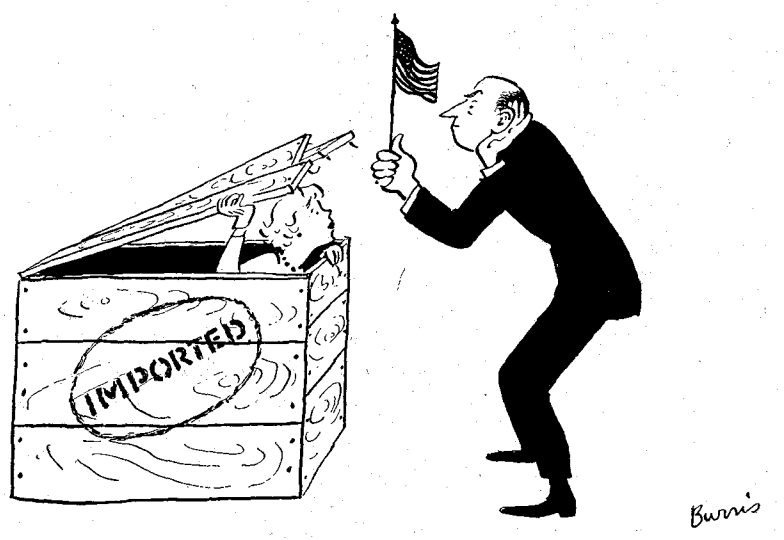
"I told you!" I burst out. "I told you she needed someone to take care of and worry over ——"

"You said," said Lewis mildly, "that she ought to marry George."

Sometimes Lewis can be utterly maddening.

About six weeks later I got a letter from Brooke. It was a long, affectionate letter, but it was also a happy one. The Piovanni fortunes were extremely healthy; her descriptions of the old *contessa* were hilarious; and I must come and visit them immediately, so that I could know and love Alfredo. Much as I wanted to accept that invitation, I wanted even more to stay at home. Thomas Montgomery was graduating from Yale and would be in New York all summer.

In the fall I was a junior in college, and at Christmas vacation I was officially engaged to Tom, with his grandmother's sapphire-and-diamond ring. Lewis was flying to Cumberland whenever he could get away, and the following July his own engagement was announced, to Allie




## The Perfect Squelch

Liza, born abroad, worked her way through secretarial school and college, and held good office jobs in New York, Washington and Richmond. Then her family moved to Boston. Twice in job interviews there the interviewers mentioned her foreign accent. On the third occasion the personnel manager of a firm asked point-blank, with a strong Yankee twang, "How long have you been in this country?"

Liza replied that she had lived here nearly fifteen years.

"You still haven't got rid of your accent," the man said almost accusingly.

"No, I haven't," Liza replied with a smile. "You see, I can't decide whether to replace it with a Yankee accent or a Southern accent."

**Alice Mekitaryan**

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Greenough. Tom and I went to Cumberland for the parties.

Cumberland had always considered Lewis and me as its own; and when they discovered that Tom had relatives in Richmond, the resulting celebrations almost broke us in wind and limb. George Saxon was, of course, everywhere, his smile as benign as his round blue eyes. In fact, his good-natured placidity irritated me beyond reason. After all, his devotion to Brooke had been public and unwavering all his life, and yet he was apparently a perfectly happy man.

On a hot night in August Lewis and I got back to New York, to find a letter from Brooke awaiting us. Something made me drop my suitcase and tear the envelope open. Count Alfredo Piovanni had shot himself. He hadn't even tried to make it look like an accident.

Brooke said that she was not coming home, that the Piovannis were kindness itself and she would let us know her plans. We wrote, of course. No answer came back.

Eight months later, just after Easter, Lewis was married. Tom and I had to postpone our own wedding for another year, until he was established in an architect's firm. But the week before Lewis was married a letter came from Brooke, written in a small, uneven hand. She said she had taken a flat in Rome, but she might be in Scotland for August. She said on the other hand she might take a trip to the Far East. She said she much preferred Italian clothes to French, and why didn't Tom and I come to Europe on our honeymoon, and how was dear old Slumberland? She never mentioned Alfredo's name.

And that was the last we heard for three solid years.

It was one day in early October when Allie called me on the telephone. "Brooke's coming home—for Christmas!"

"I know—I just got a letter, too," I said. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Shall we all go down for the cotillion?" Allie asked, as excited as though it were her first. As a matter of fact, I was too. Tom and Lewis were able to leave at the same time.

And so, on the afternoon of the cotillion, there we all were in the upstairs sitting room of the Rayburn house. Aunt Cassie was gone, and old Rachel too. Brooke was there, but it was a very different Brooke from the girl who had gone away. This Brooke was a charming woman with tired eyes and thin, restless hands. Her simple gray wool dress had superlative chic, and her jewels were magnificent. She had put down a cigarette to pour tea; when our cups were filled, she forgot the first cigarette and lighted another.

"Do tell me," she said vivaciously, "is ghastly Aunt Bella Brattle going to be patroness this year? Do you remember how she used to waddle onto the stage ——"

I took it up. "With Mr. Brattle plodding along behind her, carrying her—whatever it was—chinchilla?" Brooke laughed.

"Dear girl, it was unborn hamster," said Lewis.

"Brooke!" Allison exploded suddenly. "I simply cannot stand it—I must tell you! The Cotillion Committee is going to ask you to be patroness! They wanted it to be a surprise, but I don't think it's fair—you ought to know." Brooke had put down her cup and was staring at Allie, who went on at top speed. "Won't it be heaven? You can make a queenly entrance between the curtains and sit in the patroness box ——"

"Brooke!" I screeched. "Can we all sit with you? Oh, I never in my wildest dreams—Brooke, can we?"

"You don't love me for myself, Wanda. It's my poverty, isn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But—but the patroness!" Brooke seemed out of breath. "They never ask a *young* woman!"

"They do if she's a prodigal countess, dear."

Brooke glanced from Allison to me; she looked sick. "But—I shan't have a partner, shall I?"

There was a tiny silence. Then Lewis said briskly, "Why not ask George Saxon? He's led the cotillion for years."

Brooke drew a deep breath. "Yes—yes, that would be all right, wouldn't it? I mean—if we're all together ——"

Everybody talked at once, then, and we four hurried back to Uncle Henry's. George was just ringing our doorbell.

"Had to welcome you home." He smiled at us all. "You know about Brooke?"

Lewis made him come in and have a drink. When George was settled, Lewis said abruptly, "You realize what's going to happen tonight?"

George blinked. "Well, of course. That's what I ——"

"You know what's the matter with Brooke?"

George said shortly, "Yes, I do."

"I don't think so," Lewis said.

"Oh, Lewis, don't be so *Delphic!*" I said. "We have to get dressed! Her husband committed suicide, that's what happened. Isn't it enough?"

"No," said Lewis.

George said, "If you mean that she thinks it's her fault—that somehow she failed Alfredo—well, it's heartbreaking, of course, but utterly ridiculous."

"Heartbreaking, yes. Ridiculous, no," said Lewis. "It's true."

George put down his glass with a little clack, and I said truculently, "Now how did she fail him? Why?"

"Because she was afraid," Lewis said evenly. "She's always been afraid. She thought Piovanni would take care of her—like Aunt Cassie did. Protect her, shelter her. Always be there ——"

"Aunt Cassie took care of Brooke?" I looked at Allie for support, but the expression in her eyes stopped me—she knew what Lewis meant. I didn't.

"You think," George said slowly, "that Piovanni was—frightened too?"

"I think," said Lewis, "that they each demanded the one thing the other couldn't give. You remember the night she sailed?" George's face never moved a muscle. I thought then, with a kind of surprise, *He's a man!* Lewis went on almost brutally, "Well, she'll do it again if you let her. And if you let her this time, she's lost. Really lost."

George stood up. "What you mean is that if I let her trample on me once more, she'll never respect me at all? Let me tell you something, Lewis. If it helps her the least little bit, Brooke can trample on me any time she feels like it. I can take it—indefinitely."

Lewis stood up too. "George, you're an idiot."

"So they say," George agreed dryly.

"I take it back. No, you're not an idiot. You're worse. You can take being pushed around. But what about Brooke? Do you think that's what she needs—to push someone around?"

They stared at each other. "I think," said George, "that I know her far better than you do. See you all later."

When Tom and I reached the hall that evening, the noise in the big, crowded lobby was like the roaring of an oncoming wind. Beyond, we caught a glimpse of the great chandelier, the glitter of the musicians' instruments, the expanse of polished floor. And the background to it all was the red velvet curtains, with the patroness box below, massed with red and white carnations. We fled backstage.

Brooke was standing next to the curtain with Lewis and Allison beside her. Her rosy satin ball gown glowed like a great Christmas bell. Her arms and shoulders were ivory. She was shaking from head to foot.

"Now, now," Lewis was saying. "Pull yourself together, Brooke. What is it?"

"I can't—oh, it's silly!" Brooke's laugh was nothing but a little catch in her throat. "I can't go out—in front of all those people—after what—after —— Lewis, I can't! It's—it's the applause!"

"The applause?" As Lewis spoke, George came up the little flight of steps behind Brooke and stopped. Brooke put her hand on Lewis's sleeve.

"Don't you see? Who will they be applauding for, Lewis? Cassie Rayburn's daughter? Or Alfredo Piovanni's wife?" She laughed again. "I'm not either one. They're both dead. Who will they be clapping for?"

"For you!" Lewis said sharply.

"Who's me?" said Brooke, laughing a little harder.

"Stop that!" Lewis snapped. "For once in your life act like a grownup. Get out there in front of that curtain and open this ball!"

George plunged forward, pushing Lewis roughly aside. "That's enough!" He put his arm around Brooke's shoulders, and she wilted against him. "There's no need to bully, Lewis, and no reason whatever for her to torture herself. If she doesn't want to go out there. . . . Come along, Brooke darling, I'll explain the whole thing to ——"

"No." Brooke straightened. "No, George, wait. I do have to go out. I can't go on being a baby. It's just that ——" She began to shake again.

"It's just that you can't do it alone," George said. "All right, you don't have to, because I'm going with you. That didn't occur to you, did it, Lewis? To help her?"

Lewis muttered, "No," in a tone of unbelievable humility. I looked at him in amazement, and he very nearly grinned.

"But, George!" Brooke was horrified. "You can't do that! You know what everyone would think—at a cotillion? If you went out there with me, they'd say ——"

"That we were going to be married." George's voice was steady, but his face was quite white. He smiled at her. "So let them!"

Somebody came to the foot of the stairs and called, "Ready, Brooke? Here we go!" And the orchestra crashed into *The Blue Danube*, the traditional waltz that heralded the entrance of the patroness.

"George!" Brooke said again, laughing weakly. "Don't be quixotic! You don't have to marry me to get a cotillion started!"

"Well, apparently I do," said George.

Brooke looked utterly despairing. "But you don't really need me ——"

The music rose, and George's voice rose too. "Who said anything about me needing you? It's you who need me, and always have! Now come on, Brooke, and pick up your feet, darling! I love you!"

Lights and music, the feminine sparkle, the masculine black and white. *I wonder whether I'll ever be too old for the Christmas Cotillion,* I thought ecstatically. *Oh, I hope not—I can't imagine it!*

Brooke swept past, laughing as one dance partner was replaced by another, and then another. George stood at the edge of the floor, smiling—and time seemed to wheel backward. I felt as though a curtain—a red velvet curtain—were rising very slowly in my mind. I said aloud, "I suppose that George is really quite a lot like Aunt Cassie!"

"How do you mean?" Tom looked indulgent and amused. I said, "Well, you see, Aunt Cassie refused to be—well, swamped. By illness or anything else. And we could never swamp George, by laughing at him or belittling him, or anything. Neither of them needed other people to show them who they were. They knew ——" I broke off, thinking of all the things George was; and Tom said, "I know what you mean." He smiled at me. "'Be substantially great and more than thou appearest to others'?"

Then Lewis was standing at my side. "'And let the world be deceived in thee as they are in the lights of heaven.' Sir Thomas Browne. Dance?"

For a moment all the lights seemed dim and the music muted. "Oh, dear Lewis," I said. "Is the world always deceived in everybody?"

"Well," said Lewis, and the lights blazed into brightness and the music swelled into excitement, and somebody else cut in.

THE END

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# Forbidden Stranger (Continued from Page 22)

"Don't be cross, Laurie, we'll never have another chance."

The man laughed. "I'd consider it an honor," he said, and helped Cissy climb up to the yellow door. Then he turned, waiting for Laurie, laughter still in his eyes. But Laurie did not move. She put her hands behind her and shook her head.

He shrugged and leaned his shoulders against the wheel of the cart. The world seemed very quiet, and Laurie stood in the circle of silence and met his dark eyes, so steady on her face that she could not speak or move or turn away.

"He has a bed with a lovely quilt," Cissy said from the door. "It's a rose of Sharon, Laurie, and there's a table and a cupboard with saucers and cups!"

Cissy's voice went on and on, but the man did not take his eyes from Laurie.

"It's like a dollhouse," Cissy said. Her voice trailed away into the silence; bewildered, she looked at the man, then at Laurie. "Laurie, you look so queer."

Laurie took a step backward. "I want to go," she said.

The spell was broken. Cissy, as if startled from a dream, blushed a furious red and jumped to the ground. Laurie took her hand and crossed the bridge, understanding for the first time, as she heard the hollow thump of her heels, why papa's horses were so unreasonably afraid of the bridge. They either dashed blindly across or refused to cross it at all, and now Laurie fled from the unquiet spot with the same instinctive panic.

She visited with Aunt Bessie, and teased Uncle Nate for using scented brilliantine on his beard, and tried on Cissy's new middy dress. The afternoon waned, and the sun slanted in long shadows across the gold-and-scarlet drifts of maple; and on the opposite hill, a slender thread of blue smoke climbed into the sky.

"Mamma's starting supper," she said finally. She could not put it off any longer. She must go home alone, and the way home lay down the road and across the bridge and past the yellow cart.

"Laurie," Cissy said, "would you like someone to walk with you?"

"I'm not afraid," Laurie said.

"But I'm afraid," Cissy whispered. "You saw how he put a hex on me." Laurie laughed.

She walked down the hill, noticing that the fields were empty and the sun had dropped behind the trees.

When she saw him, it was too late to turn back. He was leaning on the bridge, looking down into the water, and, although her feet made no sound on the dusty road, he turned as if he had been expecting her. Laurie's heart thudded painfully; for a brief moment the world seemed dark and heavy with menace.

Then he smiled at her. "I've been waiting for you," he said.

There were several things she might have said, polite, meaningless words that would carry her safely past him and up the hill to the house, and mamma and papa, and supper waiting on the table.

But she said none of them. And inside her the panic subsided slowly and surely. Looking at the yellow cart, she said, "What do you do when winter comes?"

"Build my fire higher," he said, "and pull the curtains tight."

In her mind Laurie saw the campfire leaping high, pushing the night away with cheerful noises, and the curtains drawn snugly against the weather. "If I look very hard," she said, "it might disappear. Like something I'd dreamed."

His dark eyes rested on her face. "Do you want it to disappear?"

"No," she said honestly, "not till I've looked my fill."

He laughed. "Always tell the truth, Laurie. It becomes you."

Unable to turn away from his laughter, Laurie looked at the curve of his mouth, the tiny flames flickering behind his eyes.

"I don't know your name," she said.

"Cameron," he said, "but I'd like it if you made it Cam."

It was an odd name, but then he was an odd man. "Is that all?"

"All you need to know," he said. "But it's Cam Murray."

They leaned together on the railing. Above them the sky deepened to turquoise, and a star hung over the hill. It was the same as any other autumn dusk, Laurie thought, and yet the world had somehow been reversed. The house on the hill, mamma and papa and Cissy, had grown oddly alien and distant, while here, standing with a stranger, she felt sheltered and safe, like a child come home after dark, wrapped in a warmth unlike any she had ever known.

"Why were you waiting for me?" she asked finally.

"Because you were frightened."

"I wasn't afraid of you," she said. "It wasn't that."

"I know," he said gently.

Laurie stirred reluctantly. "I'll be late for supper."

"Then run along," he said. "I don't want a stern father after me, asking a lot of unfriendly questions."

"Will you be gone in the morning?"

"I'm in no hurry," he said, "and my mare needs a rest."

She laughed and lifted her skirt, running up the hill as if she had wings on her feet. Once she turned for a last look, and he was still standing in the center of the road, hands on his hips, watching her.

She was very happy the next morning. It was her nineteenth birthday, and the day was fair, and papa had allowed a party. At mamma's request she went outside to gather flowers, cutting yellow and white mums in the yard, going down through the orchard to gather the purple asters edging the fence and the black-eyed Susans sprinkled over the meadow.

It was quite a shock to discover, when she raised her head, that she had almost reached the creek. Startled, she stared at the yellow wagon; the door stood open, and the horse grazed on the bank, but no one lay sleeping in the sun.

A reckless idea formed in her mind. Running down the meadow into the clearing, she worked rapidly, urgency pushing her, and soon the cart was bedecked, like a flowered window box, with purple asters. The clearing bloomed with a magnificent array of daisies, and mamma's prize mums circled the campfire and bordered a path to the cart.

Rather gaudy and theatrical, Laurie decided; it needed only a Pan, asleep with his flute and flagon of wine, and perhaps a unicorn or two. "You'd never pass for a unicorn," she said to the mare, and tucked a daisy behind each ear for a rakish effect. "He'll think you've been tippling," she said gleefully.

The mare stared at Laurie.

"Never mind," she said. "I feel a little tipsy myself."

She turned to run home, but it was too late. He stood at the edge of the clearing, back against a tree, watching her.

She retreated a few steps. "Well," she said, "I was only being hospitable." Her voice broke slightly. "I wanted you to feel at home."

"I can see it only needed a woman's touch," he said politely. "I'll try to manage without the unicorn."

His eyes were not as grave as his voice. They stood staring at each other in silence; then, at the same instant, they gave up the futile struggle for sobriety. When she could draw a fairly steady breath, Laurie said, "Now I've used all the flowers, and there won't be any for my party."

"We can gather them up," he said, "and no one will know the difference."

"I'll know," Laurie said. "And besides, I don't think they'd look very respectable in the parlor after this."

He took a long stride and put his hands on her waist, lifting her high above his head, swinging her around until she lost her breath and dissolved into laughter again. Finally he put her on the cart before the open door and stood looking up at her. "Would you like a glass of cider?"

"Now? In the middle of the day?" Laurie thought of mamma and Aunt Bessie, who would sooner offer cake for breakfast than cider before sunset. "By all means," she said.

He poured two glasses, and they drank together in companionable silence. Laurie relished the taste of cold cider under a noon sun, and thought that she would not change places with anyone in the world.

"Is there a special reason for a party?" Cam asked.

"It's my birthday," she said.

"Then I wish you happy, Laurie Taylor."

"I am," she said breathlessly. Then, because she suspected that her eyes might betray her, she looked away; and so she did not know that his gaze lingered on the slanting curve of her mouth that, like her eyes, told him a great deal more than she had intended.

It was the same with mamma, who watched Laurie wander back with an empty basket and said to papa, "Laurie's addled today. Isn't it just like her to get spring fever in the fall of the year?"

"What's she done now?" papa asked.

"I don't know," mamma said, sighing, "but Bessie will find out and be the first to tell me."

But it was Cissy who tried to find out, and did not succeed. "What happened last night?" she whispered while they were watching papa string the Japanese lanterns in the yard. "Did he speak to you?"

"Yes," Laurie said.

Cissy stared. "You look like the lanterns," she said slowly, "all lit up inside."

Laurie said nothing.

"Don't do anything foolish," Cissy said, alarmed. "Think of your mamma and Uncle Frank. Think of what people will say." With rising despair, she finished, "He's nothing but a tramp, Laurie!"

Laurie tried to think of mamma and papa, and of what people would say. She greeted her guests and opened her gifts as if nothing had happened, and she smiled at Howard Grant and John Barton. But soon she felt suffocated and slipped away for a breath of air by the front gate, hugging her arms together as she looked at the harvest moon, shining above the trees at the foot of the hill.

Then suddenly she turned and slipped through the gate, not caring who saw her as she ran down the hill.

He was standing by his fire, looking into the flames, and he did not speak when she stopped beside him.

"Will you come to my party?" she said recklessly.

After a moment he said, "No."

"Why not?"

"You know very well why not. Run along now, like a good girl, before someone comes to fetch you with a shotgun."

In the silence Cissy's voice was unexpectedly close at hand. "Laurie, where are you?"

Cam Murray raised a dark brow. "I warned you," he said, amused.

Cissy came into the clearing on a rush of nervous chatter, bringing an incredulous and reproachful Howard Grant with her. On the road behind them the sound of laughter and singing came closer.

"If you won't come to the party," Laurie said, "it seems the party will come to you." (*Continued on Page 68*)

"Merry Christmas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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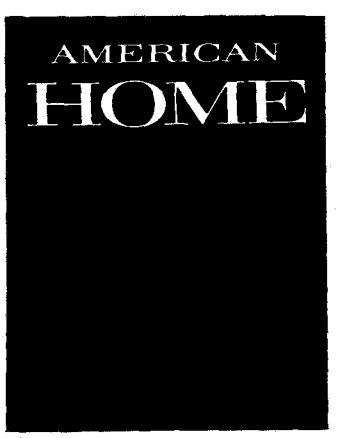
# BE GLAD HE'S ON YOUR SIDE

John Mack Carter could be an atomic physicist, a foreign correspondent, or possibly a professor of note. He has that look about him. Actually, while he is none of these, his assignment as Editor of American Home Magazine calls for the same kind of independent good judgment, concentration of effort and a searching desire to find the very best way. If you're one of American Home's 12,000,000 men and women readers, or one of those who use its advertising pages to sell your products, you can be glad he's on your side. You can be sure this serious looking young man sees to it that only the best houses, the most beautiful decorating schemes, the most convenient tempting recipes, the most do-able, do-it-yourself projects appear in your magazine. If you're not as familiar with American Home as you might be, why not look into the matter soon?




*A Curtis magazine read by 3,600,000 families with a consuming interest in the home.*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(*Continued from Page 66*) Another couple wandered into the firelight, and then another, and soon the clearing was crowded. Someone began to sing, and they did the old favorites with practiced ease, *Moonlight Bay*, *Down by the Old Mill Stream*, *Listen to the Mockingbird.*

Then Cam Murray, hands in his pockets and eyes on Laurie, began to sing in a warm, careless baritone. No one joined him, for the tune was unfamiliar; it was a gay, lilting song about a bold gypsy who came whistling over the hill and sang till the green woods rang, and won the heart of a fair lady. And she put all else behind her and followed him, so the song went, and loved him till her dying day.

The crowd stirred uneasily, looking from Laurie to Cam, seeing the laughter on his dark face and in his voice, and Cissy wondered if she should suggest going back to the house. But Cam Murray was singing another song, an odd little ballad about a child who longed with all her heart for scarlet ribbons for her hair, and awoke in the morning to find them on the pillow beside her.

Cissy was never to forget that moment. It was not so much the words of the song or the way Cam Murray sang it, openly and incautiously, for no one but Laurie; it was the spell of enchantment his voice cast over them all, so that they stared at Laurie, listening with her chin in her hands, and actually saw the ribbons there, bright, shameless, wanton ribbons of scarlet tying back her fair hair.

Then abruptly the illusive magic was gone, the spell broken, the song ended. Uncle Frank stood on the edge of the crowd, looking at Cam Murray, and Cam looked back with a cool gravity.

Cissy held her breath painfully. But Uncle Frank only said, "The food is ready, and the cake's been cut."

In one big scramble the clearing was emptied. Laurie and Cissy went up the hill together, and Cissy finally said, "What on earth were you doing down there?"

"Inviting him to my party," Laurie said, "but he wouldn't come."

"I should think not," Cissy said. "He's not as foolish as you."

"He gave me a scarlet ribbon," Laurie said softly. "The nicest gift I've ever had."

Cissy started to protest that she had seen no ribbon, and anyway it was a cheap sort of thing to give a girl accustomed to flowers and books and huge boxes of candy. But then she remembered that moment in the clearing, and she saw Laurie's face in the clear white moonlight; and Cissy sighed and said no more. Nor did papa, when he finally came up the hill with a thoughtful frown.

Aunt Bessie, however, had a great deal to say the next day, even though mamma pleaded a migraine and papa looked rather forbidding.

"Laurie's gone too far this time, Frank. Whatever possessed you to let her do such a thing?"

"It won't happen again," papa said, but his voice lacked conviction.

"Are you going to walk up and down the county, ringing a bell? Or put an advertisement in the Sunday news? It's too late; the damage is done. Think of it, a dirty old tramp!"

Mamma and papa drew closer to Laurie. But to everyone's surprise it was sensible Cissy who said, "He's not dirty, really, and he's not very old."

"He's a tramp," Aunt Bessie said, outraged, and swept off to church with a subdued Cissy and a silent Laurie beside her in the buggy.

When they came back, Cissy was still subdued, Laurie silent, and Aunt Bessie more outraged than ever. Howard Grant's mother had cut her openly before the entire congregation, most of whom had stared askance at Laurie throughout the sermon; and now, Aunt Bessie felt obliged to forgo the annual picnic held after church by the ladies of the Sewing Circle.

"I can drive the buggy home," Cissy had said. "Why don't you stay?"

But Aunt Bessie knew very well that no one would talk of anything but Laurie, which meant that whenever she approached they would have nothing to say, and a Sewing Circle picnic with nothing but food and silence was a purgatory Aunt Bessie did not feel she deserved.

"And it's beginning to rain," she said, plainly holding Laurie responsible for this final blow. "You've ruined your reputation and disgraced your family, Laurie, and I hope you live to rue the day." She drove the buggy from the churchyard with a flourish, sitting stiffly upright "You might as well be wearing a scarlet letter," she said unkindly.

Laurie's eyes sparkled. "He sang me a song about scarlet ribbons," she said sweetly. "Perhaps I should have worn one."

"Shameless, shameless," Aunt Bessie said angrily, swinging her whip at the horse, and the buggy swerved and jolted down the road.

The rain became a hard downpour. Cissy opened the big black umbrella, but because it could not adequately cover all three, the rain soon soaked Aunt Bessie's ample back. The whip snapped through the air again, and the frightened horse passed Aunt Bessie's house at a gallop, ears flattened back and eyes rolling. Then the drumroll of the wooden bridge assaulted her, and she stopped abruptly and reared toward the sky in panic, jerking the buggy against the railing.

Laurie, looking down to see the rushing creek directly beneath her, clutched at Cissy. Cissy grabbed Aunt Bessie. And Aunt Bessie gasped, "Merciful goodness," and lifted the whip.

Then Cam Murray's voice cut through the air. "Throw away that whip, you fool!"

The horse reared again, and the buggy teetered unsteadily. Then, suddenly, it was all over. Cam Murray brought the horse down with an iron hand and led her across the bridge, where she stood spent and shivering, listening to the quiet voice in her ear.

No one said anything. Then Cam walked around the buggy and looked up at Laurie, his face hard and pale. "Are you hurt?" he asked brusquely.

She shook her head, but his hands reached out for her and lifted her down, and his arms went around her. Gratefully she put her face against his shoulder. She had never known such blessed comfort.

"Take your hands off her, young man," Aunt Bessie ordered. "I've still got my whip, and I'm not afraid to use it!"

"Take care," he said coolly over Laurie's head. "I'm not a horse, and I'm not frightened."

"Don't you threaten me," Aunt Bessie said. "Get in the buggy, Laurie."

They both ignored her. Cam Murray took Laurie's hands between his own.

"I'm leaving now," he said. "I've outstayed my welcome."

"No," she said in a small, frozen voice. "Not yet."

"Does it matter to you," he said, "whether I go or stay?"

"Laurie," Aunt Bessie said ominously.

To Cissy, watching Cam Murray's eyes, dark and quiet on Laurie, it seemed a moment of terrible decision, but Laurie didn't answer.

Cam Murray, however, seemed to find his answer in her face. "I think we have a few things to say to each other," he said and smiled.

"I'll have the sheriff after you," Aunt Bessie said loudly.

"I'll come back," Laurie said.

"But I won't be here," Cam Murray said very gently.

"Don't you see," she said, "that I can't stay now?"

"Then good-by," he said and dropped her hands.

Aunt Bessie pulled at Laurie's shoulder. She got into the buggy, looking white and dazed, and when they rode away, only Cissy looked back, seeing Cam Murray as he stood there, hands on his hips, watching Laurie go up the hill away from him.

The sight of Laurie's parents, sitting on the porch in peaceful ignorance, stirred Aunt Bessie to white-heat anger. By the time Cissy and Laurie reached the porch, she had told her story twice over, interrupting it several times with disjointed demands to go for the sheriff at once.

"Sit down," mamma said. "You mustn't have a stroke on Laurie's account."

Aunt Bessie fanned herself. "Frank, the things he said to me," she said, "and the way he talked to Laurie! Indecent, positively indecent."

Papa turned with relief to Uncle Nate, coming through the gate. "It's a wonder you aren't all killed," Uncle Nate said calmly. "I saw you driving the buggy past the house, Bessie, whipping the horse like a madwoman."

Aunt Bessie sniffed. "Laurie provoked me to it," she said, "and it's Laurie that's disgraced us all!"

They all stared at Laurie, but Laurie's eyes were on the road.

"That man has bewitched her," Aunt Bessie cried.

"Ridiculous," papa snapped. "Laurie, what have you to say for yourself?"

Laurie seemed to come back from a great distance. There they were, her family and kin, who had cherished and protected her all her life; she did not want to hurt them or disgrace them or cast them aside as if they meant nothing to her. But he was leaving, and she might never see him again. "I must talk to him," she said, "once more before he goes."

Aunt Bessie shrieked, "Send her to bed, Frank!"

"You don't know anything about him," papa said quietly to Laurie. "You've substituted sentiment for reason."

But it was only that the reason was of the heart, Laurie thought, and not the mind. She could not puzzle it out; you either knew how it was or you did not.

"I won't let you go," mamma said, stretching out her hand.

"What's this all about?" Uncle Nate asked. "Where's Laurie going?"

Laurie turned toward the gate.

"No, Laurie," mamma gasped.

Papa removed his glasses and polished them, then put them back on his nose.

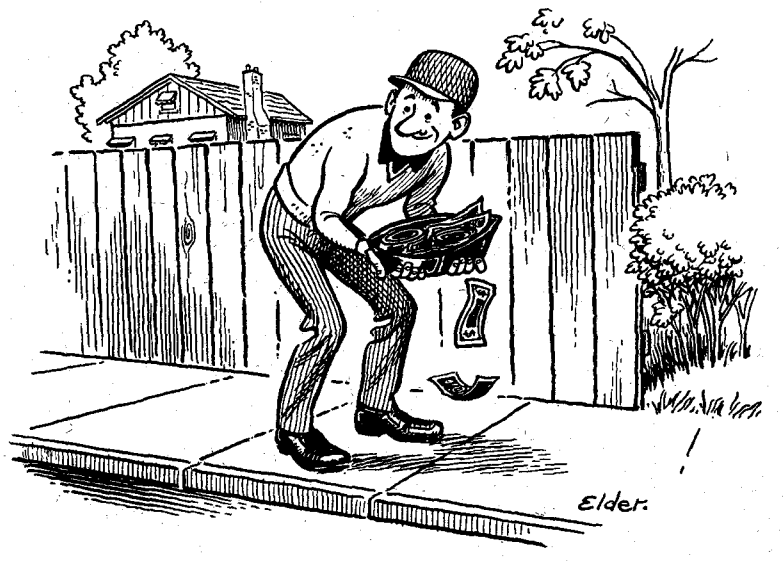
"He's a tramp," Aunt Bessie cried. "A worthless hobo!"

"A tramp," mamma repeated despairingly.

"A tramp?" Uncle Nate echoed, with a fastidious frown.

"A tramp," Cissy said wistfully.

But papa said nothing at all.




## You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Buck found a fat billfold while strolling along the street. "Finders keepers," he assured himself, and tucked it away. But several persons saw him pocket the billfold. Later police charged him with larceny of lost property.

"As there was ample identification in the wallet, he could have returned it without difficulty," the prosecutor argued. "Instead he kept it and deprived its hapless owner of his property. That amounts to outright thievery."

"Back up, mister," Buck retorted. "Although it may be questionable, what I did was no crime. The owner dropped his billfold on the street in sight of all passers-by. It was his tough luck. I wasn't obligated to chase him down and return it."

If you were the judge, would you hold Buck guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty. The court pointed out that finders must make a diligent search for the true owner before retaining any lost property. If they fail to do so, they become liable for larceny in many states.

*Based upon a 1958 Oklahoma decision.*

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Laurie did not pause at the empty clearing. The storm had passed, and on the hill beyond the bridge Cam Murray's cart blazed brightly in sunlight.

She called, "Wait for me," and heard his laughter, and then he stopped his horse and reached down to lift her up beside him.

"You're braver than I thought," he said. "Did you defy the whole lot of them?"

Laurie looked at him, there in the blue-and-yellow noon, and wondered if it could ever be summed up for papa. The dark eyes, the shape of his mouth, the wide shoulders. The way he looked at her, the remembered words he had said, his laughter. The indefinable something about him that spoke to her louder than any of these, reassuring and comforting her, answering some wordless need inside her.

"I'm going with you," she said.

He smiled and spoke to his horse, and the yellow cart joggled gaily down the road. It was a long while before he spoke.

"Don't you want to know if I can support you properly, and feed and clothe you? Doesn't it concern you that I might expect you to live in a cart and tramp the roads like a gypsy? A girl should marry for respectability, Laurie, and the promise of security in her old age. Don't you care about any of that?"

"I'm not afraid," she said. "You'll take care of me."

"Yes, I'll always take care of you," he said, looking shaken. "Is that what matters to you?"

"Among other things," Laurie said, with a slanted smile.

His eyes were very bright. "You're young and foolish, Laurie Taylor, and I love you more than you'll ever know." The laughter in his eyes was like sunlight on water. "I'll keep reminding you of the things you've said today until you'll want to choke me with them."

"I won't change my mind."

"Not if I can help it."

The mare tossed her head and trotted along, and before long Laurie saw that they had almost reached the church and the crowd gathered under the trees to eat at the Ladies' Sewing Circle picnic.

"My goodness," she said with a gurgle of laughter, "they'll think I've gone mad."

"So you have," said Cam Murray. "Which reminds me that I have a confession to make." After a moment he went on, "I like to spend my holidays with a cart and horse, driving the back roads and camping where my fancy pleases. But I think I must tell you that I'm only a tramp when I feel like being one."

Laurie stared at him, astonished.

"I have a business, you see, that keeps me busy most of the year," he said. "Ledgers and countinghouses, and other such dull affairs." He smiled at her. "I'm afraid I've misled you."

Stunned, Laurie saw her great adventure collapsing at her feet. She had defied the world for him, trusting him blindly, determined to brave scandal and danger and discomfort at his side. But it had all been cruelly, ironically unnecessary.

"Does papa know?" she asked numbly.

"I told him last night when he came to rescue your birthday party."

The thud of anticlimax shook her to her depths, and her eyes burned with tears. "Stop the cart and let me down."

He raised a dark brow, but he obeyed. She climbed down, thinking defiantly that the crowd in the churchyard looked quite foolish with their eyes bulging and mouths all agape, and started back down the road toward home. He had humiliated her, and she hoped she would never see him again.

But he was obviously no gentleman. He turned the cart, to her chagrin, and moved slowly beside her.

"Leave me alone," she said.

"I apologize for treating you so unfairly," he said calmly, "but it was an opportunity few men are offered." She could hear the amusement in his voice.

"Now, for the rest of your life, I can hold it over your head that you once loved me for myself alone, regardless of my bank account or my ancestors."

"You've been laughing at me all this time," Laurie said bleakly.

"I agree that it would be very foolish of you to love me," he said. "Despite my respectable bank account and ancestors, I'm afraid I'll never be like other men. You're sensible to turn your back on me."

She stopped short, and so did the cart.

"No," she said slowly, "you'll never be like other men. It's very disappointing," she said, her eyes very blue and slanted, "to know I must live in a house and be respectable. But I don't think I'll change my mind after all."

Cam Murray threw back his head and laughed. Then he held out his hands and swung her up into the cart again. "We'd better go and face Aunt Bessie," he said, "before our courage deserts us."

"It's such a short ride home," she said, "and then we must give up being tramps until next year's vacation. Please sing me a song to last me until then."

So the incredulous crowd watched as the yellow cart joggled off down the road, with Laurie Taylor sitting proudly beside Cam Murray, and his voice came back to them on the autumn wind, singing a shameless song about gypsies and fair ladies and love in the greenwood.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle picnic that year was considered a resounding success, and perhaps it isn't so surprising that they still talk about it to this very day.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

**Cocktail Party**

I chat of matters trivial,
From group to group I
flit.
It's not that I'm convivial;
There's just no place to sit.

**Margaret Mahan**

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

# Tropic Holiday (Continued from Page 27)

and the night. Or she would be back at the festival, telling Doug she was going with him, and Doug's arms would hold her safe.

"Mick!" Will Roth's southern voice held an unexpected sharpness. "I said leave her alone! I mean it!"

Karen came to suddenly. The numbness was gone for a moment and the fear was back. Fear because the Mick was leaning over her, his thick lips parted, his curly blond hair falling forward into his nearsighted blue eyes.

She struck at him in panic. The Mick caught her hands as easily as a child's in his big ones. She cried out. She thought the bones of her fingers would be crushed. The Mick let them go. He leaned toward her, smiling.

"I wouldn't hurt you."

As Mick leaned over the helpless girl, Will moved silently and struck him on the head with his automatic. There was a solid crack of metal against the Mick's skull. The Mick staggered back, stupidly, holding one side of his head. He started forward.

"This is a thirty-eight automatic, Mick." Will Roth sounded weary. "I'm a very good shot. Your fists don't have a chance. Don't try it."

"You needn't of hit me with that gun. I wouldn't hurt her."

"You never mean to hurt anything. But when you get your hands on it ——"

The Mick stopped, eying him uncertainly. "You wouldn't shoot me."

"No?"

"You can't pull this off without me."

"You think not?"

"Aw, Will." The Mick was whining now. "What's the girl to you? What do you care?"

Will Roth let out his breath. He sank down in a chair, the gun still in his hand. "I am not a moral man. But I gave my word here. I said if she behaved no one would lay a hand on the girl. And no one will."

The Mick stared at his half brother without comprehension. "But, Will," he protested, "we can't let her loose after we get the dough. She could finger us."

Will smiled his thin-lipped smile.

Karen said, "I don't understand all this. Who are you? What do you want with me?"

"Money, my dear."

"But I haven't any money."

"Your uncle has," said the Mick.

Will sounded bored again. "She'll never stop asking questions until we explain it to her. Show her the copy of the note, Mick."

Karen read the words without believing them.

We have your niece. Nothing will happen to her if you obey orders. Do not go to the police. If you do, she will die. We want $250,000 in small bills. You have until tomorrow's midnight plane to get it here. You will be contacted then.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" she said. "Nobody could pay that much money!"

"There's more cash than that in your own estate," said Will. "Without your uncle's money. He's devoted to you. He'll get it."

"But by tomorrow night!"

"All he has to do is have a special-delivery airmail on the plane to New York tonight. He can't use the phone or cable, because on this island they're like a party line. He'll have no trouble getting hold of the cash. He's been liquidating your holdings for some time and putting them in his safe-deposit box, waiting for the accounting of the estate. His secretary has the power of attorney. It will take a little skill to change that much to small bills, but he can do it in a lot of places. He can get the money in the morning and bring it on the plane arriving at midnight tomorrow."

"How do you know all that? How could you?"

Will lighted one of his cigarettes fitted into the exquisite ivory holder. "I made it my business to know. I believe in doing things thoroughly. It has been a hard evening. I think I shall have a little light refreshment now and turn in. . . . Straight gin, Mick, and some of that cream-cheese hors d'oeuvre on the rye crackers I fixed before dinner. We'll have to give Karen the bedroom. Inconvenient because it gives her the bathroom, but I suppose we can use the half bath off the kitchen. Fortunately these beach places are self-sufficient. Our own generator for light, pump for water. No utility companies to ask questions. But even for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to sleep on one of those couches ——"

"She'll escape out of the bedroom."

"I have told you I am thorough, Mick. Don't you think I have checked that? The windows are all securely boarded from the outside. If it weren't for the open skylights she might smother, but she won't get out."

"You want me to put her in there?"

"I think she will go voluntarily."

Karen said, "If you'll just take me back to town, I promise you I won't say anything to anybody."

Will gestured with his cigarette. "Perhaps you will have to take her, Mick."

Karen fled into the bedroom. She heard the Mick's grunting laugh behind her, heard the iron bolt thrust across the door.

She fumbled in panic for the light switch. It took her some time to find it. When she did, she saw that this room was smaller than the other had been and even barer. A small bed, an unpainted chest of drawers, a wooden rocker. She moved around it quickly. She tried the first boarded window. The second. The third. She pulled and pushed at them with all her strength. Karen was a tall girl and an athletic one. She played tennis and was an excellent swimmer, but here she was as helpless as a child.

Nothing gave—no board, no nail. Vainly she clawed at them with her fingernails. She searched the room for any sort of instrument or object she could use for leverage against the boards. Will had seen to it that there was nothing. The dresser drawers were bare except for a woman's nightgown and a two-piece blue bathing suit, both obviously new. Will did indeed believe in being thorough, she thought grimly. He had even ascertained her correct size.

She went into the bathroom. But there was only the bare medicine cabinet, the boarded-up window, the tiny skylight.

She pushed her wavy hair out of her eyes, caught it tightly together with a bobby pin for coolness. She stood on the tub, then the washbasin, in an effort to reach the skylight. It was still a good ten inches above her stretching fingers. And even if she could have reached it, its metal frame was divided into squares too small to squeeze through.

She ran back to the bedroom. She was panting now and dripping perspiration in the close room and tropical night. She tried standing first on the rocking chair, swaying precariously, then the small chest. But here, too, the skylight was beyond her reach and also had a small metal frame.

She tasted the salt tears on her cheeks. She felt the utter panic in her heart. Then suddenly she remembered something Jonathan, her father, had taught her as a small girl on their first camping trip in the woods. He had told her that she must not stray from the clearing or his sight. But if they should become separated, the one thing she must avoid was panic. Panic, he had told her, was the enemy of intelligent thought, and intelligent thought would be what she would need. She must sit down right where she was and wait for him to find her. (*Continued on Page 72*)

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# She was not alone

**Sudden illness, especially mental, often disrupts a family. With the Vasquezes it brought them closer together.**

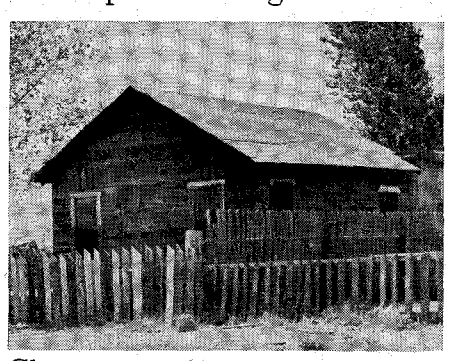
If you had wanted to get in touch with Eva Vasquez three years ago, you would have had to travel some two hundred miles from her home on the outskirts of Bakersfield, California, to Modesto State Hospital for the mentally ill.

She was hospitalized there because she was tired of living and tried dying. Withdrawal, they called it, from reality.

The communists could have made quite a thing out of her story if they had known it.

What about "all men are created equal"? they might have asked. What about "unalienable rights"?

Here she was: Eva. Born a Mexican, another victim of pride, prejudice and poverty. Knowing no love in her own home she escaped into marriage at sixteen.



**Clean, neat, but cramped, the Vasquez home is located in a mixed Mexican-Negro community near Bakersfield, California.**

Now at twenty-nine she was the wife of Juan Vasquez, mother of seven children and pregnant again.

Because of recurring bouts of illness, finally diagnosed at Kern General as malnutrition, Juan was only intermittently employed. Came cotton time, the whole family took to the fields —usually earning a total of $7.50 a day.

Worry over her neglected children and Juan led to Eva's breakdown. The feeling that she, alone, was faced with these problems only exaggerated her anxiety.

It turned out she was not alone. And that's where the Russian script ends and the American story begins.

During Mrs. Vasquez's hospitalization the family received relief and the children were provided milk by a local school nurse. Juan was encouraged to study English in night school in

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hopes of finding a better job. To practice English he read comic books and watched TV in the two-room cabin he shared with the children.

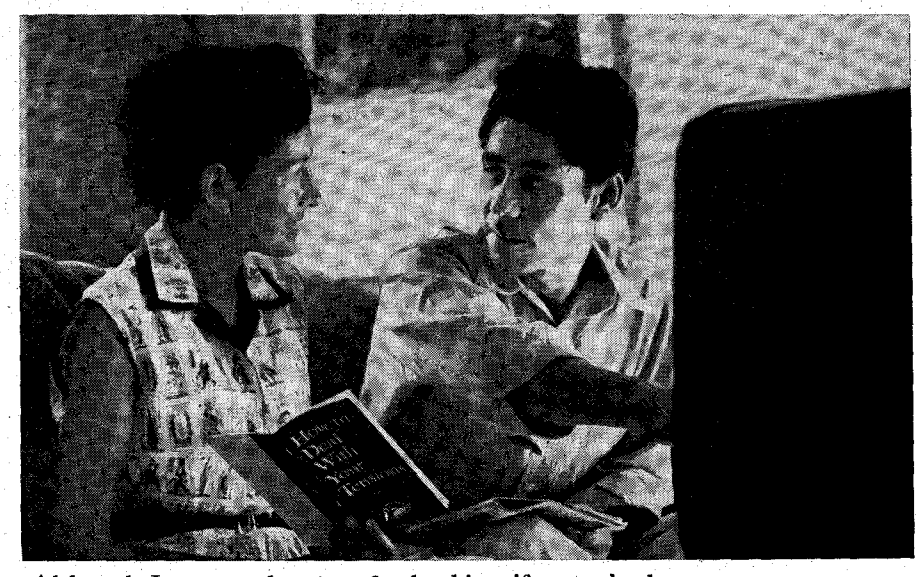
One day, and then again, he saw a TV message sponsored by The Advertising Council, urging people to send for a booklet entitled "How to Deal With Your Tensions," published by The National Association for Mental Health. Free.

He sent away for it and spent the next two months laboriously translating it with the aid of his comic books and a Spanish-American dictionary.

Among other things he learned that Eva was not alone in her affliction. One in ten Americans suffers from mental illness. And 80% of those hospitalized, in the words of Dr. William Menninger, "could be out if enough of us cared."

The Advertising Council cared to the point of courageously sponsoring the Mental Health program during 1958 and 1959. Through the combined volunteer services and facilities of American business, advertising agencies, publishers, broadcasting stations, networks, outdoor and transit advertising companies, millions of dollars have been spent bringing that message to millions of people, more than 1,300,000 of whom have written in for the pamphlet.

People like Juan Vasquez, for instance, who cared enough to translate it painstakingly and sensitively, so that his wife would believe and understand and be restored to her family, rehabilitated. That happened on July 7, 1958.



**Although Juan translated perfectly, his wife wasn't always sure he was giving her an exact interpretation.**

The Mental Health campaign was supported by The Advertising Council because mental illness is "the number one disease of the country." And the Council is committed to making ours a stronger nation. Stronger in human and natural resources.

Through public service campaigns—adding up to 170 million dollars of voluntary support during 1959 alone—our country was bulwarked in many ways.

Through saving lives on the highways. Preventing forest fires. Fighting for better schools. Selling savings bonds, and helping our friends and allies abroad.

Not by standing still, certainly, nor playing it solo.

Rather, by people working together in the common cause of insuring our "health, wealth and happiness."

## THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL... *for public service*

*If you would like to know more about this work, this magazine suggests you write to The Advertising Council for a free booklet, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York*

**The Advertising Council, supporting these and many other public service causes with men, materials and money contributed by American business, helps solve more problems and serve more people than any other single private institution.**

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UNITED NATIONS

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(*Continued from Page 69*) The words, which had had little meaning for her then, did have meaning now. But nobody would find her if she sat and waited. Uncle Hosmer would never go to the police when they threatened to kill her if he did. Doug—he would never know what had happened. In the morning he would go to the plane and wait for her, and when she did not come he would set that stubborn chin of his and go back to Pawnee Falls and always think she did not want to come with him.

She went back into the bathroom now. Soberly she washed her face. There was only cold water, but it felt good. She took off her yellow print dress and washed it out, glad that it was a drip-dry fabric. The water was highly chlorinated, and she remembered hearing at the hotel that the public water supply should be boiled before drinking. She wet her dry lips thirstily, but she did not drink. A debilitating germ would be all she needed!

In her slip she went back to the bedroom and started again. Slowly this time, methodically. She tried each window once more. She searched the room again, under the bed, the dresser drawers, everywhere. It was no use. Will, as he had said, was a man who took no chances. She could not escape.

She heard Will's voice in the next room, low and indolent, interspersed with the guttural tones of the Mick. She shivered even in the hot little room. As quietly as she could she moved the small, unpainted chest in front of the door. It would not stop the Mick, but at least his knocking it over would make a noise, give Will time to come with his gun.

Will tried the bolt on the door. He said, "Remember, Mick, I sleep with one eye open and my automatic beside me."

The Mick grunted sullenly.

*Will Roth will have to sleep sometime*, thought Karen. *The Mick is stronger than he is and younger. And if the Mick ever gets that gun* ——

Karen was suddenly conscious of her extreme weariness, of the growing ache in her head, of her bruises. She dragged herself back to the bathroom. She washed out the rest of her dripping clothes. She stood for a long time under the shower. Cold though it was, it helped to relieve the pain.

Finally she put on the nightgown and fell on the bed. She had not thought it possible that she would sleep, but exhaustion overcame her almost immediately.

*Doug*, she thought. *Doug, please know that I would come tomorrow morning if I could. Please come back and get me. Find me before it's too late. It isn't such a big island.*

Dimly she wondered why she did not think of Uncle Hosmer as a source of rescue.

"Is this as fast as this crate will go?" Doug Burke asked.

Bonito smiled over his shoulder. "The morning, before she comes, she is beautiful. It is the one time I always drive Juana my cab slowly."

"Look, I hired Juana your cab to take me to the airport to meet my girl. She's waiting for me. We're going to take a plane home and be married."

Bonito laughed joyously. "The romance, it is good. Three wives I have had, and each time it was good."

"Don't you think it's worth hurrying a little for?"

Bonito did not vary the pace of the ancient cab. "It will wait ten minutes. The coming of the morning, she will not wait. You may never again see the red sun come up out of the sea over the rustling green sugar-cane fields."

"We have the same sun in Pawnee Falls."

"Not the same sun, I think, *señor*. Otherwise, why is ours so much hotter?"

Doug sighed and settled back restively. Juana proceeded at the same slow speed through the predawn darkness. The light increased gradually, and at last across the fields the morning came blindingly. The sun was up.

Neither spoke. Finally Bonito sighed. He looked at the day awash with golden sunlight, and he shrugged. "Now, *señor*, we hurry."

He pressed his foot full down on the gas pedal. The old cab's rusty fenders rattled and banged. They took off at a rate that by comparison seemed breath-taking.

"Hey!" said Doug. "I'd like to get there in one piece! Watch those bumps!"

Bonito shrugged a plump shoulder. "Bumps are bumps, *señor*. There is no use watching them. But of course if you are not in a hurry."

Doug grinned and Bonito grinned back at him. Doug swung his long, skinny legs across the seat and got in front with Bonito.

"Don't spare the horses," he said.

"No, *señor*."

"You know, Bonito, if I were going to hang around here long, I think you and I might be friends."

"We are friends, *señor*," said Bonito with dignity. "Otherwise would I share with you my sunrise?"

"There's the airport," said Doug. "Karen must be in the waiting room."

He threw his long legs over the side of the cab. He ran through the little airport building. He searched the covered verandas, the runways. He came back slowly, the sun glinting on the sweat on his freckled face. His green-brown eyes were puzzled, hurt. His marine-officer confidence was gone. Suddenly he seemed much younger, scarcely older than a boy who was all legs and arms and wrists and neck; skinny, hipless. Only his shiny, immaculate cleanliness and his crew-cut red hair made him different from any other bewildered, confused young man.

Bonito touched his arm gently. "I had a son not far from your age, *señor*—my only son, though I have six daughters that I also love. My son went into your Army and he died of a strange bug halfway around the world. She is not yet here, your girl?"

Doug's stubborn jaw was set. "No."

"There is still time."

"You don't know Karen. I never knew her to be less than an hour ahead of time for a train in her life. She was supposed to check in half an hour before plane time, anyhow. There's only ten minutes now."

"Things can happen. Cars break down, get stuck."

"That's why she always gets there an hour ahead of time. It's a main road. We would have passed her."

"We did not exactly come the direct route," said Bonito without shame.

"Someone would have passed her."

"*Señor* ——"

"Call me sap. I was so sure she would come!"

Bonito pulled at the sleeve of his red-flowered shirt. He tipped his gay multicolored straw hat back and leaned against a wall. He slid off his sandals and rubbed his bare feet in the dust. "Take off your shoes, *señor*. Always one can think cooler with the shoes off."

"There's nothing to think about. She isn't coming, that's all. Good-by, Bonito. Thanks for the sunrise."

Bonito shook the hard young hand that was proffered him. He said, "Do not make the mistake you will regret all your life. At least find out what happened. Telephone."

Doug's jaw was thrust out stubbornly. He took his small canvas bag. He put a bill in Bonito's hand. "I don't care what happened. If she thinks I'm going to beg her!"

Doug sat in the small plane about to take off for San Juan. He looked straight ahead. The light flashed to fasten his seat belt for take-off. There was a noise behind him. He felt a tugging at his arm. "Bonito!"

"I have called the hotel, *señor*. Your Karen, she is not in her room."

"What do you mean, not in her room? How could you get them to tell you that?"

Bonito smiled modestly. "I told them it was police business. I used the name of the local police sergeant. They looked. Her bed, *señor*, has not been slept in. The night clerk said she did not return in the rowboat with her uncle last night."

Doug unfastened his seat belt. He stood up, hitting his tall head. "Come on."

"I thought, *señor*, that you did not care what happened."

"Come on!"

Doug pulled Bonito off the plane after him and set off for the airport building at a run. "Hurry!" he yelled back at Bonito.

"Your bag is on the plane."

"Speed up!"

Bonito came at his usual unhurried pace. "I have always heard that the marines, they move fast. Have they never heard of *mañana?*"

"Good-by!"

Bonito watched Doug with a smile that had a touch of reminiscence in it. He was seeing another boy, darker and shorter, also running across this field, as straight and proud as this one was. His own son Rolfo, oldest of his seven children, the only boy, the one dearest to his heart. Buried halfway around the world from this bright shiny island he had loved so much.

Bonito touched his dark eyes with his red handkerchief. At the same leisurely walk, he joined Doug in the ancient cab.

"I had Juana's keys, *señor*," he said calmly.

"Get going! I'm going to take that Uncle Hosmer apart, bone by bone, until I find my girl. I'm going to—give me those keys. I'll drive."

Bonito gasped as they set off with a great jerk. "Juana—she is not meant—to fly—with the wind. Juana is old. She has the asthma."

Doug did not even answer. They went around corners at as fast a pace as Bonito had ever gone.

"*Señor*, at least—drive on the—left side!"

Doug said, "If anything has happened to Karen, I'll show this island a riot like it's never seen!"

Bonito shut his dark eyes and prayed audibly.

Hosmer Smith had had a bad night, and facing Douglas Burke at seven o'clock in the morning was almost too much. He drew his handsome blue silk bathrobe around his big figure and roared, "We will do what I say! Karen is my niece!"

Doug was very quiet. His anger showed only in his white face, under his freckles and in the steel in his young voice. Hearing him now, one had no doubt that he could have given orders in the thick of battle and been obeyed, and that not much quarter would have been given to the enemy. "Karen's been your niece for a couple of weeks, when it turned out to be convenient for you to get around to looking her up after twenty-odd years. She's been my girl all my life. She's going to be my wife."

"You read the ransom note. It says if we go to the police, Karen will be killed. And she will."

"What makes you think she won't be killed otherwise? She can identify whoever kidnaped her. Do you think they are just going to let her go?"

"It's me—I'm drying my gloves."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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*Will Roth gave me his word they wouldn't lay a hand on her. Whatever else you say of Will, he never broke his word.*

For one startled moment Hosmer almost thought he had said the words aloud. He wished heartily he had never got into the whole business. There must have been some other way to get the money!

He straightened. There was no other way; his credit was already stretched very thin, with Hosmer's Health Hunkies such a new and expanding business. It had barely covered the fifty-thousand bank loan, even with his company stock as collateral. Anyhow, what was done was done. Hosmer could not stop this kidnaping now if he wanted to. Will Roth had cannily not given his location; he had said only an isolated beach cottage. Even if he had known where it was, Hosmer could not go out there without renting a car and having this marine follow him and give the whole show away. And if Karen were not shot on Hosmer's approach, she would then know Hosmer was part of the plot. There would, of course, be no mail or telephone service, since Will had casually appropriated someone else's boarded-up cottage.

Hosmer snapped, "I sent the letter for the money on last night's plane. It will come on the plane arriving at midnight tonight. We will be contacted then. You read the note. We must keep quiet and pay them to save Karen."

Doug said, "You're crazy. All midnight means is that we have until then to find her alive. They probably wouldn't kill her until they were sure of the money. They might want her to write a note, and if they should get caught before they get the money, they wouldn't have a murder on their hands for nothing."

"They won't kill her."

Doug studied Hosmer coldly. "I must say you're pretty calm about this. You simply sent off a letter and then went to bed and slept as soundly as if everything were fine."

It would have been fine, Hosmer thought wearily, if this skinny marine hadn't turned up. When Hosmer got out of this, he was certainly going to write his Senator about wasting the taxpayers' money on these Christmas leaves for the armed forces.

There was a knock on the door, and Lily came in. In the harsh early morning sunlight she looked older than she had the night before by the soft candlelight. She wore no make-up except lipstick. But it was carefully applied, and her platinum-blond hair was well arranged. Her negligee was black and draped with great care around her small curvaceous figure.

"Hosmer," she said, "I've been thinking about the police ——" She stopped, regarding Doug. "Who's he?"

Hosmer introduced them stiffly. He added, "Lily was with me last night when I was handed the ransom note."

"How did it happen?" Doug asked her.

"I told you," Hosmer snapped.

"I want to hear it from her."

Lily came in, sat down and confidently crossed her lovely legs. "Is Karen your girl?"

"Yes." Doug was impatient. "I asked you ——"

Lily gave him her friendly smile. She patted his bony young knee. "We were watching the steel band at the festival last night. You know, all those drums painted all colors and that wonderful beat. A hand came out of the darkness over our shoulders. It was long and kind of bony. Hosmer took the paper without either of us really thinking about it. When we turned around, there was nobody there. The note was words cut out of a newspaper and pasted on. That's it there on the table."

"And then what did you do?"

Lily had been thinking about this herself most of the night. "We didn't really do much," she said slowly. "As Hosmer said, there wasn't much we could do without getting Karen killed. We didn't dare call the police. We walked around and looked for Karen, of course. We couldn't find her. Hosmer found a special messenger and sent off the letter for the money, airmail special delivery. We came back here to wait."

Doug glared. "Don't you know you've wasted nearly half the time we have to find her? And the most valuable time. Why didn't you at least tell me?"

Lily said in her broad English accent, "I never heard of you. Anyhow, who knew you were here? Hosmer felt that Karen's safety must come first."

Doug stood up. "I'm going to the police now."

"No! You can't!" said Hosmer. "I forbid it!"

Doug walked out without bothering to answer.

Lily's voice was softer now, more throaty, but troubled. "You know, Hosmer, I think he's right. I came to tell you that. We can't just sit here and do nothing."

*Will won't be expecting the police to be looking for them.* Hosmer thought. *And there's no way I can warn him. But Will never takes chances. The local police can't be very efficient. Nothing else on this island is. They will have only a few hours. But if Will hears about it and kills Karen ——*

Lily touched his arm sympathetically, "Don't look so terrified, Hosmer," she said. "You couldn't have stopped Doug."

Hosmer kept his face turned away for a moment until he had control of himself. He smoothed his black hair, which was always mussed just enough to add to his boyish quality. He stood up, stretching his big healthy body. He smiled his most charming smile. Hosmer had never concealed from himself that he enjoyed every moment of his new affluence. He always strode into a luxury hotel as if he owned it. He tipped the bellboy more than Karen and her father ever spent on a whole dinner. And he did it all with an air, yet without losing the eagerness which was so much a part of his charm.

He had himself in hand now. He was sorry about Karen, of course. Very sorry. But Will Roth had promised no one would lay a hand on her, and while that crew-cut marine was a nuisance, he was actually not more than that. By this time tomorrow, Karen would be safely back at the hotel, and Hosmer's share of the reward money would be going back to the place in the company's funds where he had temporarily and unofficially borrowed it. No one would ever know the money had been gone. He was company founder, president and treasurer; so long as the money was there for the auditors, it was not likely anyone would question his methods if they were skillful. He could simply hold back payment of some bills briefly ——

Then Karen could go back to Pawnee Falls, or on to Paris or wherever she liked. She was a very nice girl, and he was fond of her, but she would have served her purpose. Now Hosmer would have Lily, and Lily, he knew instinctively, was a woman who would also appreciate the good things in life.

"Doug's gone to the police, Hosmer," said Lily. "No good worrying about it. I know you don't feel like eating breakfast, but you must."

"If you think I should. We'll have to tell the hotel my niece is staying with friends in the town." Hosmer felt much better with Lily beside him. He looked at her. Her tiny empty mules were on the floor in front of her. As she curled her dainty feet under her, her attractively rounded knees were well exposed as if by accident.

Everything was all right, Hosmer told himself again, exactly as Will Roth had so carefully planned it. It was only that Hosmer knew Will Roth and, with the knowledge of what the man was, there was always the unknown fear of what he would do. Will Roth was capable of anything—anything at all.

Karen moved stiffly about the living room of the beach cottage, gathering up the breakfast dishes. Will Roth had cooked the meal personally, and there had been no doubt of its gourmet quality. Fresh pineapple, an omelet that had melted on the tongue, biscuits, Danish

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## New England Barn

By I. D. Freneau

The army of the dawn
  softly approaches
As through the aeons since
  this world was made;
Invading night's domain,
  it fast encroaches
To win again those
  landmarks lost to shade.
My dark-imprisoned eyes
  (now less impeded)
Search out the vanished
  barn that evening stole;
I seek its bulk for something
  sharply needed ——
The sense of continuity kept
  whole.
Though this young house has
  not yet watched a story,
The square old barn,
  predating Independence,
Observed past troubled times
  and times of glory
In stalwart calm perpetual
  attendance.
I see it now emerge—know
  reassurance
In this reshaping symbol of
  endurance.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

butter, English jam, and the best coffee Karen had ever tasted.

Half a dozen times, at least, the Mick had turned on the portable radio which seemed to be his prize possession, shutting his eyes and snapping his fingers and swaying to the brassiest jazz he could find. Each time Will Roth had turned it off coldly, and after a few growling protests the Mick had said no more, sulking like a child.

By daylight the Mick seemed less threatening. Though she knew he was strong, his nearsighted blue eyes gave a deceptive appearance of softness. The small blond mustache and curly blond hair were almost dandyish. To Karen's acute relief he paid no attention at all to her, except to sit guarding the locked front door, cutting off any possible escape.

He held a thick book very close to his eyes and peered at it doggedly, muttering profanely under his breath. "War and Peace," he said. "Will says it's the greatest novel ever written. I'm going to read it first, and then all the rest of his books. We'll see who's stupid. I'll be as smart as Will then. Only I have to keep starting over. Every day I have to start over. Even if I keep my finger at the list of characters in the front, I still forget which is which. Foreigners."

Will Roth sat in front of the picture window with easel and canvas, doing a painting of the waves breaking on the coral reef in the blue-green ocean across the beach. Sometimes he did not paint, but just sat looking. His expression did not change, not even the coldness behind his gray eyes, but he seemed to drink in the scene as another man might drink water. Once or twice he held his fingers up, in a circle or a square, as if picturing a particular segment of the landscape in a frame.

Karen looked at the painting, surprised at the real talent it showed. Talent with composition and line and, above all, with color. "A man who can paint like that," she said, "why should you ——"

Will smiled his thin, unamused smile, "Rely on ransom for an income? Because of the sad economic fact that the ignoramuses who buy paintings can not recognize talent before it has been dead three or four hundred years."

Karen studied the painting further, beneath the line and color. She was appalled by the cruelty and viciousness and cynicism there, characteristics she had also found, painfully, in Will Roth.

Will said in his soft southern voice, "You may hand me those brushes over there."

As she gave them to him, her hand touched his and found it hot. She saw then that his thin face was flushed, and drops of sweat stood on it, even in the coolness of the morning.

"You have a fever!"

Will made a warning gesture, indicating the Mick, but the Mick looked up, smiling happily. "Will gets fevers all the time. Gets clean delirious." The Mick put his book close to his eyes again, his further thoughts unspoken: *And when he does, he won't be able to hold a gun. Then things will be different around here.*

Will Roth said, "Not this time, Mick. Did you ever know me to get delirious when two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were at stake?"

Karen went back to wash the dishes. She was glad to work, glad to do anything that kept her from thinking. The back door was locked, she found. If she could open it in some way —— In plain sight of the Mick and Will Roth? And if she did open it and started running? Could she outdistance the Mick's short powerful legs or a bullet from Will Roth's gun?

The Mick said now, "I still don't think we should have unboarded that front window. Somebody might look in."

"I've told you," Will Roth snapped impatiently, "this cottage is cut off from the beach on both sides by sharp coral formations. No one can possibly walk along the shore either way. That leaves only that abominable road. Nobody in their right mind would drive along it to a boarded-up cottage. If anyone did, we would hear them coming. And they would have to come from the other side, away from the picture window. Why should we live this close to all that beauty and not see it?"

"Can I turn on my radio now?" the Mick asked.

"No!"

In the small kitchen, Karen found herself struggling wildly with a giggle. *I'm washing dishes just as if I were in Pawnee Falls. My two dangerous men are reading War and Peace and painting and arguing about beauty.*

Soberly Karen remembered the Mick's brutal hands grabbing at her, the fear she had felt when he bent over her, his blue eyes shining. Soberly she recognized the

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fact that he guarded the only escape route. The situation was the same as it had been last night. The normalizing element of sunshine and the peaceful Caribbean sea outside the window had changed only superficials, not essentials. With his slow one-track mind the Mick was working at his book. But sooner or later he would look at her again. Perhaps this time Will Roth's fever would have risen. If Will did not have the gun ——

He had the gun now. Will was never careless. It lay by his left hand, with which he also painted. Looking at him, his lean figure immaculate as always in a fresh blue cotton shirt, his thick white hair neatly combed, hearing his indolent voice, Karen knew that fever or no fever Will Roth was still thoroughly in charge of the situation. And she remembered the other sort of fear she had felt last night, lying on the jolting floor of the jeep with Will Roth above her, the gun efficiently in his long thin fingers, the coldly amused smile on his pale lips. She remembered that Will Roth had inspired in her then a fear she had never known. A cold, waiting fear that had made her shiver even later in the hot little bedroom.

"I don't want to kill you—yet," he had said. But Karen knew today as clearly as she had known it then, that at a time of his own choosing, Will Roth intended to kill her.

Doug walked down the cobblestone street to the ancient red fort; he had been told the police station was there. He crossed the little green water-front park, where the same men were whitewashing the bases of apparently the same benches on which they had been working yesterday.

One of them smiled at him. "Operation whitewash," he said and winked. "*Mañana.*"

Doug tried to make himself walk slowly, like a tourist. He stopped and tied his shoe lace, watching the square behind him. No one was following. There was no reason why anyone should connect him with Karen. Still, Karen must have been followed last night, and they might have been seen together. Eyes might be watching him from any of a hundred open windows in the sleepy little town of colored roofs and ancient architecture curving up the hill above him.

Doug was deeply troubled. At home he knew he would have been right. But suppose that here Hosmer Smith was right. Here efficiency was not considered a virtue. Suppose the local police were as inefficient as the whitewashers in the park? Doug might be endangering Karen's life for nothing.

He drew a deep breath, making the decision finally. He walked into the small hot room in the old fort.

A dark-haired man in immaculate khaki shorts and shirt sat behind a very old and worn desk.

"Bonito!" said Doug.

"Sergeant Bonito." Either way, Bonito's smile was the same. "I have been expecting you, *señor.*"

"This is serious, Bonito. No offense, but I need the top guy."

Bonito shrugged his plump shoulders. "The lieutenant is in New York at a convention of police chiefs. I am in charge. I am the entire detective force of the island. There are fourteen policemen here also, and twelve in the other town at the end of the island. Do not look so downcast, *señor.* Juano, she is my hobby, and one way to keep track of strangers arriving, without offense. But this," Bonito drew himself up proudly, "is my work. I have gone to school in Puerto Rico to learn modern police methods. The lieutenant, he is very seldom here anyway. There are many visiting politicians, you see, and their ladies. The lieutenant is a great man for the ladies. What is your problem, *señor?*"

Doug stared at the bland, smiling face and thought, *This is hopeless.*

Bonito said softly, "Your problem, *señor?*"

"If what I tell you goes any further, I'll kill you with my bare hands."

Bonito drew himself up. His dark eyes snapped. So did his tone. "You are insulting, *señor.*"

"I'm sorry, Bonito. I didn't mean to be. It's just that Karen's life depends on secrecy. You see ——"

Bonito listened in silence. At the end he asked a few questions. Surprising questions. Was it Doug's impression that Hosmer's story was true? And what did he think of Lily?

"I don't like Hosmer Smith," said Doug thoughtfully. "But I think what he said was true as far as it went. But somehow I don't think he told all of it. Lily? I liked her. But if that English accent is genuine, I'll eat it."

"I shall send off by cable inquiries about the lady and Hosmer Smith."

"You can't do that. If the kidnapers know we went to the police ——"

"Fortunately it is not always necessary to tell the exact truth, *señor.* If I say a lady at the hotel has accused *señora* Lily of stealing a diamond bracelet, and Hosmer Smith seems to be involved with her, we get the lady's background and Hosmer Smith's financial standing."

"It will be all over the island!"

"It hardly seems likely that the kidnapers are associating closely with anyone or will hear the island gossip. They are doubtless in hiding. Anyhow, why should they connect a diamond bracelet with themselves?"

"I don't see what good it will do."

Bonito shrugged. "As you say, *señor,* we must do something. We must start somewhere. All we have to start with is a lady with an accent which you think is false and a gentleman you think is not telling the whole truth. So, we find out what we can about them."

"And meantime?"

Bonito slipped his feet out of his sandals and put them on the desk. "We must think, *señor.* Coolly. Always one thinks more coolly without the shoes. Take off your shoes."

"If you give me any more of that *mañana* business, I'll—oh, what's the use?" Doug unfolded his long legs and got up.

"Where are you going?"

"To look for my girl, dammit!"

"On an island you do not know? Where there are two towns of many buildings, many rooms? Where there are more shacks and cottages and ruins in the countryside than the stars in the night sky? We have until the midnight plane, *señor.* Not more, I think. They will kill her when they get the money."

"How are we going to search all these places meantime? On these roads! We don't dare to send out a lot of searchers. If they were seen or talked about, Karen would be dead."

"Even the police," Bonito admitted, "have been known to talk. And many men would, as you say, be seen. I think we must do this ourselves, together."

"But how?"

Bonito scratched his dark head. "My son used to sing an American song, *Accentuate the Positive.* We will eliminate the negative."

"You mean the places she couldn't be? How do we do that? We don't know who has her."

Bonito nodded. "Exactly. We do not know who has her. But we do know who does not have her. Twenty years I have been of the police here, and all my life I have lived on this island. Never have I heard of a kidnaping here. Of what use would it be to any of us? We could not spend the money without its being known. We have no need of such money. Besides, this crime shows a great knowing of Hosmer Smith's financial dealings. The criminal knows Hosmer has this large sum of cash immediately at hand, that Hosmer can get it here in twenty-four hours. No one who lives on this island would know that, *señor.* It has to be an outsider, someone who has come here for the very purpose of this kidnaping."

Doug sat down again. "Can we check all the visitors then? How many are there?"

"Not so fast, *señor.* It is the tourist season. There are hundreds of visitors. We have only a few hours. It is now nearly eight o'clock in the morning."

"We can't check hundreds of people in one day."

"We do not need to, I think. At least, if the girl is alive." Bonito reached out a plump hand to touch Doug's bony young shoulder. "They could not keep her in the towns, I think. There are too many eyes, too many tongues. Privacy on our island is something unheard of. They could not keep her at any of the tourist hotels, even those far out in the country. The maids would see her, the waiters, someone."

"Then where could they keep her?"

Bonito shrugged. "Anywhere else, *señor.* There are three hundred ruined sugar mills alone on the island. Some have been rebuilt by crazy tourists into slightly damp dwellings. Others would furnish shelter for a day. So would a car."

"They must have been here longer than a day," said Doug. "And they'd have to get a car from somewhere. Rent it, steal it."

Bonito beamed. "It seems unlikely they would rent it, though we can easily check. But credentials are required. A kidnaper would, I think, desire above all things to remain unnoticed. Unnoticed in his living quarters and in his acquiring a car."

"They must have stolen it then."

"None has been reported stolen. Of course, someone might not have gotten around to reporting it yet."

"*Mañana,*" said Doug with discouragement.

Bonito shrugged. "In that case, *señor,* we can do nothing until it is reported. So we must, I think, proceed on another assumption."

"What's that?"

"That they have taken out a car left in dead storage. Some cottage owners, you see, only use their places for certain months of the year. They bought them when land was fifty dollars an acre, perhaps; they intend to use them later as a place of retirement. An old car is usually left up on blocks with the battery removed and the radiator drained."

"So the kidnapers could use the cottage and the car without anyone ever knowing," said Doug.

Bonito nodded. He was silent now, wriggling his bare toes on the desk.

"Well?" asked Doug.

Bonito sighed and reached into his desk for a map of the island. "Can you not understand, *señor,* that moments of cool thought now may save us hours of useless looking later?"

"*Mañana* isn't a word they teach us in the marines."

"The cottage we seek must have no near neighbors. It must be inaccessible to casual visitors."

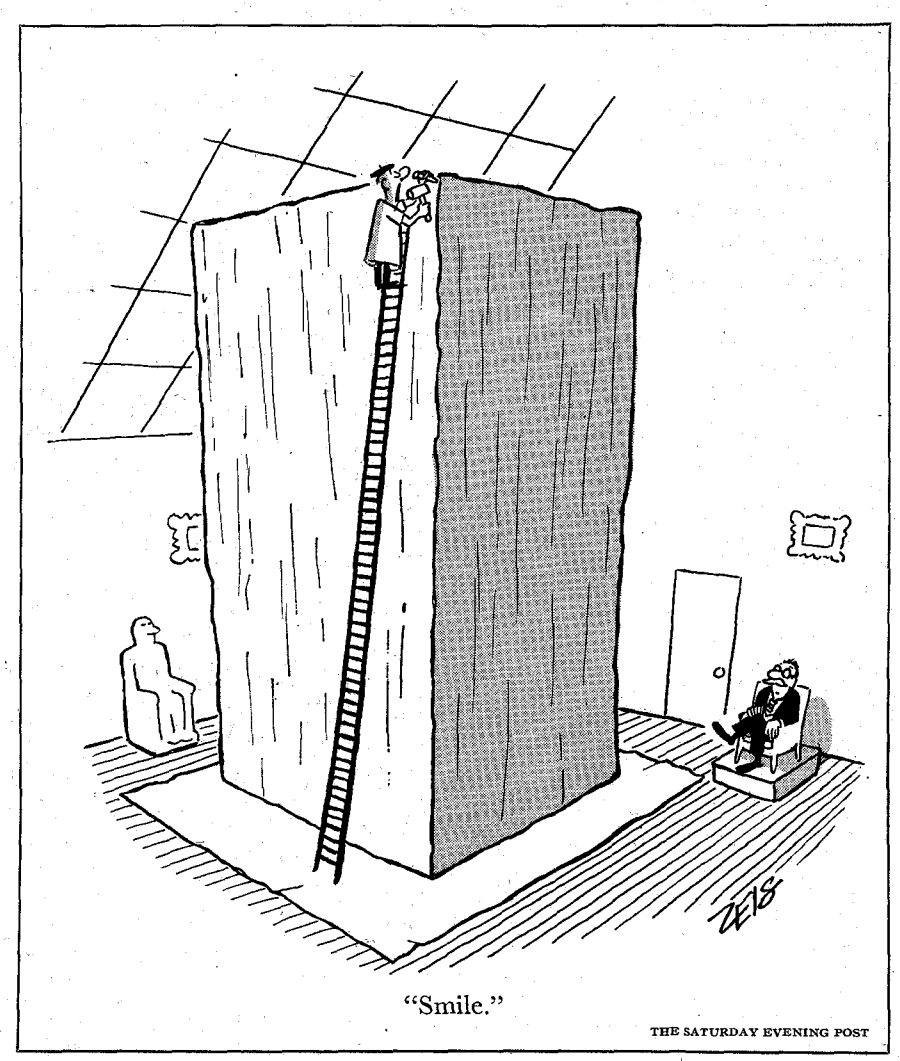
"That rules out all the main roads. There can't be too many left."

"Not too many, *señor.* Perhaps three dozen places scattered up and down side roads to the shore at both ends of the island."

"We can't cover them all."

"No," said Bonito. "Still more, we must eliminate the negative. We must study the map, sort the known from the unknown. Take off your shoes, *señor.*"

Doug took off his shoes.



"Smile."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

TO BE CONTINUED

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# Adventurer With a Helicopter

(Continued from Page 15)

helicopter pilots," Mac recalled. "I had to work nights in a factory to pay back that fifteen hundred dollars. The total number of working helicopter pilots was probably less than twenty at that time. A half dozen with Bell, about the same with Sikorsky, and a few more on a job in Argentina. Then Bell got a small operation started in Texas and offered me a job there. Part of the job was to take a helicopter down with me, all the way from Niagara Falls to Texas. I said who was the mechanic. They said nobody. I said well, how about a maintenance manual. In those days, maintenance manuals were few and far between. They said they couldn't spare a manual and, if I wasn't willing to fly without one, they'd find someone who was. I took off next day."

Since then Mac has made several long trips by helicopter—from California to Connecticut, from Louisiana to Great Slave Lake in Northern Canada, and from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Key West, to name a few. He enjoys these junkets, for Mac is a gregarious extrovert who loves to meet people. But that first trip, in the spring of 1948, was the happiest of all.

Few people had ever seen a helicopter then. Wherever he stopped to refuel, everybody crowded around saying, "Look, you can see right through the thing!" Somebody always called the newspapers, and Mac had his picture taken at every airport en route.

As the helicopter had neither lights nor radio, Mac would start looking for a place to sleep long before nightfall. He'd follow a highway until he came to a motel with a lawn, then drop in for the night. It was always a happy occasion. The other guests would gather around, asking questions, as the proprietor hurriedly called the newspapers. Mac was always the social lion of the evening. And in the morning he always waited considerately until most of the guests were up and about before making his noisy departure. He follows the same procedure today.

That first cross-country trip took twenty-nine hours' flying time, five days in all. Mac arrived just in time to get the job spraying that Rio Grande orchard with the high-tension line across it and the cottonwoods around it. With only fifty-nine hours of total time in helicopters, he didn't know how dangerous it was.

A man named J. E. Lee, Jr., then head of a seismographic company, happened to see one of the helicopters from Mac's group in action. Immediately he realized its possibilities for oil exploration, particularly in the marshes. Lee, since deceased, organized Petroleum Helicopters in February, 1949, with headquarters at Lafayette, Louisiana, and hired Mac as one of the first pilots.

During a few lean months in the growing-pain days, Mac was the only pilot. He was so eager to keep working that he not only flew the helicopter but unloaded it too. Once, sloshing through the muck with a fifty-pound case of dynamite on his shoulder, his foot came down on a snoozing alligator. It gave a snort—and took off. Down went McCombie, as though a rug had been pulled out from under him. He looked down to see where he was going to fall—and there was a cottonmouth moccasin, staring up at him with its mouth wide open in astonishment.

"I didn't get bit, though," Mac said recently. "The snake pulled itself together and took off like a rocket. It was just scared, that's all. So was the alligator. Matter of fact, so was I. I bet I stepped on a dozen alligators during those days, but I never did get used to it."

It was on such projects that the helicopter proved itself. There are several methods of exploring for oil—magnetometer, gravity meter, seismograph—and the helicopter makes them all go more swiftly.

Take a seismographic—or seismic—survey, for instance. First a charge of dynamite is put several feet beneath the ground, then sensitive listening instruments, called "jugs," are strung on either side of it. When the charge is detonated, the sound waves go deep into the earth and echo back at varying intensity from the different strata. The jugs record the echoes on paper. From these jagged lines geologists determine the likelihood of finding oil thousands of feet below the surface.

It used to take a fifteen-man seismic crew days to make one shot, particularly out in the marsh. They'd all have to wade through the waist-deep mud. With a helicopter, a crew can now make many shots in one day. The drillers still work in the mud, but at least they don't have to slosh from one shot to the next. They ride the helicopter in comfort. And some members of the crew, such as the technicians who connect the jugs to the cable, work directly from the helicopter and don't even get their feet wet. As it takes only a few seconds to connect or disconnect the jugs and they are only about fifteen feet apart along cables up to 2000 feet long, the helicopter hops along like a nervous kangaroo on this part of the job.

"Once when Mac was chief pilot," said Stanley Clay, who is now chief pilot himself, "I flew twenty shots in one day for a company record. Mac wouldn't stand for that. He said he was chief pilot and he should have the record. He started out before six A.M. the very next day and kept going until after six that night. He flew twenty-one shots. We figured it up later—he had made exactly five hundred twenty take-offs!"

Heavy stuff, such as drilling equipment and dynamite, is carried in what appear to be giant aluminum baking pans. Developed in the company's first year of operation, they are about four feet square and fit snugly between the helicopter's floats. A pilot can handle a loaded pan all by himself. He flies it out to the job, gets down and unhooks the chains which fasten the pan to the floats, then takes off and leaves it there.

But at the very beginning a problem came up—suppose the job was in the middle of a lake? Company regulations prohibit the pilot from leaving the cockpit when the helicopter is on water; a gust of wind could blow the ship into the bank or even capsize it. Nor, particularly with the one-passenger helicopters the company used then, could the ship carry both loaded pan and a passenger to unhook it.

Mac mulled the question over for a few days. Then, one morning, he had an idea. He put a pan down in a lake right by the bank where a crew was working, and got one of the men to unfasten it. Then Mac took off, and the man stepped into the pan. He opened his shirt and held it out for a sail. Mac hovered over him and, with the helicopter's downdraft, blew him across the water to the spot on the lake where the pan was needed. You see helicopters blowing men and pans along quite frequently now.

From blowing a pan across a pond with a helicopter it was a simple step, in Mac's mind, to pulling a loaded boat across the marsh with a helicopter. He pulled a skiff up on the marsh grass, loaded it with heavy equipment and fastened one end of a long rope to its bow. He tied the other end to a cleat on the helicopter's cockpit, back of center. He planned to fly the helicopter backward, so he could watch the progress of the boat.

He took off and flew slowly backward, taking up the slack in the rope. It became taut. Mac gave the helicopter a little more power. Something had to give, but it wasn't the boat. Rather, the tail of the helicopter began going down and the nose began going up. Mac gave it more power—and the rope broke. The helicopter did a flip and landed on its back. Next thing Mac knew he was lying on the marsh looking up at a circle of faces. One of the faces belonged to Jay Young, another pilot.

"Hey, Jay can try it with his helicopter!" Mac said brightly. Young declined. Mac himself tried it again, after two weeks in the hospital with several broken ribs, but it just wouldn't work.

A helicopter simply doesn't fly when out of balance, whether from front to rear or from side to side. One summer evening during the early days of the company, Mac found this to be particularly inconvenient. He had gone far out in the marsh to pick up the last member of a seismic crew, an old buddy named Slim Temple. But with Temple aboard, ready to return, Mac couldn't start the engine. Battery trouble.

Another pilot, Elton Smith, saw their plight and landed. But he was also making his last trip, with one passenger. All he could do was to give them the emergency flare from his ship and promise to return. By the time he got back it was so dark that Mac had to use the flare to guide him in.

> An executive usually is tied up at the office and unstrung at home.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

So there they were, one two-man helicopter and three men. There seemed to be no way for the third man to ride without unbalancing the ship. Smith could take one man back to the base, but he could not possibly find his way back across the marsh, guided only by Mac's flashlight.

Temple, of course, as passenger, had priority. The man left would be Mac. He knew he wouldn't last the night. The mosquitoes were descending in swarms. The doorless cockpit offered no protection. It would not be a pleasant way to die.

Mac played the beam of his flashlight along the barrel-shaped, inflated-rubber landing gear. "How about you and me riding back on the floats?" he asked Temple.

Slim swallowed, hard. "Why, sure."

Because the cockpit and floats tip forward in flight, Mac figured it was best to lie down feet to the front, stomach down. He got what hand-hold he could on the support attaching the float to the cockpit. Temple boarded the other float in the same way. Smith took off. Though slightly overloaded, the helicopter was in balance and flew nicely.

Chopping across the marsh, feet first, holding on for dear life, Mac suddenly thought of something. If Temple lost his grip and fell, the unbalanced ship would crash. Unless, of course, Mac dropped off too. And that he was honorbound to do. Mac shuddered. It was a long way down through the darkness.

He peered across the black void toward the other float. In the glow from the red-hot exhaust pipe he could just barely see the outline of a face. As he watched, a white streak appeared in it. Slim was grinning! Mac grinned back. He carefully raised one foot, felt around for the cockpit, and gave Smith a gentle, reassuring kick. And so, all comfy, they proceeded homeward.

Since then many sick and injured men have been flown out of remote places on helicopter floats. Mac remembers tying an unconscious man on one float, balancing him with the only weight he had—several cases of dynamite—on the other and flying him to a hospital. Still later, during the Korean War, many thousands of wounded men were evacuated on stretchers strapped to helicopter floats. But Mac has never heard of anyone else flying to safety feet first, backward—and honorbound to jump.

Though oil exploration is still going strong, the backbone of Petroleum Helicopters' business today is servicing the offshore drilling rigs in the Gulf of Mexico. Some of these rigs are so far out that it takes hours to get the men to them by boat. And when a twelve-foot swell is running, the men don't feel much like working when they do get there.

But helicopters can deliver men to one of these rigs in a half hour. This is a job for the huge S-58's, rather than the smaller Bells. The big ships can carry twelve men per trip, in comfort. The only wear and tear is on the helicopter—and, sometimes, the pilot's nerves. The heliport may be as small as thirty-five feet in diameter, and may stick up 100 feet from the rig itself.

"There's another thing. We don't make a point of telling the passengers this," Mac said with a chuckle, "but when you're coming in to one of these heliports in a big ship, you just can't see it. You've got to tilt the ship and squint out the side, then slip on sideways."

Actually, of course, this seemingly hazardous operation is mere routine to Mac and his boys. They have made thousands of such landings without incident.

One of Mac's operations which was far from routine was his flying contest with a bird. John J. Lynch, a Louisiana wildlife conservationist, brought Mac this unusual proposition in the spring of 1956. Lynch explained that he had been flying over the marsh in a fixed-wing airplane when he'd seen a lone whooping crane also winging his way along. There were believed to be fewer than thirty whooping cranes in the world at that time. Lynch thought of taking the bird to the Aransas Wildlife Refuge in Texas, where other whooping cranes live under protection. But he had to catch him first.

"I took out after him in my plane," Lynch told Mac, "but that darn bird flew rings around me. Think you can catch him with a helicopter?"

"I can try," Mac said. "Let's go." He and Lynch jumped into a Bell 47 and headed for the marsh.

The crane, a big, white fellow with at least a six-foot wingspread, saw them coming, but deliberately ignored them until they were right behind him. Suddenly he went into a steep climb, stalled, peeled off to his left and "gunned his motor." Then he looked over his shoulder, a smug expression on his face, to see how far behind he'd left his pursuers. And there was Mac, right on his tail.

"You've never seen a bird change expression so fast in your life," Mac said later. "His jaw dropped, and he nearly went into a spin. But then he really started flying. *Chandelles*, power dives, and a lot of other tricky little maneuvers. He was a pretty good flier, for a bird."

Though whooping cranes can fly thousands of miles in migration, they are not geared for continued stunt flying. In less than a half hour the bird landed,

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exhausted. The helicopter also landed, and Lynch jumped out and put a big sack over the tired crane. Named Mac and taken to the refuge, he soon regained his strength. Before long he was flying around, poking his nose into trouble, just like his namesake.

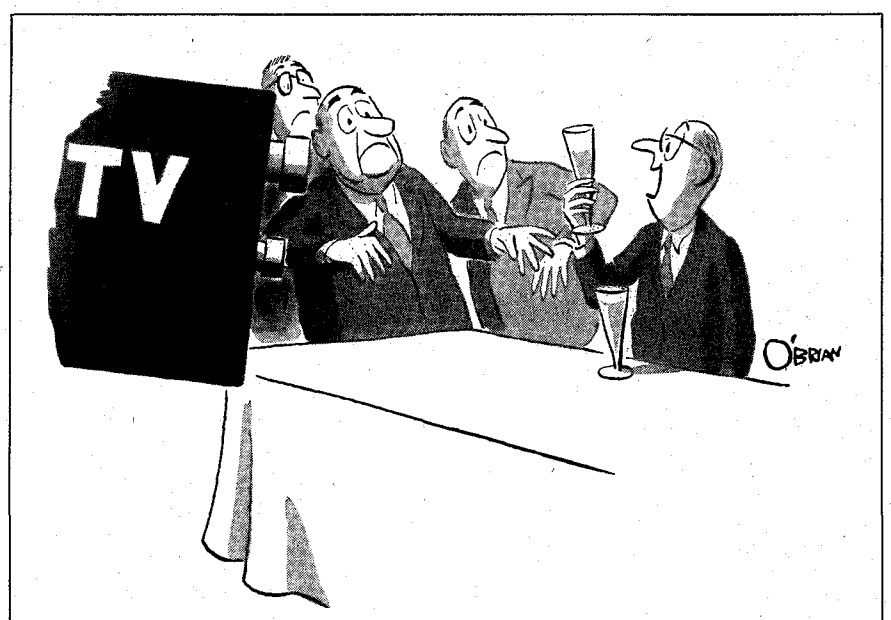
Bird-catching days are rare for Mac. When not out personally inspecting the company's far-flung operations, he is at his desk in the home office from seven A.M. to six P.M., keeping in touch with them. Here are some of the company's recent and current jobs, reading from north to south:

On Baffin Island and in Greenland, helicopters were flying supplies to DEW-line outposts, sometimes fighting terrific gales and temperatures of fifty below zero. More helicopters were servicing seismic crews near Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay.

Six helicopters were assigned to a mapping job for the United States Geological Survey in the Alaska Range. Pilots landed their ships astraddle peaks, on steep hillsides, on glaciers. The survey's engineers would then step out with their theodolites, sight in and record the elevations of other points around them, then hop back in and proceed to the next vantage point. This way, in eighty-two flying days, the survey mapped an area of 25,000 square miles.

More mapping was going on in California, in the rugged area around Mount Whitney. In the Rockies the United States Forest Service was counting trees from helicopters. Oil exploration was going on as usual in the Gulf States, plus regular servicing of offshore drilling rigs. Helicopters were doing mapping and oil-exploration work in Colombia, Panama, Peru, Venezuela and Bolivia, spraying bananas in Colombia and servicing an iron mine in Venezuela.

In the mountain country of Puerto Rico one of the company's S-58's was helping put in a high-power line. The helicopter picks up a two-ton wooden pole, sixty-five feet long, by means of a special sling, carries it, in a vertical position to the waiting hole and neatly lowers it in. Usually two poles are placed in the ground eighteen feet apart, and a twenty-two-foot, 1500-pound crossbar placed across the top. Until Mac visited the operations last summer, the crossbar was hauled up by a ground crew. Mac, of course, had to try to lay it across the tops of the poles with the helicopter. Furthermore, he did it, and now that's standard procedure on the job.




"Say . . . this 'Brand X' is pretty good beer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fees for these services vary widely, of course. To rent a twelve-passenger Sikorsky S-58 costs about $750 for one day, plus $150 for each hour of use. Rates go down from there on smaller equipment and on a longer-contract basis. Even at these prices, helicopter operation is no gold mine. Petroleum Helicopters guarantees 100 per cent availability of all helicopters assigned to the particular job, with emphasis on safety and reliability. To do this the company must have the best equipment, the best pilots and the best maintenance men, and they all come high.

Pilots begin at $650 a month, average about $750. On many foreign jobs they can live on the expense allowance—and bank the pay check. The company has plenty of applicants, for each year as many as 200 trained pilots leave the armed services to seek civilian employment. But it has trouble finding the right men.

"We want men who love flying for flying's sake," Mac explains, "even if it's in dirty khakis a hundred miles from the nearest girl. We don't want playboys. Drinking is absolutely prohibited within twenty-four hours of going on duty. Booze and helicopters don't mix. But the pilots have to be congenial and good mixers, to get along with each other and the mechanics on a job. There's no rank and no privileges out in the jungle."

Mac himself enjoys the jungle projects, particularly those in Colombia, for there he meets the *bandidos*. He loves to meet people everywhere, but the *bandidos*—outlaws who roam the jungle in packs—fascinate him most of all.

In these tropical operations the oil-exploration crews work out of big base camps. Helicopters take the men out in the morning, landing in tiny clearings hacked out of the jungle, and pick them up at night. As lines become extended, smaller, outpost-type camps are set up, entirely dependent upon helicopters.

The *bandidos* constantly raid these fly camps. Sometimes it's almost funny; they steal your watch on one raid, sell it back to you as a straight-faced business transaction the next. But they are dangerous too. A pilot named Gene Richcreek once landed at his base camp on the Magdalena River, far back in the jungle, to find an urgent radio message from the even more remote fly camp he had just left. *Bandidos* had struck, killing two oil-company employees, both American. Richcreek went back to fly out the bodies and received an additional shock—both were headless.

Not long after that, Mac was in the same area. He took over for one of the pilots one evening and flew out to a rendezvous point to pick up the members of a seismic crew. He arrived at the clearing early, before the crews came in. He climbed out of the cockpit and sat on a float to read his mail.

Suddenly he caught a movement out of the corner of his eye. He looked down at the ground beside him. There was a pair of brown, bare feet. Reading upward, he saw jungle-scratched legs, tattered trousers, a shiny holster and a bag for loot, a ragged shirt and a wary face. Somewhere in there, too, was a cocked pistol. He looked on his other side. Another *bandido*.

Mac flashed them a bright look of pleased surprise; he'd been lonely. The mail that day had included a photograph of his twelve-year-old son, Barry, taken with a dozen other boys about the same age. Mac proudly showed it to the *bandidos*, pointing to Barry, then to himself.

Perhaps because his finger was shaking ever so slightly, the *bandidos* thought all thirteen boys were Mac's. They were highly impressed. They pumped his hand over and over, crying, "*Qué hombre, qué hombre!*" Then they swapped cigarettes and disappeared back into the jungle without taking a thing.

Mac has been married twice and has six children, four by the present Mrs. McCombie. Not one has the same love for flying that he himself had. After they've been up a few times, they begin to fret about what they're missing on television.

McCombie and his wife, Rozz, have an unusually happy life together and, he says, there's a good reason for it.

"Once I gave her some lessons in a fixed-wing plane," he explained to some guests one night, as Rozz looked daggers at him. "I made a gentle criticism of the way she made her turns. She informed me she knew what she was doing, so I let her go ahead. Wasn't long before we were spiraling down, out of control. She hollered at me to take it. I just grinned, folded my arms and suggested we get a few things straight first."

Mac's eyes were dreamy with the memory. "What a chance for a henpecked husband! When I finally got us out of it, we were only about a hundred feet off the ground. I guess we were spiraling down for two minutes. You'd be surprised how much a wife can promise her faithful, loving husband in two minutes. Isn't that right, dear?"

"I don't know what in the world you're talking about, Leonard McCombie!" snapped Rozz, but her eyes were twinkling. "Would you like another cup of coffee, dear?"

## The Sorry Life of Soviet Women (Continued from Page 21)

her children, her home, her femininity—in short, from her very concept of herself as a woman. She has been emancipated from all these "bourgeois considerations" so that she can labor harder and more effectively for the Communist state. Wherever she is—in an office in the city, on a kolkhoz in the provinces, in a textile mill in Central Russia—she is the performer on whose broad back Premier Nikita Khrushchev hopes to carry his new Seven-Year Plan to success.

Because she represents 55 per cent of the population of the U.S.S.R. and 45 per cent of the total labor force—the 10 per cent discrepancy is time out for maternity and illness—she is a key figure in Soviet plans for scientific and industrial supremacy. Without her the Seven-Year Plan cannot be achieved. With her, as gigantic posters proclaim from one end of this country to the other, it can and will be.

The posters themselves give it away. WOMEN METAL WORKERS, EXCEED YOUR NORMS! screams one. STAND SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH THE MEN! yells another. A third shows a veritable army of happy women carrying shovels, and announces in monstrous letters: OUR WOMEN IN THE MARCH TOWARD COMMUNISM! Day after day and week after week the newspapers and magazines call women to one industry or another, as the state needs. COME TO SIBERIA, GIRLS! headlined *Komsomolskaya Pravda* recently, in the same month that *Soviet Woman* was exhorting: WOMEN, HELP US REBUILD MINSK!

Mr. Khrushchev put it with his usual cheerful cynicism in his now-famous colloquy with Vice President Nixon in the American model home in Moscow. "We think highly of our women," he said. "In fact, we think so highly of them that we never put them in the same class as capitalists." More crudely, he told a group of foreigners, "Our women are not whores, as in France. Our women work."

And they do. The U.S.S.R. likes to brag that 70 per cent of her doctors, medical assistants, teachers and instructors are women; that women make up 40 per cent of the staff of the Soviet Academy of Sciences; that half of the nation's university students are female. It is less generally advertised that 40 per cent of all Soviet industrial workers and one third of all construction workers are women. Women work as salesgirls, stenographers and clerks; they also drive trucks, shovel and mine coal, roll steel, mix cement, operate cranes and pneumatic drills, repair roads and railway tracks and dig ditches. There are two highly publicized women symphony orchestra conductors in Russia. But unpublicized are the hundreds of thousands of women locomotive engineers and train brakemen, women plumbers, electricians, plasterers and painters, women barbers, cobblers, garage mechanics, garbage collectors, street cleaners, streetcar and bus conductors.

In the Bolshoi and Leningrad ballet companies there are a dozen celebrated prima ballerinas, and in the Moscow and Kirov opera companies about the same number of highly gifted and trained prima donnas. And, of course, in their supporting casts there are many lovely girls. But in the streets outside, in the incessant modernization work going on in all Soviet cities, there are hundreds of thousands of women toiling in the road gangs, breaking up pavements, laying pipe, cleaning out sewers, tarring the streets, operating steam rollers and stone crushers and laying brick and cement. At 8:30 in the morning and six in the evening, winter and summer, traffic in the cities is clogged by big, open, dark green

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trucks carting these women to and from such work. To an American woman the sight is shocking.

Why do they have to do such back-breaking work? Put that question to the woman executive entrenched behind a government desk, and she says, "Why, they do it because they like it. It's good, healthy work out in the open air. And it pays better than stenography." When I asked a woman deputy to the Leningrad Soviet, she explained that the women got used to doing such work during the war, when the men were away at the front, and now go on doing it "out of habit." The U.S.S.R. lost 20,000,000 males in World War II, she said, and somebody had to take their place in the ranks of labor. A top woman editor in Moscow insisted it was all due to an exalted sense of patriotism. "Soviet women," she said crisply, "have firmly and freely decided to carry out the tasks set for them under the Seven-Year Plan."

This, like much one hears here, is not quite true. While it's true the Soviet does not force women to work, in the sense of dragging them off to a grindstone of the State's choosing, it does prod and push them into it with every social, financial and psychological stick it has. In a subtle transposition of the old Bolshevik slogan, "He who does not work does not eat," the Soviet Government allows its female population to understand that she who does not work, does not get decent housing, does not get proper care and schooling for her children and cannot earn enough to feed and clothe her family. Hard pressed financially, worried for the future of her husband and children, it is a rare Russian woman who does not take the job offered her.

The two Soviet republics of the Ukraine and Byelorussia recently passed "anti-parasite" laws setting up kangaroo courts to condemn to prison or exile anyone employable who is not employed. Although purportedly aimed at young people waiting to get into the universities—the so-called idle "jet set"—these courts can scare women into taking on jobs the state wants done. At the moment, the Soviet Government is watching them as an experiment. If they are effective, they may be set up in all fifteen republics. As an American diplomat pointed out, the Soviet Constitution expressly guarantees woman "the right to work." It in no way guarantees her the right *not* to work.

Outside of hard labor, what else is there for the Soviet woman? What about her personal life, her husband, her children, her home? How does she spend her leisure time? Of what does she dream?

Let us start with her marriage. In the first place if she is over thirty-two she is probably a widow. And since in the thirty-to-forty age group women outnumber men by almost seven to one, her chances of remarrying are slim indeed. Husbandless, her life is simply one endless scramble to support herself and her children, her mother and father if they are infirm, and perhaps a grandmother and grandfather as well, since this is required by Soviet law. Tuition-free schools for the children, low rent (as little as 5 per cent of her income), social security and free medical services help some. But it is a lucky woman who, as a widow with a family, can make ends meet.

Even if she has a healthy, wage-earning husband, she must still keep up the economic struggle of working and scrimping, for Soviet wage scales take into account the number of potential breadwinners in a family as well as the number of dependents, and the ideal is for each family unit to earn just enough to get along. In this case she and her husband will see very little of each other, particularly if, as often happens, they work different shifts. And since they may share an apartment with another family, even when they are together the requirements of intimacy will seldom be met.

From our point of view, marriage in the Soviet Union is a desultory affair in which, except for living together, each partner goes it alone. Very few Soviet men and women are married in church, very few wear wedding rings, and a married woman may take her husband's name or not, as she pleases. Of the scores of women I talked to in the U.S.S.R., many spoke quite freely of their jobs, their children and even of their housing and budgeting difficulties. Not one ever mentioned a husband. If sexual promiscuity is widespread in Russia, as many western sociologists claim, this offhand attitude toward marriage may be largely responsible.

Socially and politically, too, the Soviet woman is on her own. Unlike the American wife, who automatically rises in social status along with her husband's fortunes, the Soviet woman is judged on her own accomplishments and abilities. She is quite aware of this. In a big, untidy Caucasian restaurant one night I got cheerfully kidnaped, in the best *My Sister Eileen* tradition, by a wildly convivial tableful of Soviet Navy officers who were celebrating something, they weren't altogether sure what. There was one navy wife with them, sitting quietly and smiling, and at a climactic moment in the general vodka-splashed disorder the young officer who was her husband stood up and, pointing to his chest, announced dramatically, "Me! Me no like Khrushchev!" His wife paid no attention. He repeated it in Russian, in a voice that rang through the restaurant, and still she paid no attention. One of his fellow officers tugged at his arm and said, "Sh-sh! That's no way to become an admiral." And the entire table burst into a roar of laughter, including the wife. But her husband's drunken indiscretions moved her not at all. I asked what she did; she worked in a tanning factory. "I get along," she said comfortably, not looking at her man. What he did was one thing, what she did was another.

The most outstanding example of this political "emancipation" is Yekaterina Furtseva, right now the most powerful woman in the U.S.S.R. and the only woman on the omnipotent fifteen-member Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Comrade Furtseva's husband is Nikolai Firyubin, once Soviet Ambassador to Yugoslavia. She has so far outstripped him in party influence that they are rarely seen together. Moreover, because she is what western observers call "a Khrushchev man"—she was of inestimable help to Mr. K in his narrow June, 1957, victory over the Molotov-Malenkov "antiparty" group—her political fortunes are inextricably tied not to her husband's but to Premier Khrushchev's own.

In public restaurants, in cities like Kharkov or Kiev or Moscow, one seldom sees husband and wife dining alone together. Generally it is a party of men, or two women eating with the children, or a large, mixed professional group sitting down to vodka and *zakuska*—Russian hors d'oeuvres—and dialectic pep talks. And this separation goes right up to the top. To be sure, Khrushchev brought his wife and daughters with him when he came to America, perhaps as a bow to our strange democratic tribal customs. But this is the exception that, even for Russians, proves the rule. Usually, when he leaves for one of his Iron-Curtain-mending trips, Madame Khrushchev drives out to the airport in a small separate car, steps shyly forward to say good-by, and then quickly retires and is driven off. At diplomatic receptions in Moscow the Soviet leaders almost never bring their wives. When they do, as at their own big diplomatic blowout on New Year's Eve in the Kremlin, they seat their western guests in the classic western pattern, alternating men and women at the same tables. They themselves sit at the table of honor, with their wives all relegated to a hens' table in a far secluded corner.

As for her children, the Soviet woman is pretty effectively emancipated from them too. When they are very young, she may take care of them herself if she can afford to. Or she may be able to leave them with her mother or mother-in-law while she is working. Persuasion is used, however, to get her to put them in a state-maintained nursery school for children from one month to three years old, and then in a state kindergarten until they are seven. After that, excluding for the moment the new boarding schools, she has no choice. From seven on, children go to elementary and secondary schools in the district in which they live. Some of these are day schools, some residential. From some of them the children come home every evening, from others only every weekend.

In addition, there are numerous youth clubs where children are encouraged to stay on after school for sports and Communist indoctrination. On a national scale, these are the Young Pioneers and the Komsomol (Young Communist League). But there are local clubs as well, usually organized in the apartment building where the family lives or in the factory where a parent works. In summer Soviet children are sent to Young Pioneer or excursion camps in the country, or to collective farms, away from their parents. All together, the state's demands on a child's time leave little room for family life as we know it in America.

In the early Bolshevik days the Communists attacked the family with the same weapons they used against the church, on the theory that any other loyalty than to the Communist state was a subversive threat. Marriage and divorce were as easy "as drinking a glass of water"—a phrase, incidentally, coined by a woman, Lenin's ambassadress to Sweden, Alexandra Kollontai—and abortions and promiscuity and illegitimate children were equally tolerated, if not encouraged. But since World War II the state has eased up somewhat and is now making half-hearted efforts to facilitate family life. One reason given for this change of attitude is the need for more Soviet babies in a nation that lost an estimated 17 per cent of its population in the war. Another reason is that the fear of counterrevolution, kept alive in Stalin's time by the psychotic suspicions of Stalin himself, has passed, and a certain amount of family life now can help make people more contented.

Yet, even under Khrushchev, the state continues to treat the family as gingerly as an unexploded bomb. It wants the babies all right, but it wants them for itself. In 1956 the government issued a publication extolling the family as "a fundamental unit of socialist society based on marriage and kinship . . . performing the functions of procreation, Communist upbringing, and mutual aid." A few weeks later, at the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party, it struck out the "Communist upbringing" by instituting a comprehensive new system of boarding schools for children from seven to seventeen, thus taking children entirely out of the hands of their parents for ten critical years. The party's explanation for this step was nothing if not candid—that this would allow the state complete control over the child's total experience during the whole twenty-four hours of the day, except during the summer. Admittedly, parents can refuse to enroll their children in these schools. But already the propaganda mills have started grinding, presenting the new system as one more farsighted socialist measure taken for the child's own good. In three years more than 200 boarding schools have been opened in Central Russia alone, and the government has announced that they will soon be extended throughout the entire U.S.S.R.

Here a contradiction of Soviet policy is worth mentioning. At a time when the state is trying to increase the birth rate, both contraceptives and abortions remain legal and cheap. It is true that abortions are not as easy to obtain as was once the case, because of new regulations and official red tape. But once a pregnant woman has answered official questions satisfactorily, the abortion she desires is performed in a government hospital, at government expense. On the other hand, illegitimate children are supported by the state; it isn't the man who pays.

Divorces, too, are not as easy to obtain as was once the case, but compared with the legal steps necessary in most other countries the difficulties involved in the court procedures are relatively slight.

What about the home, and its furnishing and upkeep? Has the Soviet female also been freed from homemaking? To a large extent, yes. Not as her American counterpart has, through the development of labor-saving devices and services, but because in Russia there is very little home to make. Unless she is a public idol like Ulanova or Plisetskaya of the Moscow Ballet, or a party member of standing, she is lucky to have one room to keep neat and clean. The state is doing all it can to expedite housing, but demand so exceeds supply that in Moscow the average living space for a family is still only an area six by nine feet—often one end of a room, separated by a blanket or drape. So it is not surprising to find Soviet women spending what spare time they have aimlessly wandering the streets or sitting, when the weather allows, in the Parks of Culture and Rest that dot every important Soviet city.

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## Apprentices

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Blessèd indeed are they
Who always know exactly
what to say:
Whose deft words rise to
occasions grave or gay.
But blessèd a hundredfold
Are they with the inborn
wisdom to withhold
Speech from those moments
angels fear to enter:
Moments of perfect love, or
of stunned encounter
With utmost beauty, or
with grief profounder
Than human mind can
plumb and keep its balance.
Oh, number them possessing
this gift of silence
If not with the saints, then
in their mortal existence,
Surely as saints' assistants!

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This aimlessness, as observable on the quays of Odessa as on the crowded sidewalks of Mayakovsky Square in Moscow, is the sole refuge the average Soviet woman has from the organized bleakness of her days. The only other forms of daytime recreation open to her—cultural uplift and sports—are so rigidly regimented that they only increase her sense of anonymity. In the evenings she can of course go to the ballet, a concert or an opera performance. These are generally superb, expensive and crowded with women like herself. But they give the Soviet woman a fleeting identification with a rich and exciting world she never glimpses in real life.

At a sold-out performance of *Die Fledermaus* I attended at the Maly Theater in Leningrad, few in the audience paid much attention to the dear, overworked Strauss music, played by an orchestra in shirt sleeves. Yet every female sat staring at the stage as if mesmerized, watching lovely ladies in evening dress and handsome men in white tie and tails waltz and waltz and waltz before a glittering Belle Epoque décor.

The typically feminine diversions of her western sisters—shopping and trips to the hairdresser or dressmaker—mean little to the Soviet woman. There is little to buy and next to nothing to be had in beauty aids and services. In the "de luxe" Intourist hotels in the big cities there are beauty shops, dingy little corners adjoining the lobby. And on Moscow's Gorky Street there is a big barnlike "House of Beauty" which specializes in curing skin diseases. But in none of these is there a beauty product to be seen. A shampoo in Moscow is done in a washbowl with an aluminum pan and disinfectant liquid soap; in Kiev and Minsk and other provincial cities it is done with a cake of laundry soap and a bucket, and dried with a hand blower. Permanents are still given on the old electric machine with its steel curlers and dangling wires. Manicures are just as primitive—the nails are cut short with scissors and either buffed to make them shine or dabbed with colorless varnish. Thus, unless she is one of those natural Russian beauties who need no adornment or improvement of any kind, a woman is likely to come out looking no better than when she went in.

As for clothes, although there are sixteen "Houses of Fashion," one each in the Soviet Union's sixteen largest cities, the designers indiscriminately hack out patterns for men, women and children as if they were cutting stone in a cave. State clothing manufacturers take these patterns and turn out ugly, badly made garments in quantities of 3000 to 3,000,000, depending on the amount and kind of fabrics the state textile mills allot them. Home dressmaking is encouraged. But where are the sewing machines? And where is the time? Small wonder that when a western woman comes to Russia, she is stared at on the street as if she were Aïda in full panoply of cloth of gold.

It is when we look at the Soviet woman's illusions and hopes, her dreams of the future, that it becomes evident there are two kinds of Soviet woman, not one. Once again omitting the thin, flaky upper crust of the Muscovite elite—the few favored dancers and actresses and the wives of eminent scientists and government officials—there is Executive Woman and there is Average Woman. They can be distinguished by their dress, by their position in the hierarchy, by their living standards, but mostly by their attitude toward the Communist state. Executive Woman represents only about 1 per cent of the female population of the U.S.S.R., but she is an activist, a militant. She believes in the regime and works for it night and day. Average Woman—the 99 per cent—does not quite disbelieve, propaganda sees to that. She just doesn't know *what* to believe. So she suspends judgment, does what's demanded of her and hopes not for the best—that would be a hallucination—but that things will get just a little bit better.

Executive Woman may be an editor or assistant editor of a woman's magazine—a brisk, red-haired woman like Comrade Maria Ovsiannikova, who heads the staff of the monthly *Soviet Woman*. She may be directress of a hospital or laboratory or industrial combine, or, like grandmotherly Comrade Lydia Kislova, head of the Moscow Cultural Exchange for visiting foreigners. In politics she may be a deputy to any one of the various provincial Soviets in the fifteen republics—or even one of the 348 women deputies to the 1347-member Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. She holds considerable authority in those square, competent hands of hers. And whatever her authority, she acquired it in only one way—by joining the Communist Party in her youth and working her way up with a single-mindedness born of conviction. For some reason of state or vanity she likes to deny this, pretending she made it exclusively on her own merit. But in interview after interview I had with women in high places, the conversation went something like this:

EXECUTIVE WOMAN: Nonsense! Many Soviet girls have risen to important positions without joining the party.

REPORTER: What sort of important positions, and where?

EXECUTIVE WOMAN: Well, in the factories we have women foremen ——

REPORTER (*looking around at large, sumptuous office, hovering secretaries and assistants*): And when did you join the party?

EXECUTIVE WOMAN, flushing: Well, in my special case —— When I was in my twenties.

Typical of this group and standing at its pinnacle at the moment is Yekaterina Furtseva, whom we mentioned earlier as the most powerful woman in the Soviet Union and a special protégée of Premier Khrushchev. A stocky, blond woman of forty-nine, Comrade Furtseva wears three hats—as member of the Presidium, as head of the Moscow Party Committee, and as chief reorganizer of Moscow industry. In salary and emoluments she earns the incredible sum of 30,000 rubles per month—around $3000 at the Intourist rate of ten to one. Strictly a politician, and an astute and intelligent one, she pays scant attention to women's affairs beyond exhorting women to work harder at their jobs "for the joint building of socialism." But she is not a monster. She is, by Russian standards, an attractive woman.

For one thing, she dresses neatly if not fashionably. She wears her long, pale tresses in a tight bun, has a pleasant gold-toothed smile, and sometimes looks almost modish in the Executive Woman's "uniform"—a man-tailored worsted suit with a mannish white shirt and black string tie. At diplomatic receptions she is reticent, but affable. She does not bounce forward aggressively, as Khrushchev and Mikoyan often do, but neither is she tongue-tied. She indulges in no chitchat about her private life. All western observers have been able to learn is that she lives somewhere outside Moscow with husband Firyubin, that she has a sixteen-year-old daughter and drives from her home to her Kremlin offices in a little black ZIS-112.

What is typical about Madame Furtseva is the way she got where she is. Born in a Moscow suburb in 1910, she was admitted into the Young Communist League at the age of fourteen, three years under the prescribed age, and into the party itself at twenty, the very earliest age possible. From then on, although educated as a chemical engineer, her one overriding interest was the Communist Party. It still is. Often seen at Khrushchev's side at parades and demonstrations, she has only one problem left—to keep her head on her shoulders and her feet on the ground in the savage, recurrent, switchblade rumbles that are the Kremlin's equivalent of elections.

Comrade Furtseva, and Executive Woman in general, would be incensed if you accused them of exploiting the great laboring mass of their sisters, but in a very real sense it is true. While the 1,400,000 women who belong to the party have some influence and some say in Soviet affairs, the remaining 113,000,000 plod along in the slough of proletarian life with no representation whatsoever, not even in the Communist "workers organization" sense of the word. There is not a single women's club in the Soviet Union, not a single woman's professional society or women's P.T.A. or consumers' association. The nearest thing to a women's organization—and that in name only—is the party-run Soviet Woman's Committee. Its sole function is to welcome delegations of other Communist Party women from other Communist countries with flowers and flags and smiles. Meanwhile Average Woman goes on digging ditches and smelting ore and emptying bedpans, with no one around to tell her that there could be, or should be, anything more in life.

Sometimes things get a little better. This year the state put on the market half a million bolts of flowered cotton, which accounts for the house dresses, and quantities of imitation leather, which accounts for the purses and shoes. This year more cheap housing was built, and the price of canned fish went down by as much as 8 per cent. But this is largess with a medicine dropper. The nation that put a rocket around the moon still cannot produce a foundation garment of any kind, or a wearable dress.

The medicine dropper may go on doling out tiny improvements. But the average Soviet woman is still ill-clothed, ill-housed and ill-fed, and in a vague, uncomplaining way knows it. For she is, after all, a woman. She would like to be pretty and have men pay her compliments. She would like a little gaiety in her life. She would like some furniture and a few household gadgets and a small apartment to put them in, with a kitchen of her own. She would love to have a few beauty aids other than rice powder and waxy lip pomade, and perhaps even a hairdressing shop where someone would set her hair in something besides narrow steel curlers that leave it as kinky as unraveled Manila rope. She would like to be able to eat other foods than black bread and potatoes, which keep her fat and undernourished. Above all, she would love to have a girdle and bra.

And so, while the giant posters shriek out at her about machine-tool norms and milking quotas and the march toward Communism, she dreams.

Executive Woman does not dream. She acts. She has only a barely controlled impatience for the average Soviet woman, since obviously the thing to do is get on with it, and dreams of femininity are obstructionist and bourgeois and, frankly, antiparty. As far as Executive Woman is concerned, if the average woman dreams of having her husband and children around her, this only proves she is not sufficiently emancipated from them. If she yearns for a vacation by herself, instead of the inevitable group outing of cheery, folk-dancing maidens, this means she is lacking in group solidarity.

A bitter little political joke is going the rounds in Russia. A commissar is catechizing the class on dialectic, and he asks a student, "What is the difference between capitalism and Communism?"

The student scratches his head and starts off. "Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man. Whereas Communism ——" The student hesitates, and then triumphantly gets it: "Whereas Communism is just the opposite!"

In the U.S.S.R. one cannot help but feel, Communism is also the exploitation of woman by woman. THE END

"Won't need the pillow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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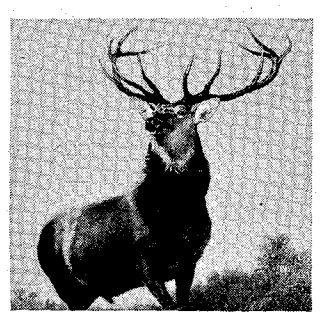

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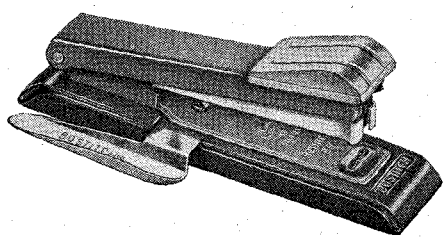

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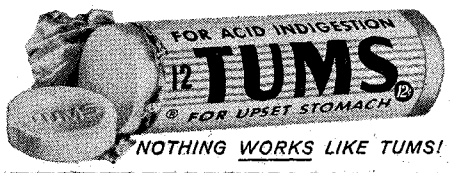


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# Keeping Posted

## Fanny Goes Home

Last year **Leonard Lefkow,** who was then an Associated Press correspondent in Hong Kong, came to the United States to take a job on the Louisville *Times*, and his wife remained for a short time in China to complete some hospital work she was doing. In his moving article on page 9 Lefkow relates how his wife unexpectedly brought home with her a polio-crippled little Chinese girl and how she recently took the child back to her parents, greatly improved by American medical care. Lefkow reports, "As my generous wife was leaving with Fanny [Fan Yuk-wah], she casually let me know that I'll be spending twenty dollars a month for a home tutor for the child in China." Mrs. L. explained that since they now had a financial investment in Fanny, she knew her husband would want to spend more to protect it. However, she rendered this revelation insignificant by a far more stirring one—that she is going to have a baby, due next May. The husband adds, "Ours, this time." This is remindful of **Philip Clarke,** who in the May 3, 1958, *Post* told how he flew to Greece, selected a little orphan lad to adopt and, despite incredible legal obstacles, brought the lad home to his wife in Dobbs Ferry, New York—all in three weeks' time. The Clarkes, childless before that, then became parents of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lefkow both speak Chinese fluently, but neither can understand what the other says. This is because the husband learned Mandarin Chinese (four tones) at the University of Washington, and his wife learned the Cantonese dialect (nine tones) while living in Hong Kong. Each says of the other's dialect, "It's all Greek to me."

## Tales of the Authors

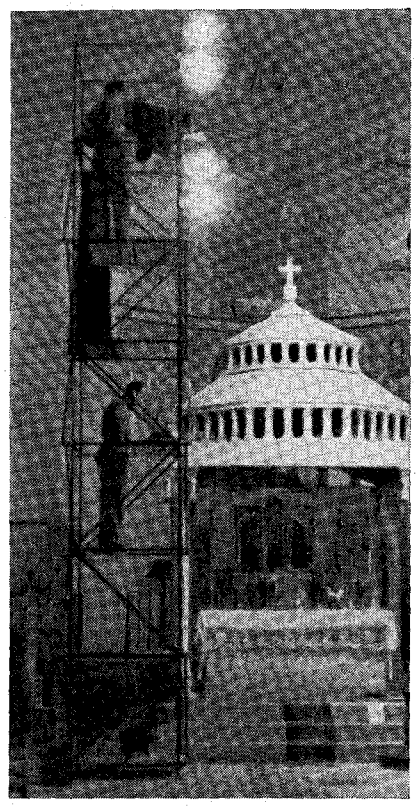
Elizabeth Dunn.

**Elizabeth Dunn,** page 12, toured Europe last summer with her daughter and eight other teen-age lasses, all of them so pretty that the chaperone had a very lively time. Then she came back to take over editorship of the UNICEF children's magazine *Hi, Neighbor!* Mrs. Dunn's son, James, who at twenty had his first story in the April 2, 1955, *Post*, is now with the *Chapel Hill Weekly* of North Carolina. Papa John Dunn—he's with publisher Dutton—says they live in a high apartment because the only way to live in New York is to rise above it.

**Jan Cox Speas,** of Greensboro, North Carolina, and page 22, keeps a short story and two novels going simultaneously to outwit "writer's block." When something bogs down, something else bobs up. Mrs. Speas started writing in grade school, but getting married halted this enterprise until six years ago, since when she has sold a number of stories and two novels. She has a daughter, and her second youngster, a boy, was born on the publication date of her first book.

Jan Cox Speas.

## The Life of Christ



Painstaking photographers reproduce a fresco.

About a year ago art editor **Ken Stuart** had a meeting with photographer-author **David Douglas Duncan,** whose pictorial feature, PABLO PICASSO: THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ARTIST, was a very popular part of the January 4, 1958, *Post*. Duncan, then interested in publishing a book of photographs he had made in the Russian Kremlin, was negotiating with the publishing house of Nouvelles Editions in Lausanne, Switzerland, and he had brought over from Europe a sample of that firm's work for Stuart to see. The sample was early proofs of a book, *The Life of Christ*, told through the reproduction of Italian Renaissance paintings. Stuart says he was "bowled over by the beauty of the book." And, to capsulize a year-long story of work by *Post* editors and engravers, the result was the magnificent production that begins on page 33—or, indeed, with our cover painting.

One's emotional enjoyment of this feature may be heightened by the technical information that every painting was photographed especially for *The Life of Christ* volume; this effort for accuracy not only reproduced faithfully the gold of the originals but also eliminated the blue tint which so often distorts the reproduction of frescoes. So, you are seeing these works of the masters as if you were standing in the church or museum where they are preserved.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

**"Best Cartoons From the Post"**

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